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THE  
I L I A D  
OF  
H O M E R.

VOL. II.



THE  
I L I A D  
OF  
H O M E R.

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TRANSLATED BY  
JAMES MACPHERSON, Esq;

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MDCCLXXIII.





THE  
I L I A D  
OF  
H O M E R,  
B O O K XIII.

**W**HEN Jove had opened wide, to the ships, a path for Troy and for Hector divine: He left them contending in arms; exposed to perils and ceaseless toils. Backward he turned, from the field, the radiant orbs of his heavenly eyes. He surveyed the realms of the Thracians, illustrious breakers of warlike steeds: The land of the close-fighting Myſi, of the Hippomolgi, afar renowned; who feed on the milk of their herds;—the longest-lived, the most just of mankind. To Troy, no more, he turned, around, the awful splendour of his eyes. Nor deemed the god, from his soul, that any deathless power would descend,—to aid the Trojans or the Argives in fight.

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NOR a careless watch held the king,—great Neptune, who rules the main. Viewing the battle and strife, he sat, on the wood-covered summits of Thracian Samos. Lofty Ida rose whole in his sight; the city of Priam, and the navy of Argos. Emerged from his ocean, he sat. He pitied the Greeks, from his soul. He pitied the subdued; by the Trojans. His wrath flamed against father Jove. From the broken tops of the hills, he descends; stretching forward his rapid strides. The high mountains, with all their woods, shook beneath the immortal feet of the moving god. Thrice he stretched his mighty stride; with the fourth, he arrived at his destined place: In the sacred limits of Ægæ. There, in the depth of the main, arose, aloft, his beauteous halls: All gold, beaming bright, of incorruptible materials formed.

HERE the god arrived, in his strength. He joined his brazen-footed steeds to the car. His steeds, that contend with the winds, in speed: On their shoulders, pouring their golden manes. In gold he cloathed his deathless form. His golden whip he graspt in his hand; and mounted his own bright car. He issued forth, on his heaving waves. The mighty whales roll large by his side. Exulting, they acknowledge their king. With joy the sea divides her waves. O'er the levelled billows, they glide

glide with speed: Nor bathed, beneath, is the axle of brass. Thus his fleet steeds bore, along, the awful power, to the navy of Argos. In the depth of the billowy main, there spreads, beneath, an ample cave: Between the sea-washed shores of Tenedos and Imbros, rugged with rocks. There, the god who shakes the world, placed his steeds, in their spacious stalls. He loosed them, from the splendid car: And laid, before them, immortal food. Round their feet, golden shackles he threw, infrangible, not to be loosed: That there they might wait the return of their deathless king. Right forward, to the fight moved the god.

THE Trojans, like the strength of devouring flame,—like the whirlwind's resounding wing, followed Hector, the son of Priam; unabating in their ardour of soul. Shrilly swelled their dreadful voice. Their wild clamour ascended the skies. They hoped to take the navy of Argos: To slay all the Greeks, at their hollow ships. The world-surrounding Neptune arrived. Emerging from the depth of his main, he urged the Argives to battle and blood. The form of Calchas he assumed,—his voice unknowing to yield. The Ajaces he first addressed: Already, prompt in their souls to fight.

“O AJACES!” began the god: “It is you, who must save the nations of Argos. Remember, O chiefs, your

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wonted strength. Drive the thoughts of shameful flight, from your souls. On no quarter, but this, I dread the fierce assault,—the daring hands of the foe. O'er the huge wall they, here, have crowded their lines. The other Greeks will sustain the fight. Here, only are raised my fears. Here, I dread disaster to Argos. On this quarter, with fury, comes on,—bearing the force of flame in his course;—great Hector comes on, with his lines, and boasts himself the son of all-powerful Jove. But should one of the deathless gods place the thought in your souls,—here firmly to stand: Here to stand, in all your arms, and to urge your people to war: Soon the chief, though all-flaming in fight, would turn his course from the guarded ships: Should Jove himself urge him forward to blood.”

THUS spoke the earth-surrounding Neptune. He touched them both, with his scepter divine. He filled, with valour, their rising souls: And made their limbs light, in the fight. As the swift-winged hawk, when he rouses himself to fly: When he springs from the rock abrupt, and throws himself on the winds. O'er the plain, with eager speed, he pursues, through the air, his prey. With such swiftness, the earth-shaking god disappeared, from the eyes of the chiefs. The swift son of  
the



the great Oïleus, first, perceived the flying power. He, thus, addressed his winged words, to Telamon's warlike son: "O Ajax," the warrior began; "some god has appeared to our eyes: Some dweller of snow-crowned Olympus assumed the aged prophet's form; and commanded us to fight for the ships. Nor this was the grey-haired Calchas; no augur skilled in the flight of birds. The steps of his departure I knew,—his stately gait, as he failed on our sight: for with ease are distinguished the awful steps of the gods. As for me, I feel my kindling soul. It burns, within my breast, for renown. I love, with ardor encreased, the fight: The loud tumult of glorious arms. My feet long to bear me to blood. My hands, unconscious rise, already, to wounds."

"THE same my feelings!" the hero replied. "My daring hands burn with joy round the spear. Elated my heart beats high. I feel my limbs eager to move to war. Rouzed o'er my soul to the fight, I long to meet, alone, in arms,—great Hector the son of Priam; as he presses, in his ardor, the foe."

THUS, to each other, the heroes spoke: Rejoicing in the approach of the fight. A god had awaked their valour, o'er their mighty souls. Neptune, mean time, in the rear, rouzed the sons of Achaia to arms. The warriors,

riors, to the ships, had retired,—to refresh their wearied souls from the fight. With heavy toils, their limbs were unbraced. Sorrow veiled, with darkness, their minds. The inclining war they beheld: and, o'er their wall, ascending, with tumult, the foe. These they beheld, in their grief; and, from their eyes, descended the tear. Nor deemed they, that long they could shun, the dreadful fate, which hovered around. But Neptune, with ease, as he came, roused their valiant lines to arms. To Teucer first came the god: To Leitus great in arms, to the hero Penëleus, to Thoas, to Deïpyrus bold: To Meriones, to young Antilochus,—skilled all in each motion of war. Urging the heroes to fight, the god, with winged words, began:

“WHAT disgrace has invaded the Argives! What shame has covered the young in arms! In your valour I confided in vain. No safety remains for the fleet: If, thus, you decline the fight; and shrink back, from the toil of arms. Now shines the fatal day, on the world: The day of victory to Troy! Ye gods! What wonder presents itself to these eyes! What dire, what unexpected disgrace? The Trojans approach to our ships. The timid in soul are bold. Like flying deer, were our foes: Like trembling hinds, that o'er the wilds,—the prey of  
lynxes,

lynxes, of leopards, of wolves,—feebly stray,—not born for the fight. Thus, heretofore, the sons of Troy shunned the valour and force of the Argives. Now, far from their city they roam; and urge the battle before our ships:—Or, through our leader’s cowardly soul, or through the neglect of his troops; who, contending with their king, refuse to contend with the foe. They save not their ships with their spears. Before them, they lie slain in their blood.”

“BUT if even your king is in fault. If the son of Atreus has erred. If, unjustly, the great Agamemnon has disgraced the son of Peleus. It becomes not us to abate in the fight: To lose the navy in his revenge. Let us rather repair the evil:—Easy-healed are the souls of the brave. But ill it becomes you, O chiefs! to remit, in the glorious strife. The bravest in the host you are all. Nor I would, thus, upbraid, in ought, the coward who the battle declines,—the timid, the feeble in heart. But against you, who, in war, are renowned, my rage kindles; o’er all my soul. O soft and degenerate men! Straight, an inlet you will open to woe: Your sluggish valour will meet its reward. But place, at length, within your souls,—the fear of shame, the reproach of mankind. Dark swell the perils around. Save your navy,—save your fame.

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fame. Hector advances with death. His valour he pours on the ships. The gate he has broken, and burst the long bars, in twain."

THUS, Neptune urged the Argives to war. They formed, deep, round the great Ajaces. Firm rose their warlike ranks to the foe. Nor Mars, descending to the fight, nor the stirrer of nations, Minerva,—could the martial form of the lines despise: For the bravest,—the chosen of Greece, waited the coming of Hector divine. Spears crowd on spears, as they rise; shield to shield is closed. Buckler its buckler supports, helm its helm, and man his man. Crowded, the horse-hair crests arise. The plumes mix, as they wave, in the wind: so thick stand the warriors in arms. The lances vibrate in their hands; touching, as they stretch them to blood. Right forward they move to the foe. They burn, o'er their souls, for the fight.

THE gathered Trojans pour, with force, on the foe. All-furious great Hector precedes. Like the wasteful course of a falling rock, which the torrent rolls large from the mountain's brow; when the rugged steep is fapped aloft, by the ceaseless showers of high-thundering Jove. High-bounding it flies down the hill. The woods, beneath its course, resound. Resistless it holds its forceful way;

way ; till it reaches the ecchoing plain. There, though roused with gathered speed, it ceases to roll again. Thus Hector threats destruction to Argos ; rolling, furious, his strength to the main. He deemed, that he could reach the tents ; and wade, in blood, to the ships of the Argives. But, when he came to the phalanx, he stopt,—leaning forward, with all his strength. Before him stood the Argives in arms. Thick rattle the spears on his mail. The swords fall crashing, on every side. They shove him, large, away with force. With blows staggering, the chief retreats. Loud, swells his voice to the Trojans ; thus urging them forward to fight.

“ O TROJANS and Lycians renowned ! Dardanians, fighting hand to hand ! Stand firm to your arms, O friends. Not long the Greeks shall sustain mine arm : Though firm the phalanx, they present to the foe. But, now, I deem, they will yield to this spear : If, in truth, I am urged to the fight, by the most powerful of all the gods,—the high-thundering husband of Juno.”

Thus spoke the chief ; and roused their strength. He kindled valour o'er all their souls. Deiphobus, the son of Priam, with mind elated, first, advanced. Before his breast, aloft, he held the round orb of his spacious shield. Light was his tread, as he moved. His buckler



covered his body whole. Meriones, with all his force, aimed at the chief his beamy spear. Nor strayed the bright point from the mark. He struck the round shield of the hero. Nor pierced the steel the bull's-tough hide. Shivered, fell the founding lance to the ground. Deiphobus held, distant, his shield: For much he dreaded from his soul, the spear. Disappointed, the hero fell back,—through the troop of his warlike friends. Much grieved he,—enraged in his heart; for the victory lost,—for his broken spear. To the ships he hastened, backward, his way; to bring the long lance, which lay in his tent.

THE rest toiled, with fury, in fight. The shrill clamour ascended the skies. Teucer, first, a warrior flew: Imbrius in battle renowned; the son of valiant Mentor; rich in bounding steeds. In high Pedæus, the hero dwelt; ere yet came the Argives to Troy. The spouse of beauteous Medeficaste; Priam's daughter, by a secret bed. When the Argives arrived in their ships; to Ilium, again, he returned: And excelled, amid the Trojans in arms. In the king's proud palace, he dwelt. Priam honoured the chief, like a son. Him, the son of Telamon struck, beneath the ear, with his pointed lance. The spear he regains, from the wound. He fell to the earth:

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earth : Like an ash, which, on the mountain's far-seen brow, falls beneath the sounding steel, and spreads its tender leaves, on the ground. Thus sunk the hero in death. O'er his body, found harshly his arms.

TEUCER rushed to spoil the slain. Hector launched his bright spear, as he came. The chief perceived the rushing death : And, bending, shunned the brazen lance. But it struck the warlike Amphinachus, the son of Actorian Cteatus. On his breast fell the spear, as he came. Resounding, he fell to the ground. Harshly clank, o'er his body, his arms. Great Hector advanced, in his force ; from his temples, to tear the bright helm : From the head of warlike Amphinachus, now dead, in his flowing blood. Ajax launched, on Hector, his spear. To his body, no passage it found. Sheathed whole was the chief, in bright steel. His bossy shield great Ajax struck : And shoved him back, with mighty force. The hero retreats, from both the slain. The sons of Argos drag the bodies away.

STICHIOUS and the noble Menestheus, the leaders of Athens, in arms,—bore the unhappy Amphinachus, to the lines of the Argive powers. But Imbrius is dragged, by the great Ajaces ; both lovers of the furious fight. As two lions force a goat from the hounds, when, with fury,

they tear the prey. Through the brush-wood they bear her along: Held, aloft, from the earth, in their jaws. Thus, aloft, the two warlike Ajaces bore the breathless Imbrius, along. They stript the slain of his beauteous arms. His head is lopt short, from his neck; by the gallant son of Oileus, enraged at Amphinachus' fall. He rolled the head, through the lines of the foe. Before the feet of Hector, it fell in the dust.

THEN first, from his inmost soul, the world-surrounding Neptune was wroth. He raged for his grandson's fall; left in blood, in the dismal fight. Quick, he strode through the tents,—through the ships of the Argive powers: Urging the Greeks to the war; preparing slaughter and death for Troy. Idomeneus, renowned at the spear, came, first, forward on the steps of the god: Returning from a friend beloved, whom wounded through the leg by the foe, his companions had conveyed to his tent. Having given his commands for his cure, the king returned to the tumult of arms: Still eager to partake of the fight. To him spoke the sovereign of Ocean; in voice like Thöas, the son of Andræmon: Who, through the wide bounds of Pleuron, through Calydon, rugged with rocks,—o'er the fierce Ætolians reigned; honoured, like a god, by his troops.

“IDOMENEUS,

“IDOMENEUS,” the god began: “Leader of the Cretans in arms! Whither are fled the threats of the Argives? The destruction, which they menaced to Troy?” —“O Thöas!” replied the king: “No warrior, is now, in fault. None, I deem, is to blame of the Argives. We all are skilled, in each motion of war. None, by terror, is detained from the fight. None, yielding to sloth, flies the war. But, thus, it seems good to the soul—of the all-powerful offspring of Saturn; that, inglorious, the Greeks should perish, far from Argos, their native land. But Thöas, heretofore thou wert brave. The mark of thine arm is in war. Thou wert wont to encourage the rest: To urge forward the remitting in arms. Cease not, therefore, thy hand, from the fight. Still encourage others to blood.”

To him replied the earth-shaking power: “Idomeneus, perish that man! Let him never return from Troy! Let him, here, be the sport of dogs;—who, to-day, shall remit, in the fight. Hasten. Advance, in thine arms. This quarter demands all thy speed. Together, let us rush to the field. We both may relieve the distressed. Useful, when combined is the valour of men. The most feeble, when joined, may succeed. But we are both skilled in the fight. We know to contend with the brave.”

THUS

THUS spoke the god: And mingled again, with the tumult and clangour of arms. Idomeneus returned to his tent. O'er his body, he drew his bright arms. Two spears he graspt in his hands. He issued forth, like the bolt of Jove: When the great son of Saturn,—receiving it bright in his hand,—launches it, from flaming Olympus; a dire portent to mankind. Bright flash the sparks, as it flies. So gleamed the steel round the king; reflecting varied light, as he flew. Meriones he met, in his course: His faithful servant and valiant friend. He met him, while yet near his tent. The hero rushed for a brazen spear. To him began the strength of Idomeneus:

“MERIONES, son of Molus, swift of foot, most beloved of my friends! Why return'st thou to the ships of the Argives? Why leav'st thou battle and the tumult of arms? Art thou wounded, by the darts of the foe? Or comest thou, with a message to ME? Nor I wish to sit, in my tent. My soul demands, of herself, the fight.”

To him the prudent Meriones: “O Idomeneus!” the hero began: “King of Cretans, covered over with mails. I come to demand a spear: If any remains in thy tents. The lance, which I bore, broke short, on the shield of a noble foe:—On the shield of Deïphobus, as he raged, in the front of the fight.”—The sovereign of Crete replied: “Not one alone, but twenty spears,  
thou



thou may'st find, in my lofty tents. They lean, beaming bright, to the wall, the spoil of Trojans slain by this arm. Nor is it my way in the fight, at a distance to stand from the foe. Much, therefore, is my spoil, in long spears, in bossy shields, in helmets of brass;—in breast-plates that shine, from afar."

To him the prudent Meriones : " In my tents, in my dark, hollow ship, many are the bright spoils of the foe. But, now, distant, they are all from my hand. Nor I, if right I judge of my soul, forget, in ought, my valour in fight. Amid the first I shine forth in the field,—in battle, which gives fame to mankind. I stand forth, in the front of the line, when the loud tumult of war ascends. My valour might another escape;—might pass, unheeded, by the bright-mailed Argives : but I deem, that to thee, it is known."

The leader of the Cretans replied : " To me well thy valour is known. Why repeat'st thou thy deeds, in mine ears? Should we, here, be chosen to wait;—near the ships, in ambush to lie;—Which most displays the valour of men. There the timid appear confessed : And the valiant, conspicuous, shine. The colour of the feeble in arms, flies, varied, along his face. Nor, untrembling, he sits in his place : Nor still lies his soul in his breast.

His

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His knees knock each other, through fear. He, cowering, expects his death. Wild heaves his beating heart to his side. The chatter of his teeth strikes the ear. But the colour of the valiant remains. He trembles not, o'er his joints,—when placed in the ambush of heroes. He longs to contend in arms;—to mix in bloody fight, with the foe.— There thy valour would gain thee applause: For should'st thou, at hand, or from far, receive a wound in the toils of the fight: Nor, behind, would fall the dart of the foe; but, on thy breast, advancing in arms.—But no more! Let us end our discourse. It is folly, here, longer to stand: Left others, with reason, may blame. Go. Enter my tent. Take a spear.”

He spoke. The hero entered, like furious Mars. He took the brazen spear in his hand; and followed the steps of the king: Wildly eager to plunge, in the fight. As when the destroyer of armies, furious Mars issues forth to his wars. Him, Terror, his much-loved son, strong and fearless, attends, in his course: Striking fear through the souls of the firmest in fight. Armed, the powers descend from Thrace, against the Ephyri; or magnanimous Phlegyæ. Deaf are their ears to the prayers of both the hosts: But, one or other, they will cover with fame. Such was the warlike Meriones, such Idomeneus, the leader

leader of armies. Rapid they strode forward to war :  
Beaming bright in their sounding arms.

MERIONES, first, addressed his words to the king :  
“ Son of Deucalion ! ” he said : “ To what quarter leads  
thy soul to the fight ? To the right, wilt thou urge  
thy steps ? To the center ? To the left of the line ? In  
no quarter is not wanting our aid. Dreadful perils hang  
o’er the whole host.”

“ IN the center,” said the sovereign of Crete, “ there  
are others, who the navy defend. The two Ajaces lift  
their spears. Mighty Teucer is there in arms ; skil-  
led, at once, to bend the bow ; to launch the lance,  
in standing fight. These will employ the arms, the  
boundless fury in fight, of great Hector, the son of Priam,  
though HE, above measure, is brave. Hard is the task  
for the chief, though burning, like a flame, in the fight ;  
to overpower the strength of such chiefs, to force, through  
their invincible hands, his wasteful course to the navy of  
Argos : If Jove descends not, in thunder clothed, and  
launch his flaming bolt, on the hollow ships. To man  
will never yield, in fight, the great Telamonian Ajax :  
To mortal man, who eats the fruits of the golden Ceres ;  
if his body is pervious to steel, or not proof against, fly-  
ing rocks. Nor to Achilles himself yields the chief : Not

even to that breaker of armies, he yields, in the standing fight. But, in the swift pursuit, with the hero, he cannot contend. Let us bend our course to the left. Let us try, in the front of the fight: Whether we shall give to others renown; or receive it, ourselves, from the foe."

He spoke. Meriones, equal to furious Mars, strode forward to the left of the line. When the foe beheld Idomeneus, like the strength of devouring flame: When they beheld the king, with his friend, rushing forward in varied arms; they roused themselves o'er their ranks. All rushed on the godlike man. The deadly hands of the foes are mixed, from each side. Dreadful battle is waked at the ships. As when the shrill-whistling winds arise; when the blast veers, from each quarter of heaven,—on the day of the sultry sun, when much dust has covered the ways. From every side assailed, at once, the dusty cloud ascends; and remains, long fixed, in the sky. Thus, collected from every side, they urge, in one place, the fight. Eager burn the souls of all, to pierce each other, with pointed steel. Bristled, o'er, with long spears is the deadly fight. The eye is struck, with dazzling light, from the brazen splendour of polished helms, from breast-plates brightly-beaming forth,—from the orbs of refulgent shields; as, rushing from each side, they engaged.

engaged. Bold in heart were that man, who could behold their toil, with joy : Without feeling regret in his soul.

FAVOURING different sides, in the war, were the two sons of Saturn, tremendous in power : Pouring heavy woes, on the heroes, in fight. Jove favoured the arms of Troy ; the victory to Hector would give : Honouring the great son of Peleus. Nor meant he, wholly, the Greeks to destroy : To lay them slain, on the shores of Ilium. But he honoured the bright-moving Thetis : He honoured her daring son. Neptune roused the souls of the Argives : Rising, in secret, from the foam of his main. He grieved to see them vanquished by Troy. Rage burnt, in his soul, against Jove. Equal was the race of both : From the same source sprung the powerful gods. But thundering Jove was born, the first : And greater knowledge enlightened his soul. His brother, therefore, avoids in the field to give his open aid to the Argives. In secret he urged them to fight. In human form, he clothed the god. These gods inclosed the fighting hosts ; between the lines of fierce discord, and all-equalling Mars. O'er both they stretched, the dreadful lines ; infrangible, not to be loosed. The limbs of many were unbraced, in the fight.

THEN first, though half-gray with years ;—then Idomeneus roused the Argives. Bounding forward, he turned the Trojans to flight. He slew the gallant Othryoneus, who came from the distant Cabesus. To the field, the warrior lately came. He fought, without dowry, Cassandra,—the most beauteous in form of the daughters of Priam. Great was his promised aid. He proffered, from Ilium to drive the sons of Argos, across the main. Aged Priam promised the maid. He vowed to give her to his arms : And, trusting to the voice, of the king, the hero urged the fight. Idomeneus threw, against him, the spear. He struck him, as he proudly strode. Nor stopt the brazen breast-plate the lance. In his bowels it, buried, remained. Resounding he fell to the earth : And the hero gloried, thus, o'er the slain.

“ OTHRYONEUS !” the king began : “ Thee will I praise, beyond mankind ; if now thou wilt, all, perform,—for which to Priam thou plightedst thy faith : When he promised his daughter beloved. We, also, would treat, for thy valour ; and purchase thy sword, with a spouse. We will give thee, the fairest in form of the daughters of great Atrides. From Argos, the maid shall come : And ascend thy bed, in the glow of her charms : If thou wilt rise in arms and sack the well-peopled city  
of

of sacred Troy. But follow my hand to the fleet. Let us, there, on the nuptials confer. Follow, Othryoneus, my hand. Worthy of such a son are the Argives !”

HE spoke : And dragged him, by the foot, through the loud tumult of arms. Afius, his avenger, came : On foot, before his high-maned steeds. Light pacing they followed their lord ; and breathed, upon his shoulders broad. The driver obeyed his commands, and held them close, behind the king. Much he wished from his inmost soul, Idomeneus to pierce, with his lance. But HE hurled, first, his pointed spear. Through and through his throat it rushed. Afius fell, sounding, to earth. As when an oak, on its mountain, falls,—or white poplar or lofty pine : Which the woodmen, with redoubled strokes, lay large along the ground ;—to form the dark ship, for the main. Thus extended lay, large, the chief, before his steeds and polished car. Loud, chattered his teeth as he died. He graspt the bloody dust in his hand.

FROM the driver wandered his mind : Confounded at the fall of his lord. His heart failed him. He turned not the steeds, to shun the hands of the dreadful foe. Him the warlike Antilochus struck, in the breast, with his spear. The brazen breast-plate repelled not the point. In his bowels stood fixed the long lance. Gasping, he  
I
tumbled.

tumbled to earth, from the beauteous seat of his lofty car. The son of Nestor, in council renowned, seized the startled steeds of the slain ; and drove them to the line of his friends.

DEIPHOBUS, with rage, advanced, on Idomeneus, renowned at the spear. He grieved, for the fall of Afius. He threw his bright-beaming lance. The king saw the shining death, as it came. He sunk behind the wide round of his bossy shield : His shield formed, strong, of the hides of bulls ; covered o'er with refulgent brass. Beauteously turned was the orb ; with two handles fitted behind. Under this, he, sunk wholly from view. O'er it flew the spear, by the verge. Shrill rings the broad shield to the lance ; as flantly it glides on the orb. Nor idly rushed the spear from his hand robust. He struck the shepherd of his people, Hypsenor. Through the liver, by the midriff, it passed. Death unbraces his limbs, as he falls. Much gloried the chief o'er the slain ; and, thus, swelled his voice to the foe :

“ Nor unrevenged lies Afius, in death. His great soul, I deem, will rejoice ; as it darkly descends to the dead : To the strong-gated regions below. His great soul will rejoice, as it flies. An attendant is given by my spear.”—He spoke : Grief covered the Argives, at the  
loud



loud boast of the foe. But chief is moved the gallant  
 soul of Antilochus, dauntless in fight. Yet neglects he  
 not, in his grief, to cover the corse of his friend. He  
 rushed forward to the slain, in his arms: And stretched  
 o'er him his bossy shield. The hapless chief is borne  
 away, by two of his friends beloved: By Mecisteus, the  
 son of Echius, and Alastor, the divine. They bore  
 the corse to the hollow ships, deep-groaning, from their  
 inmost souls.

NOR abated the soul of Idomeneus. Unceasing, he  
 wished, in his mind, to cover some warrior of Troy,  
 with the rising night of death: To cover some hero with  
 night; or to sound, with his own great fall, repelling  
 destruction from Argos. He struck the hero Alcahous;  
 the loved son of the great Æsyëtes, a warrior reared, by  
 the care of Jove. Alcahous, the son of Anchises, the  
 spouse of his eldest born,—of the glowing charms of Hip-  
 podameia. Much her father loved the maid; and much  
 her mother revered. O'er the fair troop of her equals  
 she rose, in beauty, in prudence, in works of art. The  
 first of women, in all, she shone; and she wedded the  
 noblest in Troy.—Now Neptune subdued her spouse,  
 beneath the long spear of a foe. The God threw dark-  
 ness o'er his bright eyes. He entangled his limbs, as  
 with.

with viewless chains. Nor back he could fly, from the spear : Nor, inclining, avoid its flight. Like a pillar, without motion he stood : Or lofty tree, unstirred by the winds. Idomeneus struck his breast, with the spear. Through the mail of brass rushed the lance. The corslet, that was wont to defend—harshly grates, as it yields to the spear. Refounding, he falls to the earth. The steely point is fixed in his heart ; which, bouncing high, shook the spear to its end. Soon stopt the motion with life. The hero glories o'er the slain : And, thus, swells his voice to the foe.

“ DEIPHOBUS !” began the king : “ Judge we right, when we think it but just,—that three chiefs, for one hero, should fall,—since so vain were thy vaunts in our ears ? But thou, doughty warrior, advance. Stand forth, before me in fight. Feel the force of the race of Jove. Great Jove first Minos begot : The prudent guardian of spacious Crete. To Minos was born a son,—Deucalion, faultless in form. Deucalion begot ME in Crete : A king of many heroes in war. Hither I am come, in my ships : A source of sorrow to thee,—to thy father, to the people of Troy !”

He spoke : And, in doubtful suspense,—hung the soul of the valiant foe : Whether to call some Trojan, in aid ;  
or,

or, alone, to try the strength of the king. While these thoughts he revolved, in his breast; at length it seemed best to his mind; to turn his steps to the great Æneas. Him he found, remote in the rear. His wrath was roused against Priam divine: As he honoured him not, in ought; though, great, he shone amid the brave. Deiphobus approached the chief; and, thus, with winged words, began:

“ ÆNEAS, great leader of Troy! Now, at least, it becomes THEE to aid. If thou regardest a brother in ought: If touched is thy heart with the love of thy friends. Haste. Follow my steps. Lend thine aid to the spouse of thy sister beloved: To Alcathous, who reared thee, while young, within his lofty halls. Protect the bleeding corse of the chief: By Idomeneus slain in the fight.”

He spoke and moved his soul in his breast. He rushed against the king of Crete: Eager for the contest of spears. Nor Idomeneus thinks of flight, like the timid heart of a boy. He, firm, remained, like a boar on his hills,—confiding in his mighty force. Unmoved HE waits, in a desert place, the loud-rushing tumult of men in arms. Bristled, above, is his back. His fiery eyes are glaring round. His teeth he sharpens for the fight: Eager to

repel the hunters and all their hounds. Thus, stood Idomeneus renowned at the spear. The hero disdains to retreat. He waits the rushing speed of Æneas. But loud swelled his voice to his friends. He called Ascalaphus and brave Apharëus,—Deïpyrus, Meriones renowned,—and the youthful Antilochus, skilled in each motion of war. Inciting the chiefs to the fight; with winged words, the king began :

“ HITHER advance, O friends ! Aid my spear : For I stand alone. Much I dread the rushing assault of the great Æneas : Who advances, on me, in arms. Strong is the hero in fight. The blood of warriors he pours amain. In the bloom of his youth, is the king : In youth, the greatest strength in war. Had we both been equal in years,—with this soul, which I feel in my breast : Soon with glory the chief should be crowned, or I derive renown from his fall.”

HE spoke : The heroes all advanced. The same fire burnt o’er all their souls. Near the sovereign of Crete they stood : Inclining to their shoulders, the wide orbs of their shields. Æneas, on the other side,—urged onward his friends to the fight : Deïphobus, the godlike Paris, Agenor the divine. These, as leaders of Troy advanced. Their troops were pouring dark along : As,  
when,

when, behind, the fleecy ram, return the sheep from their pastures green. They follow their leader to the stream : And o'er his soul, the shepherd is glad. Thus rejoiced in his heart, Æneas ; when he beheld in long order, behind,—the ranks of the warlike Trojans, falling forward, in his path.

AROUND the corse of the great Alcathous,—hand to hand, they urge the fight. The long spears are stretched, from each side. Dreadful rings the bras, on each breast. Death flies from line to line. Alternate fall the foes, in their blood. But two heroes skilled in war : Valiant, o'er their fellows, in fight : Æneas,—the godlike Idomeneus, both equal to Mars in arms,—with ardor, with each other to wound ; to urge forward their spears to blood. Æneas, first, threw his lance, on the king. He saw and shunned the gleaming death. In vain flew the spear, from his hand robust. Fixed in earth, it, quivering, remained.

IDOMENEUS struck the brave Oenomaus. Below his breast fell the eager lance. Through the hollow corslet it passed ; and mixed, with his entrails, behind. Down dropt the chief, in the dust : And graspt the earth, in the palm of his hand. Idomeneus drew his spear, from the dead. But his other beauteous arms, he could not

tear, from his shoulders broad : For much was he urged,  
 by the darts of the foe. His limbs failed the king, as he  
 rushed. He, neither his own spear could regain : Nor  
 yet avoid the lance of a foe. In standing fight, he  
 turned away—the deaths, which were flying around.  
 Nor, equal now to flight itself,—could his limbs bear the  
 hero from war. Slowly he began to retreat. Deïpho-  
 bus launched forward his lance : For odious, ever, was  
 the king to his soul. But, then, also, he strayed from  
 his life. On Afcalphus fell the spear. On the son of  
 the furious Mars. Through his shoulder passed the swift  
 steel. Down dropt the chief, in the dust : And graspt  
 the earth, in his dying hand.

Nor yet heard impetuous Mars,—that his son fell  
 in dismal fight. On the brow of high Olympus, he sat,  
 beneath his golden clouds. He sat, detained by Jove's  
 commands : Where, the other immortal gods remained,  
 —remote from forbidden war.—O'er the fallen Afcala-  
 phus, hand to hand, they urge the fight. Deïphobus  
 from the head of the slain, withdrew, in haste, the shining  
 helm. But Meriones, equal to furious Mars, bounding  
 forward, struck his arm with the spear. Down dropt  
 the helm from his hand : Harshly founding, as it rolled,  
 on the ground. Again the hero bounds amain, like a  
 vulture

vulture that darts, on her prey. He withdraws the spear, from the arm. To the troop of his friends flies the foe. His brother, the valiant Polites,—raised up the chief, in both his arms. He bore him beyond the sounding limits of fight,—to his fleet steeds, that stood behind. Beyond the tumult of battle they stood; with their driver and polished car. To the city they bore the chief, deeply-groaning, with his pain: And dark rushed the blood, from the newly-inflicted wound.

THE other warriors urge the fight. Loud clamour ascends the sky. Æneas rushing forward, with rage,—flew Aphareus, the son of Calëtor. Through the throat, as he looked away, passed the brazen point of the spear. The head, to the other side, inclined; weighed down on his shield with the helm. Bleeding dropt the chief in the dust. Destructive death involves him round. Antilochus, observing Thoon, turning his back, on the foe,—wounded him behind, with his spear. In twain, he cut the vein, that runs,—down the back from the neck, behind. This, through and through, the hero cut. In the dust fell the slain, supine: Stretching forth his dying hands to his friends.

ANTILOCHUS rushed, with speed, on the foe. Looking round, he drew off his bright arms. The Trojans stood  
near,

near, with their spears. Blow succeeds blow, on his shield. Spear rushes with spear, on the chief. But impervious to wounds he remains. The earth-shaking Neptune protects the youth. The son of Nestor the power defends: Amid the storm of flying darts. Nor apart from the foe, was he seen. He, ever, strayed, through their martial lines. He ceased not from the deadly lance. It always quivered in his hand. Ever ready was the chief in his foul; to throw the gleaming death: Or, hand to hand, to urge the fight.

ADAMAS, the son of Asius, observed the youth, as he spoiled the slain. Resolved, he rushed forth, from the crowd; and struck the center of his shield, with the spear. Hand to hand he urged the lance. Blue-haired Neptune broke its point, on the shield,—refusing the hero's life to the foe. Half remained, like a stake, in the shield: Half, lay broken, on the ground. To the line of his friends he shrinks back,—avoiding the death he fears. Meriones pursued his flight with his spear. Below the navel, he struck him with force: Where death enters, with fatal ease. In that part, the chief fixed his lance. He, throbbing, followed the spear, in his fall: Like a bull, which, aloft, on his hills, the cow-herds tye, with many bonds. Unwilling, he



he is dragged along : He struggles and heaves, in their hands. Thus, throbbed, for a moment, the youth : Till the hero drew his spear, from the wound. His soul followed the steel to the light. Darkness covered his eyes in death.

HELENUS flew the warlike Deïpyrus. On his temple fell the large, Thracian sword. Cleft was the helmet in twain. On the earth rung the echoing brass. An Argive seized it, as it rolled,—stained, with blood, through the feet of the foes. Breathless the warrior sunk. Shadowy night rose over his eyes. Grief seized the brave son of Atreus :—Menelaus, renowned in arms, was sad. He advanced, threatening death to the king, —to the hero, the prudent Helenus. High he shook the spear in his hand. The Trojan bent the horns of his bow. At once, to each other, they rushed. One wished to launch the sharp spear : The other to wing the shaft from the string. The son of Priam the combat began. He struck the breast of the chief, with the shaft. On the hollow of his corslet it fell. Broken the barbed arrow rebounds. As when, from the large winnowing fan, in the wide threshing floor of the golden Ceres,—the dark beans or the vetches rebound,—before the shrill blast, which the winnower has raised amain. Thus from  
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the breast of the king,—from Menelaus, elated with fame; broken, the arrow returned, and flew wide, in fragments, on earth.

THEN the son of Atreus advanced. He struck the hand of the chief, with his spear: The hand, which held the polished bow. Through and through, passed the brazen lance: And nailed to the bow his hand. To the troop of his friends he retreats: Avoiding death from the foe. Bleeding, hung his hand by his side: Dragging the ashen spear along. The mighty Agenor withdrew the lance; and, wrapping in wool the wound: He hung the arm of the chief in a sling. The sling a faithful servant gave; who followed the shepherd of his people, to war.

RIGHT, on the great Menelaus, the gallant Pisander advanced. Dread fate led the chief along. He hastened to the goal of death. To thee he came, O Menelaus; to fall in blood, in the tumult of arms. When toward each other, approached the chiefs, plunging forward, in dreadful strife: The son of Atreus strayed, from the foe; his spear flew wide, from the mark. Pisander struck the shield of the king. Nor, through, passed the steely point. The broad buckler sustained the shock. Broken, the spear fell in twain. In his soul,  
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the hapless warrior rejoiced. His hopes to victory arose. The son of Atreus drew his sword, distinguished with silver studs. He rushed forward, on Pisander. The chief, from behind his shield, a beauteous battle-ax took. Bright shone the steely head. The handle of olive was formed: Long, smooth and fit for the grasp. At once fell the blows of the eager chiefs. Pisander struck the horse-hair crest of his foe. Near the highest plume fell the ax. The son of Atreus, as the Trojan advanced,—drove his point, between the forehead and nose. Down dropt both his eye-balls to earth; and rolled, bloody, along the dust. Doubled was the corse, as it fell. The foe placed his foot, on the breast of the slain. He despoiled the dead of his arms: And gloried, thus, o'er him, aloud:

“ THUS, at length, shall ye leave the tents,—the hollow ships of the car-borne Argives! O treaty-breaking Trojans! Insatiable of slaughter and blood! Nor your late breach of faith was your first. Not unstained, till then, were your souls: For great, before, were my wrongs, from your hands! Nor you, regard, within your breasts,—the roused rage of high-thundering Jove: The avenging wrath of the hospitable god. Yet, soon, shall he stretch forth his hand; and level your lofty city

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with dust. My virgin spouse you seized by force. By force, you bore my wealth away. Unprovoked, uninjured you bore her to Troy: Though, with friendship, received, in her halls. Now you come, in arms, to our camp: Our ships you wish to burn, with fire;—to give our hopes of return to flames: To lay our heroes slain in their blood! But your progress, at length, shall be checked: Though wildly furious, for the fight.”

“O father Jove! In wisdom,—they say,—thou far-excell’st both men and gods. O’er the world thine empire extends. Yet all these ills proceed from thee: For, the wicked thou aid’st in war. Thou indulgest the Trojans unjust: Men, whose souls delight in force,—who are never glutted, with blood: Whose pastime is slaughter and war. In every thing there is a mean,—in sleep, in the joys of love, in the soft sound of the pleasing song, in the steps of the graceful dance. All these please others much more, than the labours of ruinous war. The Trojans, alone, love ceaseless strife. THEY, only, are insatiate in blood.”

THUS saying, the king gave the arms, all-stained, with blood to his friends. To the battle, again, he returned: And mixed, with death, in the front of the line. Then bounded on the hero in arms, Harpalion the son

son of Pylæmenes.. The youth had followed his father beloved, to urge battle, at sacred Troy. He came; but he never returned, to the loved fields of his native land. The shield of the son of Atreus, in the center, he struck with the spear. Near the hero he stood: But he drove not the lance, through the brass. Back to his friends the youth retreats: Avoiding death, from the foe. Cautious, he turned his eyes around: To shun the darts, that flew amain. Meriones dismissed, on his flight, a fatal arrow, barbed with steel. On the right hip, he struck the chief. Through and through, passed the eager shaft: Issuing forth, near the bladder, before. Sinking down, in the place, in death; he slowly fell in the arms of his friends. He, writhing, poured his soul away. Stretcht, on earth, like a worm, he lay. The dark blood rushed amain, from the wound: And moistened the dust, as it ran. Grieving, they placed the youth, on his car; and bore him dead to sacred Troy. Behind, followed slowly his father; pouring forth his tears, as he moved. No hopes of vengeance, for his son, suggests itself to his mournful soul.

PARIS is enraged at his fall. Revenge kindles, along his mind. He had been the guest of Harpalion, in Paphlagonia's peopled land. For this, rose the wrath of

the chief. He threw, with force, his brazen spear. At youth there was, by name, Euchenor,—the son of, Polyidus, the seer: Rich in means, undaunted in fight;—who dwelt in the high-built Corinth. No stranger to his dismal fate, he was borne, in his ship, o'er the main. Often had the aged seer,—Polyidus, enlightened in soul, foretold his double fate to his son: That, either by some dire disease, he was destined to perish at home;—or, to fall by the hands of the Trojans, at the hollow ships of the Argive powers. At once, he shunned disgrace and disease. Sudden death he preferred to pain: And urged the willing battle at Troy. Him he struck, beneath the ear. Straight, flew his soul, from his limbs: And horrid darkness involved him, around.

THUS, the foes fought again, like the rage of devouring fire. Nor Hector, beloved of Jove, yet heard,—that, far to the left,—his troops, were falling, by the hands of the Argives. Nor the flight had yet reached his ears: Nor victory inclining to Greece. Such aid, the earth-shaking God, had given to the Argive powers. He urged them forward to the fight: And added his force to their rage. In arms the godlike Hector fought, where, first, he broke the wall and the gate: When he broke, with his deadly lance, the deep ranks of the yielding  
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ing foe. The godlike hero urged the fight,—at the ships of Ajax and great Protefilaus: Where they lay, on the founding shore, by the waves of the foamy main. There; lowest, was built the wall: As the bravest were there encamped. There the Bæotians placed their tents, the long-robed Iaönes were there:—The Locrians, the warlike Phthians, the Epei, illustrious in arms. THEY repelled his dreadful course from the ships: But, from themselves they could not repel the chief: Hector, equal to the gods, a wide-wasting flame, in the fight.

THE chosen chiefs of Athens stood, the foremost in the front of the line. First in command is Menestheus, the son of illustrious Peteus. Behind the hero, stood his friends: Phidas, Stichius and Bias renowned. O'er the Epei spreads their sway, great Meges the son of Phyleus, Amphion and Dracius, unequalled in arms. Medon and the warlike Podârcees, stood before the Phthians, in arms. Medon was the brother of Ajax, the son of Oïleus, the divine. In Phylacè the hero dwelt, far from his native land. His step-mother's brother, he slew;—the brother of fair Eriöpis, the spouse of the godlike Oïleus. But Podârcees was the son of the great Phylacian Iphiclus. Both the chiefs stood, bright in their arms, before the ranks of the warlike Phthians. They defended the ships of the Argives: Joining with Bæotia their swords.

NOR, from the great Telamonian Ajax, strayed, in fight, the swift race of Oileus. Side by side, the heroes fought : Like two dark bulls of equal force, when they draw forward the well-joined plough, along the fallowed grounds. On their foreheads, by the roots of their horns, the copious sweat bursts forth amain. Divided only by the yoke, their distance, ever equal they keep. Along the furrow slow they move : And, behind them, cleave the earth, with the share. Thus, joined together in the fight, side by side, the heroes moved. Many and valiant youths, in arms, followed the steps of the elder Ajax. With joint force, they sustained his broad shield, when his arm was unbraced with toil ; and sweat wandered o'er all his limbs.

BUT his Locrians advance not close to the foe, behind the gallant son of the great Oileus. In standing fight consists not their force. On their heads, no brazen helmets arose : Nor waved, aloft, their horse-hair crests. They bore no round shields on their arms : They shook no ashen spears in their hands. Trusting to their crooked bows, to their slings formed of yielding wool, they followed their chief, from afar,—to wake battle round sacred Troy. At distance stood the warriors behind, and broke the foe, with the far-sent war. The two Ajaces stood,



stood, in the front, bright-covered, with all their arms. Hand to hand they fought with Troy,—with mighty Hector, armed in steel. The Locrians, concealed in the rear, poured death from their slings and bows. The Trojans galled, with their frequent shafts, stood, unmindful of bloody fight. Then had slaughter raged amain: Then the Trojans had quitted the ships,—and urged their broken flight o'er the plain,—to Ilium, exposed to the winds:—If Polydamas had not approached; and, thus, addressed the daring Hector:

“THOU know'st not, Hector, to yield in ought. Counsel, thou ever contemn'st. Since god has made thee brave in fight; and illustrious, in the toils of the field: In all thou wishest, all to excel; in council, as well as in arms. But thou, though great, unequal art,—to enjoy each perfection, alone. To one, the gods have given to know—the dreadful works of glorious war: To another, the graceful dance: To a third, the song and the lyre. In the breasts of some, high-thundering Jove has placed souls, for wisdom renowned. THEY, o'er all others, ascend. Mankind reap the fruits of their thoughts. States and cities they preserve. They, who wisdom possess, know its value the most.”

“BUT now I will unfold my mind,—and speak, what seems best to my soul. Around thee, Hector, on every side;

side ; burns the wasteful circle of war. The Trojans, since the wall they have passed : Some, in all their arms, retire, some urge the fight on the foe. The few with the many contend. Our force is dispersed, o'er the ships. But thou, awhile, retire, O chief ! Call the nobles to council behind. Let us weigh the whole, in our thoughts : And turn the best advice, on the foe. At once, let our souls resolve : Whether to rush, on the hollow ships,—if god should grant success to our arm,—or whether, to retreat, without loss, from the tents, from the navy of Argos. Much I dread, O chief, in my soul, that the Greeks will amply repay—the debt, which they owe to our arms. Still, at their hollow ships, remains, a hero insatiate in war. Nor will he long, I deem, in his wrath, abstain from the bloody fight.”

THUS great Polydamas spoke. The prudent counsel pleased Hector divine. Straight he leapt from his car, on the ground, in all the sound of all his arms. I return, he spoke aloud to the chief : And, thus, with winged words, began :—“ Polydamas !” the hero said. Retain, here, all the bravest in fight. But I will, thither, bend my steps : And meet the coming war, as it rolls. Straight, I will return to thine aid : When my orders shall have passed, o'er the line.”—He spoke : And rushed large along, like a mountain covered over with snow. Loud  
 swelled

swelled his voice, as he moved, through the Trojans and their allies, in war. They crowd, at the voice of the chief, round the godlike son of Panthous,—Polydamas of valour beloved.

HECTOR moved, along the front. He called, by name, his godlike friends: Deiphobus, the strength of Helenus, Adamas and Asius renowned. He called the chiefs, they answered not. He sought—they were found no more. Beneath the hands of the Argives, some, breathless, lay, at the hollow ships: Some wounded, or with shafts or with spears, lay in Ilium exposed to the winds. Far in the left of the dismal fight, he found Alexander divine,—the spouse of the long-haired Helen. He added vigour to the souls of his friends: And urged his people, to the fight. Near the warrior Hector stood; and, thus, with bitter words began:

Ill-fated Paris! First in form! Specious deceiver of maids! Where is the brave Deiphobus? Where the strength of king Helenus? What hast thou with Adamas done? What with Asius, Hyrtacus' son? Where is the great Othryoneus? Lofty Ilium now falls from its base: And certain ruin hovers over thy head."

To him Paris of form divine: "Since, O Hector, it seems good to thy soul, to blame the guiltless; and un-

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justly to rage. At times, I might have ceased from the fight: Though, my mother brought me forth to the light, not wholly timid or feeble in soul. But since, before their hollow ships, thou hast waked the dreadful fight: Here have we stood, in our arms, and urged the ceaseless war, on the foe. But the friends, whom thou call'st are slain. Two only still breathe the air: Deïphobus and the strength of Helenus. The hand of each has been pierced, with the spear. But Jove turned fate away from their lives: But thou, lead us, Hector, along: Wherever thou bid'st, we attend. With ready souls we will follow thy steps. Nor, deem I, that our valour will fail. Proportioned to our strength we fight. Beyond it, belongs not to men."

THUS spoke the warrior divine. He bent, at once, his brother's soul. Tall, they took their rapid way, where most flamed the fight, o'er the line. To the place, where Cebriones fought; where Polydamas renowned: Where Phalces, where the brave Orthæus, and Polyphætès the divine;—where Palmys, stately Ascanius, and Morys, Hippotion's sons. The day preceding, came the youths, in their turn; from the pleasant fields of the fertile Ascania: Now Jove urged them forward to fight.

As

As when the rushing blast of the veering winds,—  
beneath the red bolt of our father, Jove,—assails, at  
once, the echoing world. With dreadful tumult they  
mix the main. Wild heave, at large, the waves,—o'er  
the wide back of the deep-roaring sea. Swoln and  
whitened o'er with foam, successive roll the billows along.  
Thus advanced, successive, the Trojans. Thus troop,  
its armed troop pursued. Gleaming in steel, they ad-  
vanced. Before each squadron strode its chief. Hector,  
far the first, came on, equal to Mars, the destroyer of  
armies. Before him, he raised the round orb of his  
shield; formed of hides and thick-plated with brass.  
Bright noded his lofty helm, on his brows. From side to  
side, the hero strode. He searched for a breach in the deep-  
formed lines, as, tall, he stalked behind his shield. But  
he disturbed not the souls of the Argives: And great  
Ajax defied him to arms; stretching forward his mighty  
strides.

“Doughty warrior!” he said, “Approach! Why  
frighten’st thou, thus, the Argives? Nor unskilled are  
our hands in the fight: Subdued only, by the scourge  
of great Jove. Much thou hop’st, from thy inmost soul,  
to take, to destroy these ships. Yet still we have hands  
to oppose,—to turn thee away in thy course. But sooner

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shall the well-peopled Troy, be taken,—be destroyed by the Argive powers. The time, Hector, approaches with speed; when thou, flying over the field,—shalt stretch thy suppliant hands to father Jove,—to all the immortal gods,—praying that thy high-maned steeds, may outstrip the swift wing of the hawk: When they bear thee to high-walled Troy, rousing the dust o'er the field.”

THUS, as the hero spoke: To the right flew the bird of Jove: A strong-winged eagle, soaring high, in his own dark clouds. The Argives shouted o'er the lines: Confirmed, by the omen divine. But illustrious Hector replied:—“Idle boaster! Heavy warrior! What words have escaped from thy lips? Would I were as much the son of Ægis-bearing Jove. Would! that Juno, revered, brought me forth: Would! that honoured, I were like Pallas, or far shooting Phœbus: As that this fatal day, shall cover with destruction your host. Nor shalt THOU, vain boaster, escape. THOU shalt fall, amidst thy falling friends: Should'st thou dare to await my long spear. Soon will it tear thy soft body; and give thee, a prey to the dogs of Troy.—Thou shalt fatten, with thy fat, our vultures,—slain at the ships of the Argives.”

THUS he spoke and led on his host. The warriors followed their chief, amain. Loud tumult is spread o'er the  
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the field. Wild clamour ascends, behind. The Argive  
shouted aloud: Nor forgot they their strength, in the  
fight. They waited, firmly, the deep-rushing Trojans.  
The noise of both ascended the skies: To the splendid  
halls of high-thundering Jove.

THE  
I L I A D  
OF  
H O M E R.  
B O O K XIV.

**N**OR unheard is the clamour by Nestor, though cheering his soul with wine. To the son of Æsculapius, with winged words, the hero began. "Hark! O Machæon divine! What shouts ascend, on the winds! Louder swells the tumult of arms: The voice of young warriors engaged in fight. But thou, repose thy wearied limbs. Recruit thy soul, with the dark-red wine: While the tepid bath is prepared, by Hecamède with lovely locks. **H**ER fair hand shall wash the blood, from thy wound: Whilst I some height ascend; and view the battle, that rolls around."

He spoke: And took the shield of his son,—of Thra-  
fymedes, the breaker of steeds. Bright lay the brazen  
orb



orb in the tent. The youth raised, in battle, his father's shield. He graspt the strong spear in his hand. The steely point glittered wide, as he moved. Without the tent, the hero stood. Shameful was the sight he beheld. The Argives, broken, in flight. The Trojans pursuing amain. Fierce the foe in his wrath. The wall of the Argives levelled with earth!

As when the vast ocean grows black, o'er the face of its silent waters; prescient, of the coming storm,—the rapid course of the whistling winds. Dark it heaves, along its bounds, but knows not whither to roll its waves: Before, some wind, confirmed, descends,—from the mansions of father Jove. Thus doubtful in soul was the aged. Divided was his anxious mind: Whether to rush into the line; to aid the Argives, in fight:—Or to turn his steps to the king,—to the shepherd of his people, Atreides. Whilst this he revolved in his thoughts, at length, it seemed best to his soul, to turn his steps to the great Atreides.—Death flies, amain, from side to side. With mutual wounds fall the foes in fight. Harsh sounds the solid brass, on their breasts. To the swords it rings, —to the spears, that fall, unceasing, from either line.

ON Nestor's course came forward the kings: The sacred children of thundering Jove. The wounded ascended,

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ascended, from their ships. The godlike son of warlike Tydeus. The great Ulysses also advanced, and Agamemnon, the son of Atreus. Remote from battle were the ships of the kings. They lay on the verge of the foamy main. The first line were dragged far in the plain: and near their sterns was built the wall. Nor could the whole shore, though wide, contain, side by side, the vessels of Greece. The army was confined in space. In two rows they drew the ships on the shore. They filled the long bay, o'er its range. From cape to cape, the navy lay. The kings, therefore, were distant from war. They came forward, leaning each on his spear. Much they wished to view the tumult of fight. Much grieved they all, from their souls. The aged Nestor advanced on their course. Sudden terror struck the kings of the Argives. Loud swelled the voice of Atrides; as, thus, to the hero, he spoke:

“ O NESTOR, son of Neleus! Greatest glory of Achaia in arms! Why hast thou left the bloody field? Why, the fight, that destroys mankind? Much I dread, O chief, from my soul,—that Hector will his promise perform: His haughty threats, midst assembled Troy. He promised, NOT to return to Ilium, exposed to the winds: Till fire should consume our ships,—till the Argives should  
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fall

fall by his spear. This, in council, he spoke : And HE, I deem, will the whole perform. But, O ye ever-living gods ! who, so wretched as I of mankind ! Sure, the other warlike Argives,—sure, all have placed wrath, in their souls ! Against ME, like Achilles, they rage. They lose their safety, in their revenge, and will not fight, for their own hollow ships.”

To him, the aged Nestor replied : “ Sure, misfortune rages amain : Nor, now, can high-thundering Jove himself repair the mischiefs already done. Levelled with the ground is the wall. The strength, in which we trusted is fallen. The bulwark of our ships is no more. No defence remains for the host. Before our navy, at our tents,—with stubborn souls, they sustain the fight. Perils threaten, from every side. Nor could’st thou know,—beholding all ; on which quarter, we most are pressed. So promiscuous is death on the field : Such clamour ascends the sky. But let us weigh all in our souls. Let us seek some resource from wo. Let us try if counsel can aid. Nor I advise the kings to fight. Battle-suits not the wounded in war.”

“ NESTOR !” the king of men replied : “ Since, at the sterns of our ships they fight ;—since the wall avails us no more ;—nor the foss, which we sunk around.

Since the Argives have toiled in vain : Since the bulwark of the navy is lost ; and no defence remains to the army :—Our fall is decreed by the gods. It seems good to all-powerful Jove,—that the Greeks should perish at Troy,—far from Argos, their native land. There was a time when he favoured the Argives : But now his heavenly will is changed. He aids, in all, the sons of Troy : And covers them, like gods, with renown. Our souls, he presses down with wo. He chains our very hands, in the fight.”

“ But, listen, O chiefs, to my voice. Obey the dictates of my soul. Let us draw off the first line of our ships,—those that lie next to the sea. Let us launch them all with speed, into the waves of the spacious main. At anchor, on the deep, let them ride ; till night shall cover the world with shades : If even, in the shades of night, the Trojans will from battle abstain. Then, protected in the gloom, the whole navy, we may launch to the main. Nor worthy of blame are the Argives, to fly from evil, through the shadows of night. More prudent is he, who evil shuns ; than the man, who awaits its approach.”

STERNLY turning his eyes on the king, the wise Ulysses replied : “ Son of Atreus,” he said : “ What words have escaped,

escaped, from thy lips? O lost to every sense of shame! Would! that, o'er some cowardly host,—not o'er us were extended thy sway. Not o'er us, whom, from our youth,—to the distant limits of fading age,—great Jove has given wholly to war;—to fight, to conquer, to die!—Hast thou then resolved, in thy soul, to leave the wide-streeted city of sacred Troy? Forsak'st thou thus the price of toil? The boon, for which so long we fought? Speak low: Lest some Argive should hear. Repress words, that bear disgrace, in their sound. Words! unworthy of a man, whose soul is not to reason lost: But more unworthy of a king,—a scepter-bearing prince, like thee: Whom so brave, so many troops,—whom Argos, o'er her nations obeys.”

“ Thy counsel I dislike in all. Imprudence thou hast joined to disgrace. Thou advisest in the midst of the fight,—when every spear is stretched forth to blood!—Thou advisest to launch the ships! To crowd with our vessels the main! What more could the Trojans require? What better fortune could they join to success? Dreadful ruin would all assail: And death stalk amain, through the host. Nor the Argives the fight would sustain: Whilst the ships are launched to the main. Back, they would look from the war: And quit, with tumult, the

strife of arms. Then thy counsel a host would destroy;  
O leader of the nations in arms!"

"O ULYSSES!" replied the king. "Thy just reproof has touched my heart. Severe are thy words, O chief! Nor I would force unwilling Greece,—to launch her dark ships to the main. But, now, I wish, from my soul,—to hear some more wholesome advice: Whether from young or from old it comes. Mine ears are open to all."

To him, Diomedes, renowned in fight: "The man thou demand'st is near. Far thou need'st not stray for counsel: If the chiefs will my words obey;—if they will not despise my advice, as younger, far, than them, in years. But not ignoble is my race; nor yet the father, from whom I have sprung. Renowned o'er the nations is Tydeus, whom earth has covered at sacred Thebes. To Portheus were born three gallant sons: Who dwelt in Pleuron, in Calydon exposed to the winds. The first was Agrius, Melas the next, the third, Oeneus, the breaker of steeds. Oeneus the father of Tydeus: Who, in valour, o'er his brothers arose. The chief dwelt, in his native land: My father, remote in Argos. A wanderer, his country he left: So willed the gods and father Jove. The hero the daughter of Adraftus espoused. Great the wealth, which was stowed in his halls. Rich he was in  
fertile

fertile fields ; both fruitful in wheat and the vine. Fair-blossomed his gardens around : White, wandered his flocks, on the hills. But in arms he mankind excelled : The sons of Argos, in skill at the spear."

" DESPISE me NOT, as sprung from a race,—obscure in peace and unknown in arms : Despise not the counsel I give. I deem, that the best I advise. Proceed. Let us haste to the fight. Though wounded, let us move to the field. Beyond the flight of darts, let us stand : Left wound should be added to wound. Let us urge others, forward, to fight. Let our words give the aid, which our arms deny. Those, who stand apart, let us urge : and push onward the sluggish in war."

HE spoke : And the heroes obeyed. Right forward they held their way. The king of men precedes them all. Nor unseen, by a god, they moved. The world-surrounding Neptune beheld ; and came forward on the course of the chiefs. In form, he seemed a man in years. He seized the hand of the son of Atreus : And, thus, aloud, with winged words, he began : " Son of Atreus ! " he said. " Now, the haughty heart of Achilles,—bounds, within his bosom, with joy. With ravished eyes, he, now, beholds,—the slaughter and flight of the Argives. Without a soul is the dreadful chief ;—or cursed with an  
unfeeling

unfeeling foul ! But let him perish in his crimes. Let the gods wrap him round, with disgrace. Nor averse to thee are the gods : They have not turned their favour to Troy. Soon shall thine eyes, O king, behold, the daring leaders of the foe : Involving their flight, in clouds of dust ; as they urge their cars, o'er the plain. Soon shall thine eyes, O king, behold,—the Trojans flying, from the navy and tents."

He spoke ; and swelled his dreadful voice, as roused, he rushed from fight, o'er the plain : Loud, as the voice of thousands in fight,—of ten thousand warriors in arms : When they raise their joint shout to the skies, rolling forward the battles of Mars. So loud from his mouth divine, rose the voice of the earth-shaking god. He poured strength into every heart. The Argives were inspired, o'er their lines ; with ceaseless ardour, to urge the fight.

The golden-throned Juno, from heaven,—turned her large-rolling eyes, on the world. She stood on the top of Olympus. She beheld HIM busy in war. She beheld her brother, in the fight of renown : And o'er her heavenly soul, she rejoiced. On the lofty summits of steamy Ida, her eyes met Jove, in his cloud. She saw the high favourer of Troy : And unpleasing was the sight, to her soul. Anxious rolled her thoughts, o'er her mind. Much  
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she revered queen of heaven,—wished to deceive the soul of Ægis-bearing Jove. At length, it seemed best to her mind, to urge her way to the cloud-covered Ida, after decking with care her charms. She hoped to raise soft desire, in his soul: To surprize him, with her beauty, to love: To melt the god, in the glow of her charms. That, when languid, within her white arms, pleasing sleep might his eye-lids invade; and repose shade his prudence divine.

To her chamber divine moved the queen: The work of Vulcan, her son beloved. To solid pillars he fitted its doors: Which opened wide with a secret key. No other god could the chamber disclose. She entered, with stately grace: And closed, behind her, the glittering door. First, she bathed, in ambrosial streams,—her fair limbs, of proportion divine. O'er her beauteous body she poured, rich oil, so sweet to the smell; that its fragrance,—from the mansions of Jove,—reached earth, and spread over the skies.

WHEN, with THIS essence divine,—she anointed her beauteous form. She combed her long hair: With her hands, she placed in order her shining locks. Beauteous, and lovely they flowed, from the immortal head of the queen. Her robe divine, she poured around:  
The

The work of Pallas, high-laboured with art. In its heavenly texture she wove many figures to ravish the eye. This she bound beneath her white breast,—with golden clasps, that shone afar. She girt her waist, with a precious zone: Enriched, with an hundred tassels of purest gold. The beauteous pendants hung, bright, from her ears. In each three gems beamed forth to the view; and spread, around her, a grace divine. Her radiant charms she concealed, with a veil: Lately made, shining forth like the sun. At length, on her beauteous feet, her heavenly shoes the goddess bound.

THUS, adorned, o'er her person divine, she issued forth, in her stately charms. Calling her, apart from the gods, she, thus, addressed the golden Venus: "Will my daughter beloved," she said; "grant, in ought, the request of Juno? Wilt thou grant to my prayers a boon? Or must I be denied, in thy rage: As the Argives I favour in arms,—and thou giv'st thine aid to the Trojans?"—"O Juno! O goddess revered!" replied the fair daughter of Jove. "Bright race of tremendous Saturn! Unfold the desire of thy soul. My mind bids me thy voice to obey; if to obey, I have the power: If thy request can be granted by Venus."

THUS,—hiding deceit in her soul,—replied the daughter of mighty Saturn:—"Give that loveliness, that  
alluring

alluring desire, by which, thou subduest all the gods :  
 And o'er mortals extendest thy sway. I go to visit afar,  
 the utmost bounds of the bounteous earth : To Ocean,  
 the father of gods,—to Tethys, the mother of all. THEY  
 reared me, with care, in their halls ; receiving the charge  
 from Rhea : When Jove, in his own thunder clad,  
 threw Saturn beneath the earth,—beneath the waste waves  
 of the main. To visit THEM, I take my way ; to com-  
 pose the bitter jars, which divide their souls. Long,  
 have they, abstained, in their rage, from the joys of all-  
 pleasing love. Should I soothe, with my words, their  
 wrath ; and persuade them to return to their loves :  
 Great would be the honour to Juno ; much would she  
 be revered, by them both !”

To the queen replied, in her turn,—the bright goddess  
 of charming smiles : “ It becomes not—I must not  
 refuse,—the boon, which thy soul demands : In the  
 arms of all-powerful Jove, thou, sleep’st, O goddess, in  
 all thy charms !”—She spoke ; and, from her heaving  
 bosom, loosed the various girdle with care. THERE con-  
 tained were her soul-winning charms. THERE was love,  
 THERE melting desire : THERE, of lovers the tender vows.  
 The pleasing flattery was THERE ; which takes, by stealth,  
 the souls of the wife. This she placed, in the hands of

the queen ; and, thus, again, began : “ Take this girdle,” she said. “ Hide it, in thy bosom, from view. Take this various zone, replete with all my alluring charms. Take it—Nor, I deem, shalt thou fail,—to complete the desires of thy soul.”

SHE spoke : The queen of heaven smiled ; and, smiling, pressed to her bosom, the zone. To the halls of high-thundering Jove, returned, with speed, the golden Venus. Juno hastened her flying steps, from Olympus involved in clouds. O’er sacred Piëria she glides ; o’er Emathia’s pleasing fields. Aloft, she is borne along, o’er the snow-clad summits of all the hills,—which rear their white heads in Thrace,—the mother of warlike steeds. O’er these the goddess took her way ; nor touched the earth, with her feet, as she moved. From Athos she descended, on winds, to the broad back of the billowy main. To sacred Lemnos she came,—to the city of Thoas divine. There she accosted Sleep, the twin-brother of silent Death. She took the dark power, by the hand,—and, thus, addressed him by name :

“ O SLEEP !” she began : “ King of gods and of mortal men ! If, heretofore, thou listened’st to Juno : If her words found grace, in thine ear :—Now, also, grant my request. Gain, for ever, my favour divine. Close, in slumber, beneath his lids, the eyes refulgent of thundering Jove.

Straight,

Straight, invade the languid god, when he melts, in love, in mine arms. Nor unpaid shall this service remain. A beauteous throne, unfading, of gold,—the work of Vulcan my son—shall be thine. The high-laboured work of the god; with a footstool of splendid form;—on which thy graceful feet may rest, when thou indulgest in the joys of the feast.”

PLEASING Sleep replied to the queen: “ O Juno, O goddesses revered! Daughter of mighty Saturn! Spouse of high-thundering Jove! With ease I could lull, to repose, any other of all the powers: Even the strong-rushing streams of the Ocean,—the parent of all the gods. But I, nor to Jove will approach: Nor close, in slumber, his eyes, till he issues his high commands. I reflect, in my soul, on the past. I gather wisdom from thy former requests! On the day, when the great son of Jove, from Ilium, raised his sails on the main: When he laid waste, resistless in arms, the lofty city of sacred Troy. Then I stole on the wakeful lids of Ægis-bearing Jove: And softly poured myself on his mind. But secret mischief lay hid in thy soul. The blustering tempest arose at thy nod; and rolled, together, the echoing main. Thou turned'st the chief from his course; to the well-peopled island of Cœos: Far remote from his friends beloved.

Jove wakened, in all his rage. On each other, he rolled the gods. ME, the most, he sought, in his wrath. ME, lost to heaven, he had hurled to the main: But night, the subduer of gods and of men, saved me, in my flight, from his hand. To her, I fled, in distress. He restrained himself in his rage. The god revered the sacred night: Nor, in ought, would her soul offend. Yet again thou hast urged thy request; and would'st my former perils renew."

To him, awful Juno replied, rolling her large eyes, on the power. "O Sleep!" she began to the god. "Why roll such thoughts o'er thy mind? Deem'st thou, that high-thundering Jove, so much favours the warriors of Troy;—as he favoured his own gallant son, great Hercules, equal to gods? But thou, attend on my steps. The youngest Grace I will give to thine arms. Pasithaë shall be called thy spouse: She, whom, ever, thou hast loved from thy soul."

SHE spoke: Sleep rejoiced, at her words. "Come then;" he said: "Come, goddess, and swear: By the sacred waters of Styx,—the inviolable oath of the gods. Touch, with one hand, the fruitful earth: With the other, the waves of the main. That the gods may bear witness to all,—the gods, who dwell, in darkness, with  
aged:

aged Saturn : That, the youngest Grace, thou wilt give to mine arms ;—That Pasithaë my spouse shall be called : She whom I, ever, have loved from my soul.”

He spoke : Nor, in ought, disobeyed the white-armed daughter of Saturn. She swore,—as commanded the god : By all the powers that dwell, under the earth,—whom men the horrid Titans have named. But, when her promise she, with oaths, had confirmed ; they both took their way, on the winds : Leaving Lemnos and rocky Imbros. Involved, in thick darkness, they flew. Soon their journey the powers performed. They came to the streamy Ida, the mother of all that is wild. To the summit of Lectos they came : Having left the broad back of the main. O’er the land glided forward the powers. Beneath their light feet shook, with awe,—the lofty tops of the waving groves. THERE Sleep remained involved in shades : Avoiding the piercing eyes of Jove. He took his seat, in a lofty pine, the largest, that rose on Ida. Wide spread its broad top to the skies. There he sat, deep-shrowded with boughs, in form, like the shrill-screaming bird,—whom the gods, on his native hills, call Chalcis,—but mortal men Cymindis.

Juno ascended the winds, with speed, to the cloudy summits of lofty Ida. To Gargarus the goddess came.  
She

She met the eyes of the storm-ruling Jove. When he beheld the queen in her charms; soft desire veiled his prudent soul. Such desire as had flamed in his breast: When first they mixed, in secret love;—when they entered the inmost chamber, unknown to their parents beloved. Before her rose the eager god. Thus he spoke to his stately spouse: “Juno, whither tends thy speed? Why com’st thou, from Olympus, alone? Where is thy car and where thy steeds,—wont to bear thee along, on the winds?”

Thus,—hiding deceit in her soul,—replied Juno with snow-white arms: “I go to visit, afar, the utmost bounds of the fruitful earth: To Ocean, the father of gods—to Tethys, the mother of all. THEY reared me, with care, in their halls. To visit THEM, I bend my way: To compose the bitter jars, which divide their souls. Long have they abstained, in their rage, from the joys of all-pleasing love. At the foot of the streamy Ida, stand, involved in darkness, my steeds: Ready to bear me o’er earth,—o’er the waves of the hoary main. Thy consent to obtain, I came,—from broad Olympus, with brows of snow. To prevent thy rage I came: Left wrath might invade thy soul; should I take, in secret, my way, to the halls of deeply-rolling Ocean.”



To her the high ruler of storms: "O Juno! some other time, urge thither, thy rapid way. But let us now dissolve in love: Give all our souls to its joys. Never did such fierce desire,—for goddess nor for mortal dame, pour its lambent flame round my heart,—as that which, now, subdues my soul. Not when I mixed with the charms of Ixion's glowing spouse: Who bore the valiant Perithous, equal in council, to gods. Not when I Danaë pressed, the fair-limbed daughter of great Acrisius: The mother of godlike Perseus, the most renowned of mortal men. Not thus I burned for the beauteous daughter of Phœnix: Who brought forth the prudent Minos—and Rhadamanthus, equal to gods. Nor felt I thus, in my soul, for Semelé,—for the Theban Alcmena: This the mother of magnanimous Hercules;—but Semelé bore Bacchus divine, the joy of mortal men. Nor burned I, thus, for stately Ceres, graceful queen, with golden locks: Nor for the splendid charms of Latona; nor even for thy majestic self: As now I feel love in my soul and soft desire pervading my frame."

To him,—hiding art in her soul,—replied Juno, with snow-white arms: "Impatient son of Saturn! What words have escaped, from thy lips? Here would'st thou yield to pleasing love? On the summits of streamy Ida?  
Where

Where all lies exposed to the skies? What if some one of the gods should behold thee dissolved, in mine arms? What,—should he call the deathless powers, to such a sight of lasting shame? Nor I to thy halls would then return,—disordered, from thy bed, o'er my charms. Nor I would then return, to meet the scorn of the deathless powers. But if such the desire of thy soul: If this pleases the mind of Jove. A secret chamber is thine above; built by Vulcan, thy son beloved: Its pillars fitted, with solid doors. Thither let us repair to sleep: Since love pleases the soul of Jove."

To her the high ruler of storms: "O Juno! Fear none of the gods. Nor dread, in this, the eyes of men. I will pour around a cloud of gold: So thick, that the all-piercing Sun, shall not dart, through its darkness, his rays."—He spoke: The eager son of Saturn threw his arms, round his glowing spouse. The earth divine poured forth, beneath,—her freshest flowers to form their bed: The dewy lotos, the crocus of yellow hue. The violet, thick and soft, reared its head: And heaved, aloft, from earth, the powers. They lay on their fragrant bed. Round them poured their cloud of gold. Their beauteous cloud, from which, distilled the lucid drops of the dew of heaven. Thus the father sunk in repose; on the summit

mit of his own dark hill. With sleep, with love, he lay subdued: And held his heaving spouse in his arms.

DEWY Sleep descends, through the wind, to the ships of the Argive powers: To bear the news to awful Neptune, who furrounds the world, with his waves. Near the power he darkly stood: And, thus, with winged words, began:—"With spirit assist the Argives. O Neptune, aid the Greeks in the fight. Give them glory: At least, whilst HE sleeps: Whilst Jove bends his lids in repose. I poured around him pleasing rest. Him Juno has deceived, with her loves. He lies, folded within her white arms."—Thus saying, he mixed, with the winds: And bent his course afar, to the illustrious nations of men. Great Neptune, though already prompt,—is urged the more to the aid of the Argives. Bounding forward, through their lines, he, thus, roused the warriors to fight:

"O ARGIVES!" began the God. "Shall victory be snatched from our hands? Shall we yield again to Hector? Shall he seize the navy of Argos? Or cover his arms with renown? Sure, these are the thoughts of his soul. Thus he boasts, as the mighty Achilles lies, in wrath, at his hollow ships. Nor yet is great our want of the chief:

Should we, the rest, be rouzed to arms ;—and lend our mutual aid, o'er the field. But haste. Attend to my words. Obey what my soul suggests. Let the bravest, the stoutest, in fight,—take the strongest, broadest shields. Let us place the bright helms, on our heads : Stretch forward the longest spears. Let us advance. Myself will precede : Nor deem I, that the son of Priam,—though much the hero is rouzed o'er his soul,—will sustain my approach to the war. Let HIM that is in combat strong, who rears a narrow buckler in fight,—reign his shield to a weaker arm : And bear forward a larger orb."

HE spoke. They listened o'er their lines. They all obeyed the voice of the god. The kings restore the martial ranks ; though wounded, they form the field : The Son of Tydeus, the great Ulysses, and Atreides, the sovereign of men. Moving through the forming lines ; they changed, with their commands, the arms. The strong are bestowed, on the strong : The light for the feeble, in fight. Now cloathed, in all their burnished steel, gleaming moves the army along. The earth-shaking Neptune, precedes the line : Holding, in his mighty hand, a huge, a dreadful, shining sword,—like the flaming bolt of Jove. Nor permitted was the god in fight, to stretch his awful sword to blood : But, with its terror, it vanquished the brave.

OPPOSED

OPPOSED to the god was mighty Hector. He also formed his own firm lines. Then dark swelled the war on each side. Both poured it forward, with their might;—the blue-haired king of the ocean and Hector, illustrious in arms. This aided the Trojans in fight: That urged the Argives to blood. Behind the tents and hollow ships, high-swelled the hoarse waves of the main.—They plunge, at once, in dreadful strife: Horrid clamour ascends the sky. Nor roars so loud the huge waves of the main, when, large, they fall on the echoing shore,—beneath the fierce blasts of the northern wind. Nor so great is the sound of flame,—when rushing, wide, through the mountain groves: When all the forest sinks, resounding, beneath its rage. Not so loud resounds the wind, in the leafy tops of the lofty oaks,—when the storm wings its course, o'er the echoing hills:—Not all invade, so loud, the ear, as the clamour of the Trojans and Argives: When, roaring, they rushed to dreadful fight; and poured their whole strength, in the shock.

ILLUSTRIOUS Hector the fight renewed. He, first, threw his spear on Ajax. Turned forward was the face of the chief. Nor the lance, from his body strayed. It fell, where the two thick belts, each other crossed, on his manly breast. The one sustained his broad shield: The other, his deadly sword. These, now, saved his body

from wounds. Dreadful, raged the illustrious Hector :  
 When he saw that his rapid spear flew, in vain, from his  
 mighty hand. Back he turned to the troop of his friend :  
 Avoiding death, from the hands of the foe.

THE great Telamonian Ajax,—perceived the warrior,  
 as he retired. He raised a huge stone from the earth : For  
 many lay where the foes engaged,—to prop the hollow  
 ships on the sounding shore. One of these the chief  
 heaved from the ground. He struck Hector above the  
 orb of his shield. On his neck fell the forceful weight.  
 Onward, whirling, it flew amain : And tore the earth as  
 it rolled along. As when a huge oak, on its hill, is  
 struck by the red bolt of our father Jove. Torn from  
 the root, it lies along. The nauseous fmoak of the ful-  
 phur ascends. Stiff with terror the traveller stops. Half  
 his soul wanders away : For dreadful is the bolt of all-  
 powerful Jove.

THUS fell the strength of illustrious Hector. Thus,  
 large, he lay, along the ground. From his hand dropt  
 the brazen lance : From his arm, the wide orb of his  
 shield. The helmet fell, bright, from his head. All  
 his armour harshly sounds as he falls. With dreadful  
 clamour advance the Greeks. They hope to drag the  
 chief to their line. Thick fly the frequent darts, from  
 their

their hands. But none at distance, or hand to hand,—  
could touch the shepherd of his people, with steel. His  
valiant friends stood formed around : Polydamas, the  
godlike Æneas ; Agenor the divine, the great leader of  
the Lycians Sarpedon,—and Glaucus blameless in soul.  
Nor any warrior neglects the chief. All held before him  
the wide orbs of their shields. His friends bore him, in  
their hands, from the fight : Till they came to his  
bounding steeds. Behind the war, they stood, remote :  
With their driver and various car. They slowly took  
their way to Troy. Deep-groaned the king, as they  
moved.

BUT when they came to the distant ford, of the beau-  
teous stream of the gulphy Xanthus ; whom immortal  
Jove begot : They laid the chief, from the car, on the  
earth ; and sprinkled, o'er him, the cooling stream.  
His soul returned to his breast. He rolled his heavy eyes,  
around. On his knees the hero lay : And poured the  
dark blood, from his mouth. Again he fell back on the  
earth. Dark night had wrapt his eyes, in shades. The  
heavy blow had subdued his soul.

WHEN the Argives saw Hector divine ; retiring, sub-  
dued, from the field : With rising spirit they rushed on  
the Trojans. They remembered the dismal fight. The

son of Oileus death began. Swift Ajax threw first his lance. He wounded Satnius with the steel-pointed spear : Satnius the brave son of Enops : Whom the Nymph, the beauteous Naïs, brought forth to Enops as he tended the herds,—on the green banks of the roaring Satnio. Him the son of Oileus struck, with his pointed spear. Through the nether belly it passed. He fell backward and lay in death. Round his body fierce battle arose : Between the sons of high-built Troy and the Argives covered with mails.

IN revenge of the chief advanced—Polydamas, flaking, aloft, his spear. On the right shoulder, he struck Prothoënor,—the son of great Areilycus. Through and through, passed the brazen lance. In the dust, the hero fell,—and graspt the earth, with his dying hand. O'er the slain, much-gloried Polydamas,—raising his loud voice to the foe. “ Not, in vain, I deem, from the arm,—from the hand robust of the son of Panthous,—flew the steel-pointed lance, through air. Some Argive receives the sharp spear : And let it prop him, as he slowly descends,—to the dark halls of relentless Pluto.”

HE spoke. Grief arose to the Argives : When they heard the vaunting voice of the chief. But HE, most, moved the warlike soul of the great Telamonian Ajax.

Before



Before his feet, fell the great Prothoënor. Straight he threw his lance on Polydamas : As the hero turned his steps, from the foe. He saw the shining spear as it came ; and, inclining, avoided death. But Archilochus received the steel : The gallant son of the aged Antenor. Him, the gods had, then, destined to death. He struck him where joined the neck with the head. On the last joint fell the deadly lance. Both the nerves are cut in twain. Prone forward he fell to the ground. His head, his face, his nose, touched the earth,—ere yet his body tumbled down to the ground.

AJAX, vaunting in his turn, spoke thus to the valiant Polydamas. “ Consider, well, O Polydamas ! Then convey the truth to mine ear. Is not the fall of this chief,—an ample vengeance for slain Prothoënor. Nor of vulgar form seems the youth : Nor yet of an ignoble race. But the brother or son of Antenor, the aged breaker of warlike steeds. To the chief is related the slain : Or his figure deceives these eyes.”

He spoke, well-knowing the chief. Then Acamas, protecting his brother slain, slew Bæotian Promachus, as he dragged the dead warrior away. Much gloried the chief o’er his fall : Thus raising his voice to the foe. “ O Argives ! obnoxious to shafts ! Infatiable in vaunts  
and

and in threats ! Nor we alone shall bear, in our souls,—  
 the toils and the sorrows of war. You, also, shall be  
 slain, in your turn : And answer to our wo with wo.  
 Behold, how your Promachus sleeps ; subdued beneath  
 my pointed spear ! Not long unpaid was the vengeance  
 due,—to the shade of a brother slain. Happy, even in  
 death, is the man,—who leaves a brother in the contest  
 of arms, to revenge his timeless fall, on the foe.”

He spoke. Grief arose to the Argives, when they  
 heard the vaunting voice of the chief. But he, most,  
 moved the warlike Penëleus. On Acamas, the hero  
 rushed. Nor the Trojan sustained the king. Peneleus  
 slew the young Ilioneus : The son of Phorbas, rich in  
 flocks. Him Hermes loved the most of the Trojans :  
 And gave him wide possessions and wealth. To him an  
 only son was born, Ilioneus, dauntless in arms. Beneath  
 the brow, through the eye, passed the lance. Bloody  
 dropt the torn eye-ball in dust. Through the nape  
 appeared, bloody, the spear. Falling back, he seemed  
 to sit in the dust : Stretching forth his dying hands.  
 Penëleus drew his sword, from his side. He cut his  
 neck, at a blow, in twain. Down dropt the head, with  
 its helm, to the dust. Still, passed through the eye is the  
 spear. The king raised the head aloft, on the lance :  
 And, thus, gloried to the Trojans, aloud :

“ BEAR

“BEAR tidings,” he said, “O Trojans ! of the fall of the brave Ilioneus : Bear them to his father beloved ; to his mother dissolved in tears. Let them weep, in their lofty halls. Nor shall the blooming spouse of Promachus : The chaste wife of the son of Algënor,—present herself to her husband returned, while gladness glows, on her heavenly charms. When, we, the sons of Achaia, shall return, in our ships, from Troy.”

HE spoke. Pale terror wandered over their lines. Each looked around, in his fear : And searched, where flight could bear him away, from death. Unfold to ME, O Muses ! Bright dwellers of heaven’s high halls ! Who, first, of the Argives tore the bloody spoils, from a foe : After the world-surrounding Neptune had turned the scale of the war ? Great Telamonian Ajax slew Hyrtius, renowned in arms : The leader of the magnanimous Myfi. Antilochus slew the valiant Phalces : He spoiled Mermerrus, fallen by his spear. Meriones gave Morys to death : And Hippotion, in battle brave. Teucer pierced the dauntless Prothöon : He slew Periphætës in arms. The son of Atreus gave to death Hyperënor, the shepherd of his people, in war. In the nether belly, he struck the chief. Through the entrails passed, swiftly, the steel. Round the spear, came forth his soul. Thickest dark-

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ness o'ershadowed his eyes. Many fell by the hand of Ajax,—the swift son of the great Oileus. None could equal the chief, in speed ; when he hung, on the flying foe : When great Jove turns the scale of war : And throws a panic, in the souls of an host.

THE  
I L I A D  
O F  
H O M E R.  
B O O K XV.

**N**OW, the Trojans had passed, in their flight,—  
the lofty wall and the trench profound. Many  
lay, subdued, in their blood: Beneath the hands of the  
Argive powers. When they came, to their cars, they  
stopt. Paleness wandered o'er every face. Terror shook  
their limbs, as they stood. From sleep, started all-  
powerful Jove: On the summits of streamy Ida;—from  
the white arms of the golden-throned Juno. Sudden-  
rising the thunderer stood. He saw the Trojan and  
Argive powers. These urging the deadly pursuit: Those  
broken and dispersed, in their flight. Among the vic-  
tors HE Neptune beheld. He saw Hector, extended

on earth. Round the chief sat his mournful friends. Short rose his heaving breath from his breast : His strength failed. His soul fluttered on her wings to depart. Dark poured the clotty blood from his mouth : Not the feeblest of the Argives had inflicted the wound ! The father of men and of gods—beheld and pitied the hapless chief. Sternly turning his dreadful eyes,—to Juno the god began :

“ CONTRIVER of ills !” he said. “ Deceiving Juno ! Thy fraudulent wiles—have stopt the progress of Hector divine : And poured the flight of his troops o’er the plain. But THOU, the first, perhaps, shalt taste—the bitter fruits of THY destructive designs. Thy former crimes renewed, may still renew the scourge of my wrath. Reflects not thy soul on the past ? Remember’st thou not, when aloft, I hung thee, full in my view, from the sky. When I tied two dreadful weights to thy feet ? When I bound thy hands with infrangible gold ? When, suspended, thou wert in the air ? When round thee wandered the driving clouds. O’er broad Olympus, the deathless gods, were darkened with rising wo. But they could not their queen unbind. HIM, that approached thee, I seized,—and hurled him, headlong, from the threshold divine. Scarce breathing, he fell on the earth. This I did

did in my dreadful rage : In my wrath for, my son beloved,—for Hercules divine : Whom THOU, artful author of ills !—Unbinding the blasts of the northern winds,—had’st turned, from his destined course,—to the well-peopled island of Cöos. Thence I delivered the chief. I brought him back to Argos of steeds : Though encompassed, with perils, around. These things, again, I shall bring to thy mind : That, at length, thou may’st desist from thy wiles : That, at length, thou may’st know, from thy soul,—how little thy charms avail : How little the power of thy loves ! With which, apart from the gods, thou, now, hast deceived thy spouse.”

HE spoke : And, shuddering, the goddess heard. She rolled, in terror, her awful eyes : And, thus, addressing the son of Saturn, with winged words, began :  
 “ Bear witness, O earth ! O heavens ! that spread above all ! Waters of Styx, that rush below ! The greatest, the most dreadful oath—to the gods, who for ever live ! By thine own sacred head I swear : By the joys of our nuptial bed : By which I never rashly swore. Witness all !—That not, at my nod, Neptune, who shakes the world with his waves—has poured slaughter on Hector and Troy,—or aided the Argive powers. His own soul has urged on the god : Has driven him, too far, in their aid.

aid. He saw them pressed, at their ships. He pitied and rose from his main. If MY counsels had been poured in his ear : If, in ought, he would hear MY words : He would join, with thy will divine, O awful ruler of storms !”

SHE spoke : And the father of gods and of men—mildly-smiling, thus replied : “ If THOU, henceforth, majestic Juno ! Shalt think the same, with me in heaven : If, revering my will, thou wilt sit, in the awful assembly of gods. Then Neptune shall soon change his mind, to THY will—to MY high command : Though bent on his own designs. But, if thy words agree, in all, with thy soul : Straight repair to the seat of the gods. Send hither the various Iris. Send Apollo renowned for the bow. SHE shall descend, through the winds, to the host of the bright-mailed Argives : To bid Neptune, the sovereign of waves, to leave the battle of heroes, with speed : To retire to his own high halls. But Apollo shall rouse, again,—great Hector, in all his fame. HE shall breathe strength o’er his limbs ; and blot those bitter woes, from his soul,—which, now, involve his manly heart.”

“ THEN shall the hero rush amain ;—and turn the Argives to shameful flight. Dreadful, shall he hang on the foe.



foe. The battle he will spread, in his rage ; to the hollow ships of the son of Peleus. Achilles, then, will rouse his friend. He will send forth Patroclus to war. Him, before the walls of Ilium, great Hector will slay, with his lance. Many youths shall fall, first, by his spear : Among the rest, my gallant son,—Sarpëdon, though mortal, divine, Achilles shall rise in his rage : And Hector shall fall, by his spear. Then we shall follow wo, on Troy. Thenceforward her sons shall fly : Turned, from the ships, by this powerful hand. No respite from ill shall they find : Till the Greeks, by the counsel of Pallas, shall level high Ilium with dust. Nor till then shall I cease from my wrath. Nor shall I permit any god, to aid the pressed Argives in fight : Till all the wishes of the great son of Peleus,—shall be amply fulfilled, for his wrongs. I gave my promise confirmed. I sealed all with my sacred nod : On that day, when the goddess Thetis—embraced my knees, in her tears,—to honour great Achilles, the fierce destroyer of towns.”

He spoke : Nor in ought, disobeyed, the white-armed daughter of Saturn. She left the cloud-covered hills of Ida. To broad Olympus, she arose, on the winds. As flies the rapid soul of a man, who has passed o’er many regions of earth. Deep in thought, he cons within :—

“ This

“ This way or that have I strayed,”—he glides, at once, o’er the whole space in his mind. So rapid flew Juno revered. To high Olympus, she, quickly, came. In midst of the gods, she appeared : In the halls of high-thundering Jove. At the sight, they rose all, from their seats, and pledged her, in golden cups. She heeded not the rest, as they came. From beauteous Themis, the cup she received. SHE first met the queen of the skies : And thus addressed her, with winged words:—“ O Juno ! Why this sudden ascent ? Terror wanders o’er all thy charms. Proceed thy fears from the son of Saturn ? Has thy husband, thus, frightened thy soul ?”

To her the white-armed queen replied : “ Ask not, Themis ! Forbear thy demands. To THEE, already, is known,—how haughty, how ungentle his soul ! But THOU, preside among the gods : In these halls, preside o’er the feast. Thou shalt hear all, in the midst of the deathless powers. Thou shalt hear all, that Jove, severe, denounces against his world. Nor, deem I, that,—hearing all,—or mortal or god will rejoice : Though, now, the gladness of the feast spreads around.”

THUS speaking, sat Juno revered. Sudden darkness rose, with wo, on the gods. Silence reigned, in the halls  
of

of Jove. SHE forced a smile, on her lips: But care, darkly, sat, aloft, on her brows. In the midst of the gods she began: Thus joining her rage to their wrath: "What madness has seized us all? Why, in our folly, contend we with Jove? In vain we wish to restrain the god. Nor persuasion, nor force will avail. Remote from all, he sits alone. He values not, in ought, the gods: nor ever is he moved by their rage. He boasts that o'er the immortals all, he rises in strength and in power: That all the deathless race of heaven, must own themselves the slaves of his force. Submit, therefore: Obey his nod. With patience bear the ills, which he sends. Nor, now, unhurt, by his power, I deem,—sits Mars in the midst of the gods. His valiant son is slain in fight: Him most he loved of mortal men: Ascalaphus, renowned in arms,—whom furious Mars has owned for his son."

SHE said. The god darkly arose. He smote both his stout thighs with his hands. Dreadful swelled the voice of his grief; as, thus, he spoke, in the midst of the gods: "Let not your rage arise, O deathless dwellers of heaven's high halls! Forgive my purpose. I must revenge my slaughtered son, at the ships of the Argives. I must revenge my son in death: Should dreadful fate decree my fall. Should I—transfixed by Jove's red bolt,—

lie blasted amid the dead, and roll, large, in dust and in blood."

HE spoke: And to Terror and Flight he issued forth his loud commands; to join his snorting steeds to the car. He cloathed his deathless form in arms: And, beaming bright, rushed forth, in his rage. Now, had the wrath of thundering Jove swelled, with tenfold fury, above: Now, his rage had flamed amain, against all the immortal gods. But Pallas suddenly arose. She feared for all the race of heaven. She rose from her lofty throne. She issued forth through the gates of Jove. She tore his bright helm from his head: From his broad shoulders, his dreadful shield. From his hand robust, she wrenched the spear: and reared it erect, in its place. With rapid words, like these, she checked the roused rage of impetuous Mars:

"FURIOUS and mad at once! Stop thy rage: Or, for ever, be lost. Hast thou ears? Or, in vain, dost thou hear? Has respect, with thy prudence, expired? Heard'st thou not, what the white-armed Juno, has just brought, in charge, from Saturnian Jove? Would'st THOU, in thy folly transfixed,—suffering much and yet dreading more,—would'st THOU to return to Olympus, in bitter grief from the wounds of his hand? Or careless of thy furious self, would'st THOU sink, in dreadful ruin, the rest?"

rest? Straight, would the awful thunderer leave the fierce fight of the Trojans and Argives: Straight he would come to Olympus; to roll gods on gods, in his rage. One by one he would chastise. The blameless like the guilty must fall. But THOU, restrain thy rage for thy son. Many more valiant in fight, more strong, than HE, to launch the spear,—have fallen and will fall, in this war. Hard the task to save from death,—the race of mortals born to die!”

SHE spoke: And seated Mars in his throne. The furious power repressed his rage. Juno called, apart, from the gods,—bright Apollo and various Iris: Iris, with feet of wind, who bears the commands of the gods. With winged words, she both addressed: “Jove commands your presence, on Ida. Haste. Wing your flight to the god. When to his sacred place ye shall come; and view the face of the father of all: Do, what seems good to his soul. Bear his high commands through the wind.”

THUS speaking, she slowly retired. She sat, in awful state, on her throne. With speed, THEY threw themselves on the wind. Straight they came to the streamy Ida, the mother of all that is wild. They found the far-rebounding Jove, on high Gargarus, cloathed in his clouds. When they came to the sacred presence of the high ruler

of all the storms: At awful distance they stood: Nor seemed the god enraged in soul. Mildly turned his eyes on both: As so quickly, his spouse they obeyed. First, he called the various Iris, and, thus, with winged words began:

“HASTE, Iris. Ascend the winds. Bear my words to the lord of the main. Repress not, in ought, my commands, nor add, in thy zeal to obey. Go. Bid him to leave the fight: To quit the loud tumult of arms. To return to the synod of gods: Or to dive beneath the waves of his main. But should HE my words disobey; should azure Neptune disdain to hear: ME, descending in my wrath,—though strong, he can never sustain. I profess to transcend HIM, in force, as in birthright and number of years. Yet HE dreads not, within his soul,—to boast himself equal to Jove, whom all others obey and fear.”

HE spoke: Nor, in ought, disobeyed,—the wind-footed, various Iris. She descended, from the mountains of Ida; to the limits of sacred Troy. As, when, from the clouds, drives the snow, or rattling hail, before the wind: When blow the fierce blasts of the north, wont to clear the broad face of the sky. So rapid Iris, afloat, descends. Standing near the lord of the main; the goddess began in his ear:

“To

“ To thee an awful message I bring. Blue-haired Neptune, thine ear incline. To thee I bring the commands of Ægis-bearing Jove. He bids thee to leave the fight : To quit the loud tumult of arms. To ascend to the race of the gods : Or to dive, beneath the waves of thy main. But should’st thou his words disobey : Should azure Neptune disdain to hear. He threatens to descend in his wrath : To urge against thee the dreadful fight. He bids thee his hands to avoid : As, in force, he transcends thee, as much—as in birth-right and number of years. Yet thou dread’st not, within thy soul, to boast thyself equal to Jove,—whom all others obey and fear.”

Much enraged in his mighty soul, great Neptune replied to her words : “ Ha ! Surely, though great is his power, too-haughty he speaks his commands : If ME unwilling he means to restrain ; ME, with equal honours endued ! Three brothers, from Saturn, we sprung : Rhea bore us of old to the god. Jove and I were the first, by our birth : The third, Pluto, who rules the dead. In three parts was divided the world : Each held his own, uncontrouled. The wide empire of the foam-covered main, fell, by lot, to my share,—there to dwell. To Pluto fell the darkness profound : The air, the clouds, the broad heavens to Jove. The earth was left common  
to

to all : And Olympus, high seat of the gods. Nor I will obey him in all : Nor rule my conduct by Jove's commands. Though powerful, let him silent remain : To his lot, his ambition confine. With his threats he will never controul, nor frighten Neptune, with the force of his hands. On his daughters, on the sons he begot, let him vent all the force of his rage. THEY may listen to his harshest commands. His empire extends not o'er ME."

To the god rapid Iris replied : " Must I then,—blue-haired god of the main ! Must I bear to the ruler of storms,—so hard, so fierce an answer from THEE ? Wilt thou alter, in ought, thy reply ? Easy-changed are the souls of the wise ! Know'st thou not that the furies attend, the right hand of the elder-born."

To her replied the earth-shaking power : " O goddess Iris !" he said : " Just the words, which thou pour'st on mine ears. Much it avails, in all,—when the bearer of words is wise. But sorrow invades my heart ; rising rage my soul obscures : When he chides, with his wrathful words, ME, whom fate has equalled in all ;—in empire, as well as in birth. Yet, now, though enraged, I will yield. But another thing I will tell ;—nor flight is this threat of my soul : Should the thunderer, against MY will,—against the will of the warrior Minerva ;—  
 2  
 opposed



opposed to Juno, to Hermes,—to the far-ruling god of the fire : Should he spare the high-built Ilium and propher hated towers from their fall ;—should he deny in his pride the promised victory to Argos : This from Neptune bear to his ear, that for ever our rage shall burn.”

HE spoke : And left the host of the Argives. He plunged in his own dark main : And Greece felt his loss, o’er her lines. Then the ruler of storms on Ida,—spoke thus to the far-shooting Phœbus : “ Go, now, O Phœbus beloved ! Go to Hector cloathed with mail. The world-surrounding god, is retired. He has plunged in his own vast main : Avoiding the rising flame of my wrath. Else had others heard the sound of our strife : Even the powers who dwell below ;—who, round Saturn, in thick darkness, reside. But this is better for us both. It pleases Jove and suits HIS state : That, thus, in dread of this right hand, he yields to my high commands. Else not without much toil, I deem, this contest had reached its end.”

“ BUT thou, Apollo, in thy hand, take the dreadful Ægis of Jove. Strike it in thy progress through war. Throw fear, in the souls of the Argives. Be illustrious Hector thy care. Raise the chief, O far-shooting Phœbus ! Kindle wonted force in his soul : Breathe strength  
o’er

o'er his mighty limbs ; 'till the Argives shall fly to their ships,—to the Hellespont's ecchoing shore. Then shall determine my soul : I will effect, with deeds and with words,—that, in their turn, the Argives—shall breathe from their many toils."

He spoke : Nor the god disobeyed—the awful commands of his fire. He descended from the mountains of Ida ;—in speed like the rapid hawk : Swift of wing, the destroyer of doves, the fleetest bird that darts through the wind. He found the son of warlike Priam,—Hector, in actions divine ! Sitting the chief he found : Now, no longer, pressed, with pain to the earth. Just returned was his wandering soul. He knew his loved companions around. The deep breathing,—the cold sweat had ceased : When first the soul of thundering Jove, had turned his thoughts divine, on the chief. Near, stood, the far-shooting Phœbus : " Hector son of Priam ! " he said : " Why, thus, apart from the rest,—sit'st thou, failed in thy strength ? Say, what grief has invaded thy soul ? "

To the god,—still languid in mind, great Hector thus slowly replied. " Who art thou, O best of the gods ? Who pours this heavenly voice, in mine ear ? Know'st thou not, bright son of the sky ! That, near the hollow  
ships

ships of the Argives: When I flew his brave friends with my spear—great Ajax, unequalled in arms, hurled a mighty stone on my breast; and forced me to cease from the fight. Long, I deemed, that this day was decreed,—to disclose the dead to mine eyes: To open Pluto's gloomy halls to my steps. Death, slowly, seemed to creep on my limbs: And I, almost, breathed my soul, on the winds."

To him the far-shooting Phœbus: "No longer, O Hector, despond. Trust mine aid: For, from Jove I descend. He sent me, from the summits of Ida. To raise thee, to aid thee in fight, he sent Phœbus Apollo, from afar. I, who was wont, heretofore, to shield thyself,—to protect lofty Troy. But, hasten. Arise. Urge to fight—thy many warlike friends o'er the field. Drive thy fiery courfers along. Pour the war to the ships and the main. Before thee, I will stride, in my strength. I will level the wide way to thy steeds. I will smooth the rugged brow of the war: And turn to flight the heroes of Argos."

He spoke: And inspired, with mighty force,—the shepherd of his people in arms. As a courser long detained in the stall: High-pampered, at the manger, with corn; breaks loose and scours o'er the field,—shaking

the solid earth, as he bounds. To his wonted rushing river, he flies with pride. Aloft his haughty head he rears : And, on his shoulders, pours his long mane. He, trusting to his beauty moves. His fleet limbs bear him, with ease, along : To his wonted pastures,—to the well-known herd of his mares. Thus Hector moved his limbs o'er the plain : Thus, with vigour he bounded away. Rouzing his warriors, he rushed. Still he heard the awful voice of the god. As when on the high-branching stag—or huge goat of the desert wild, borne forward, with force, are the hounds, with all the clamour of rushing hinds. But him the high-browed rock protects : The thick woods darkening round, with their gloom. Nor, in the fates, is it yet for them all, to seize the wide-bounding prey. Rouzed, by their noise, appears, the dreadful lion, with horrid jaws. The savage glares, near their course. Straight, he turns them, away, in their fear : Though they eagerly burn for the chase.—Thus the Argives, that late, pursued : That hung forward, on the flight of the foe, with all their swords and pointed spears. But, when they saw Hector divine ; gleaming bright, as he winds through the lines : Struck with terror they stopt at once : Their souls sunk in sudden dismay.

To his friends spoke the stately Thöas : The valiant race of the great Andræmon. The bravest of Ætolia's sons :

sons: Skilled to launch the distant spear. In standing fight, his fame was known: And few in council the chief excelled;—when, in speaking, youths contended for fame. To the host he raised his voice: And, thus, with prudent words, he began: “O gods! What new wonder appears? What sight presents itself to mine eyes? Great Hector, anew, springs to light. From the shades of dismal death he ascends: When each Argive had hoped, from his soul; that, slain, he lay low, on the field, beneath the hands of Telamonian Ajax. But some god has restored him to strength. Some power has roused Hector, again:—Who, in battle, has so often unbraced the stout limbs of the Argive powers. Nor, I deem, at an end are such ills. Without the aid of high-thundering Jove, the chief stands not in the front of the line: Thus roused, along his godlike soul.”

“But, O Argives, attend to my words. Listen all to the thought of my soul! Dismiss the crowd to the hollow ships. Command the main force from the field. Let us all, who profess that we rise,—o’er the army in valour and fame: Let us, in a body, stand forth. Let us try to repress his rage: Raising high our pointed spears to the foe. He, I deem, though burning for fight,—will dread, in his soul, to approach: At least to enter the phalanx of Argos.”

HE spoke: And his counsel they heard. The chiefs formed their deep ranks, in the front: Round the strength of godlike Ajax,—round Idomeneus, the king, round Teucer and great Meriones,—round Meges, equal to Mars in arms. They formed the bravest in the front, From wing to wing, the chiefs were convened. Opposed to daring Hector they stood: To all his Trojans, opposed in arms. But backward the crowd retired,—to the ships of the Argive powers.

THE thick-formed Trojans advance. THEY, first, pour their strength, on the foe. Before, moved Hector divine: Stretching wide his mighty strides. But before HIM rushed Phœbus Apollo, with his shoulders inwrought in a cloud. In his hand he held, aloft, the Ægis, wildly tossing its orb, in the sky. The dreadful, the high-famed Ægis, rough and shaggy, on every side. The artist Vulcan gave it to thundering Jove,—to turn to flight the deep ranks of the brave. This the god held aloft, in his hands,—as, dark, he strode before the line.

BUT the Argives deep-formed, in their arms,—sustained the shock that poured amain. Loud clamour ascends, on each side. The arrows bound, from the twanging strings. Thick fly the deadly spears, from their hands: Some are fixed, in the breasts of the brave; some fall,

fall, in the middle space : Ere they mix their points with the foe. Deep in earth, they quivering stand : Eager to be fated with blood. As long as Phœbus Apollo held the Ægis, unmoved, in his hand : So long rush the mutual spears : And equal fall the foes, on each side. But when right in the face of the Argives, he shook the broad Ægis on high : And waked, above them, his tremendous voice ;—their souls within, are unmanned. They forgot their wonted valour in fight.

As when on a herd of beeves, or large flock of snow-white sheep, two lions darkly rush, from their woods,—in the still season of cloudy night. Disturbed, they are scattered amain : Their absent keeper is distant far. Thus, disturbed are the heartless Argives. Apollo wakes fear o'er their lines : Giving glory to Troy,—to Hector divine, renown. Then man slew his man, in the flight. Two chiefs fell by Hector's spear : Stichius, in battle brave,—Arcefilaus, great in arms : This, the leader of the bright-mailed Bœotians : That the faithful friend of the valiant Menestheus. Æneas slew the warlike Medon : He laid Iäfus, dead, in his blood. Medon was the son of Oïleus, by a secret bed : The brother of the swift-footed Ajax. In Phylacè the hero dwelt, far from his native land. A warrior he had slain with his spear,—the brother of the fair

fair Eriopis,—the spouse of the godlike Oileus. But Iäsus to battle led, the Athenians renowned in arms : And boasted himself the son of Bucolian Sphelus. Polydamas slew the gallant Mecisteus : Polites laid Echius in death. In the front of the line, fell Clonius, by the spear of the noble Agenor. Paris struck the flying Deiochus. Behind the shoulder entered the lance : And shewed, before, its bloody point.

WHILE the slain they despoiled of their arms ; o'er the wall fled the Argive powers : O'er the stakes and the trench profound, they urged, amain, their scattered flight. Hector roused the Trojans to fight. Loud swelled his voice in their ears. He bade them to rush on the ships : To leave the bloody spoils, on the field—" Him whom I shall find, apart,—whom these eyes shall loitering behold,—I straight shall dismiss to the shades. Nor brother, nor sister in tears, shall make him partake, in death, of the pile. Dogs shall tear his wretched corse : Before our city, he shall bleach in the winds."

HE spoke :—O'er the shoulders of his steeds, the high-raised lash refounded amain. He urged the Trojans, o'er all their lines. With threatening clamour, they advanced with the chief. With dreadful tumult, they drove their cars.



cars. Before them moved Phœbus Apollo. He levelled the deep fofs, with his feet : Throwing down the high banks, in his rage. Like a bridge he smoothed the wide pafs : Scarce a javelin could fly o'er the fpace ; urged, with fpeed, from a warrior's arm,—when he tries his manly force, at the fpear. O'er this fpace, they in squadrons, advanced : Still Phœbus precedes in clouds,—holding high the dreadful Ægis of Jove. He deftroyed the huge wall of the Argives. It fell with eafe, by the hands of the god.

LIKE the fands, on the fhore of the main, before the feet of a fportful boy ;—who, forms, with childifh play, many figures along the fand. But foon he changes his youthful mind ; and levels all, with his hands and feet : Lightly fkiping, in playful mood. Thus thou, O far-fhooting Phœbus ! Levelled'ft with earth the labour,—the mighty toils of the Argive powers : Spreading panic, o'er all their lines. Thus, o'er their works, the Greeks are driven. At length, they flood firm, near the fhips. They urged each other to fight. Their hands they raifed to all the gods. Each poured, with loud voice, his vows. But chief arofe the voice of Neftor : The guardian of Achaia in arms ! The aged prayed to the firft of the gods : Stretching forth his hands, to the ftarry heavens.

“ O FATHER

“ O FATHER Jove ! ” the aged said : “ If, in Argos, abounding in corn,—any warrior, departing for Troy,—burning the thighs of a sacred bull,—or offering the first of his fold,—prayed to THEE, for his safe return : If thou heard’st,—if thou promisedst to grant his request ! Remember these, in their sore distress. Turn, awful Lord Olympus ! Turn away, the evil day. Suffer not the Argives to fall. Repress THOU the hands of the sons of Troy.”

Thus praying, great Nestor spoke. Loud thundered the prescient Jove. To his ears, on high, came the prayer,—of the aged son of Neleus. The Trojans heard the awful sound. They deemed it the heavenly sign,—of Jove’s sacred will to their arms. With growing fury, they rushed, on the foe. Battle raged o’er all their line : As when the vast waves of the spacious main, o’er the sides of the ship ascends : Rolled large along, by the strength of the wind. White heaves the troubled ocean around ! Thus, the Trojans, with loud clamour, arose,—o’er the wall of the Argive powers. Their steeds they drove amain to the ships. At their sterns, burnt the dreadful fight. Hand to hand, they urged the spears : These, on their cars engage the foe : Those, aloft, on the decks of their ships. The Argives their dark vessels ascend. With long poles they gall the foe : Poles, which lay stowed in their ships,—

ships,—formed to wage the naval war,—sheathed, at the point, with steel.

As long as Greeks and Trojans, fought around the high wall of the Argives: While still beyond the hollow ships, roared the war: So long sat Patroclus divine,—in the tent of the son of Euæmon. The chief he cheered, with pleasing discourse: And poured healing balm in his wound; with medicine, settling his pains. But, when the Trojans, with tumult advanced,—with wild clamour, had poured through the wall: Deep-groaning, the hero arose. He smote both his thighs, with his hands: And, sorrowing, these words began:

“EURYPYLUS!” the hero said: “Not longer, though needful mine aid,—can I, now, remain in thy tent. Loud swells the dreadful noise of the fight. Let thy servants attend their lord. But I will hasten to great Achilles: To rouse the godlike hero to fight. Who knows, but by the aid of some god,—I may move his relentless soul? For powerful is the voice of a friend!”

THIS as he spoke, he strode away. But the Argives, with firmness sustained,—the rushing force of the sons of Troy: Nor could THEY repel them from the ships;—though fewer were, in number—the foe. Nor yet

could the Trojan powers,—by breaking the lines of the Greeks,—mix themselves with the ships and the tents. As levels the line, the wood, when guided by the shipwright's hand: By a man, who knows the whole art;—whom Minerva herself has taught. Thus equally stretched, o'er their lines was the battle of either host.

OTHERS fought the dismal fight,—round other ships, along the shore. But Hector advanced, in his strength, against Ajax, elated with fame. For ONE ship the heroes toiled. Nor THIS could drive his foe away: And throw, into the navy, the flame. Nor THAT could repel the chief: For aided by a god he came. Then, illustrious Ajax flew—the son of Clytius, the noble Calëtor. The hero bore the flame to the ships. On his breast, fell the deadly spear. Sounding he sunk on the earth. The flaming torch dropt, at once from his hand.

WHEN the eyes of Hector beheld—his kinsman, rolling in the dust,—before the dark stern of the hollow ship: He raised his awful voice to the host: To the Trojan and Lycian powers. “O Trojans and Lycians renowned! Dardanians, fighting hand to hand! Turn not away from the fight. Leave me not, in this distress. Save the gallant son of Clytius. Stretch your shields, o'er our friend,

as.

as he lies. Left the foe should seize his arms : Thus fallen, at the ships of the Argives.”

THUS speaking, he threw his bright lance,—against the ample breast of Ajax. The flying death strayed wide from the chief. On Lycophron fell the pointed spear : On Cytherian Lycophron, the friend of the godlike Ajax. With the hero he long had dwelt : Far distant from his native land ;—where a warrior he, unwittingly, flew. HIM he struck with his burnished spear. Above the ear entered the point : As he stood, near the warlike Ajax. Supine, he fell down, from the ship to earth. His limbs are unbraced in death. Ajax shuddered, at the sight, and, thus, spoke to his brother beloved. “ O Teucer, dearest to my soul ! To us a faithful friend is low : The son of the valiant Mastor, from the fair bounds of the famed Cythëra. HIM, like our parents beloved, we honoured in our lofty halls.—But HIM valiant Hector has slain. Where, Teucer, are thy deadly shafts ? Where the bow, which Apollo gave ? ”

HE spoke. The chief obeyed his nod. Near the hero, he stood, with speed. He held the tough bow, in his hand : His quiver, replete with shafts. Soon, he sent the flying death, on the foe. He struck, with his arrow, Clitus,—the illustrious son of Pisënor : The faithful friend

of Polydamas, the race of illustrious Panthus. He held the bright reins in his hand : To guide forward the steeds of the chief. Right forward he drove the car : Where most the foes, with tumult, engaged. Pleasing Hector and Troy he moved. But, o'er him, hung destructive fate : And none warded away the blow. Behind, on his neck, fell the deadly shaft. Down, he dropt, from the car, to the ground. His frightened steeds recoil, at the sound ; And shake the empty car, as they rear.

THIS, great Polydamas beheld. HE, first, came forward to the steeds. He gave them to the hands of Astynous, the gallant son of Protiäon. Much he gave in charge, to the youth : To hold near him, the bounding steeds. The hero himself, advanced : And mixed again, with the foremost, in fight. Teucer aimed another shaft, at Hector covered with mail : And HIM he had stopt in his course,—and had subdued, at the ships of the Argives : But he deceived not the soul of Jove. The god preserved Hector divine ; and denied the glory to Teucer. HE broke the twanging string on the bow : As the hero drew it, with all his force. He turned the steel-pointed arrow, aside. The polished bow fell, at once, from his hand. Teucer shuddered, at the sight : And, thus, his brother addressed :

“ ALAS !”

“ALAS!” he said: “Some angry god—breaks wholly our designs, in the fight. The strong bow he has struck, from my hand. He has broken the nerve in twain: The well-twisted string, which I bound to the bow,—to-day, with the early light,—to send, forward, many arrows to blood.”—To his brother replied, with speed, the great Telamonian Ajax: “O friend beloved!” the hero said: “Lay thy bow,—thy frequent arrows aside: Since some god, the foe of the Argives, has broken all, in thy manly grasp. But take, in thy hand, the long spear. Raise to thy shoulder the bossy shield. Urge, thyself, the fight on the Trojans: And urge the Argives to the fight. Not without toil let them seize—if victory must crown their arms,—not without toil let them seize the fleet. Let us all remember the fight.”

He spoke; and his brother obeyed. He laid his bow, within the tents. On his shoulder he hung, aloft, the broad orb of his fourfold shield. He placed the polished helm, on his gallant head. Thick rose the horse-hair plumes, on the brass. Dreadful, nod the crests, o’er his brows. He graspt a strong spear, in his hand. Bright beamed the steely head of the lance. He roused himself forward to fight. Swift, he rushed to the side of Ajax.

When

When Hector beheld the broken string,—the useless arrows of valiant Teucer : He raised his loud voice to his friends. He urged the Trojans and Lycians renowned :

“ O TROJANS and warlike Lycians ! Dardanians fighting hand to hand ! Shew yourselves warriors, O friends ! Recal your wonted valour in fight. Pour, forward, on the ships of the Argives. This instant, I beheld with these eyes ; the bow of a gallant foe,—his arrows rendered useless by Jove. Easy seen is his hand divine. Distinct are the marks of his power : When a nation he cloaths, with renown : When a people to wo he resigns,—removing, from them, his guardian arm. Now, he lessens the force of the Argives. : And aids the Trojans, in bloody fight. Pour at once, your gathered force, on the ships : And, whoever is pierced with a shaft, from afar,—or hand to hand with the deadly lance : Whoever, here, shall meet his death,—let him die.—Not disgraceful, for our country is death ! But the spouse of the slain shall be safe : His infant sons remain unhurt. His lofty halls, untouched, shall stand : His wide possessions descend to his race. The sound of war shall cease, on our shores. The Argives shall depart in their ships,—to the loved shore of their native land.”

THUS speaking, he raised their force. He kindled valour o'er all their souls. But Ajax on the other side,—



thus, urged his faithful friends to the fight. "O Argives! What disgrace is here! Now, better it were at once, to die: Or safe to remain, by turning the foe from the ships. Hope ye, O to prudence lost!—Hope ye, ever to return, should Hector take your ships in the fight? Can you tread the waves, with your feet? Or stretch, o'er ocean, your steps to your land? Hear ye not the mighty foe, urging forward all his troops to the war? Behold ye not their approach? The roused hopes of their daring souls? Nor to the dance he calls them forth: But to battle, to blood, to death. No other resource remains: No other counsel should guide our souls: But, hand to hand, to urge the fight,—to mix our arms, our whole strength with the foe. Better it is, at once to die; or, with valour, to save our lives: Better it is to die, at once,—than to be wasted down, by degrees!—To be gradually consumed in the fight! To fall, unrevenged at our ships,—beneath the hands of a weaker foe."

Thus speaking, he raised their force. He kindled valour o'er all their souls. Then Hector slew the valiant Schedius, the stout son of the great Perimedes,—who led the warlike Phocians in arms. But Ajax pierced Laodamas: A leader of the foot in fight,—the gallant son of the

the wife Antenor. Polydamas slew Cyllenian Otus,—the faithful friend of the son of Phyleus : Who led the warlike Epëi to Troy. Meges rushed upon the foe : When he saw his friend in his blood. Polydamas obliquely inclined : And Meges strayed from his aim, with his spear. Nor Phœbus suffered the son of Panthus,—to lie, subdued in the front of the line. But the spear struck the breast of Crœsmus. Sounding he fell to the earth. Meges rushed to seize his bright arms.

ON the hero bounded warlike Dolops : Much skilled to launch the spear in the fight : The son of the godlike Lampus,—the best, the greatest of mortal men : The race of the far-famed Laomedon, taught to each motion of war. The chief rushed on Meges, in wrath. Hand to hand, he struck his shield, with the spear. The thick breast-plate preserved the chief. The thick breast-plate, with jointed scales ; which Phyleus from Ephyra brought,—from Sellè's resounding stream. The gift of his godlike host,—of Euphetes, the sovereign of men. He gave it to be borne in the fight : A bulwark against the darts of the foe. It had often preserved the father in war : Now it warded death, from the son.

MEGES strikes the helm of Dolops : Where rises thick the horse-hair plume. The farthest base of the cone he struck :

struck : The hairy crest was broken short, by the spear. In the dust it fell down, at his feet : Shining bright, with Phœnician red. While, thus, the chiefs fought hand to hand ; while hopes of victory arose to both : To the aid of Megeæ came—Menelaus renowned in arms. Concealed, he stood near to the foe. He struck his shoulder, behind, with his spear. Through the breast came the forceful point : And seemed eager to urge farther its course. Prone, he fell, in death, to the ground. Both rushed, at once, on the slain : To tear the bright arms from his corse.

HECTOR beheld the fall of the chief. He roused all his kinsmen to arms. He chided the son of Hicetæon,—Melanippus in battle renowned. He, long, in the green Percôtè, had led to pasture the lowing herd : While absent yet was the ruthless foe. But when the fleet of the Argives came : along the vast back of the main,—to Ilium, the hero returned : And excelled, among the Trojans in arms. He dwelt, in the halls of Priam : And equal honours he held, with his sons. Him Hector now chided, in fight ; And thus began his words to the chief :—“ Why, Melanippus,” he said, “ are our hands thus remiss in the fight ? Is not thy heart moved with grief, in thy breast,—for thy kinsman, laid low in

his blood? See'st thou not how these are employed,—round the arms of the hapless Dolops. But follow thou my steps, with speed. No longer, must we stand afar,—or urge the distant war on the Argives. Hand to hand we must engage: Till we shall lay them slain at their fleet; or lofty Ilium shall fall to its base: And death cover, with darkness, her sons.”

HE spoke: And strode, before, in arms. The godlike warrior trode his path. Loud swelled to his friends around, the voice of great Telamonian Ajax: “O friends, behave yourselves like men! Place the fear of shame, in your souls. Each other respect in the strife. Shew no example of flight. Of those, who dread disgrace, worse than death,—more are safe, than are slain in the field. Nor the fame of the coward ascends: Nor safety attends his flight.”—He urged them, thus, already prompt,—to turn the foe, from the hollow ships. They laid up his words, in their souls: And stretched a wall of brass round their ships. But Jove roused the Trojans to battle and blood.

To Antilochus then began,—Menelaus, in battle renowned. “Antilochus!” The hero said. “None so young is so great; in the fight. None is swifter of foot, than THEE. None throws the spear, with such force.

force. Advance then to the strife of renown. Bound forward, and try, with thy lance, to strike some Trojan, advancing in arms."—Thus saying, again he retired. The soul of the youth was roused. Beyond the front, he issued forth. He launched, with force, his far-beaming spear. Around, he threw, with caution, his eyes. The foe retreats, as the javelin flies. Nor, in vain, flew the lance, from his hand. The valiant Melanippus he struck: The son of great Hicetäon. On his breast, as the hero advanced,—fell the eager spear of the foe. Resounding, he sunk to the earth. O'er his body crashed harshly his arms.

ANTILOCHUS rushed forward, with speed: Like a hound, on a wounded fawn: That the hunter has transfixed, with his dart, as she bounds, from her secret feat. Unbraced lie her limbs in her blood! 'So, on thee, O brave Melanippus! the valiant Antilochus flew: Eager to seize thy bright arms. Nor unseen is the hero, by Hector. He rushed forward, on his course, through the fight. Nor the Argive sustained his approach: Tho' a warrior ardent in fight. He fled,—like a savage of prey,—that, conscious, of the ill he has done,—having slain, or a bounding hound,—or the swain who attended the herd: He flies, ere yet to the place,—

pours the gathered strength of the hinds. Thus, fled the son of the prudent Nestor. The Trojans, with Hector divine,—with loud clamour pursue the chief: And pour a storm of darts on his flight. When he came to the line he stood: And turned his face, again, on the foe.

THE Trojans advanced, on the ships, like lions, that tear their prey, amain. THEY performed the high mandates of Jove. The god waked mighty force, o'er their souls: He sunk the courage and glory of Argos. But he roused all the hearts of the foe. From his soul, he wished to cover with fame,—great Hector the son of Priam: To urge him to throw amain—devouring fire, on the hollow ships. The god was bent to grant whole,—the vast request of the bright-moving Thetis. Aloft sat the prescient Jove. He expected to behold, with his eyes,—the rising flame, from the ships of the Argives. Then, he had decreed in his soul, to pour the flight of Troy, from the fleet: To cover the Argives, with fame.

REVOLVING this, in his mind, the god roused Hector divine. He pushed forward the son of Priam,—already burning along his soul. He raged, in his strength, like Mars, when the god lifts his deadly spear: Like devouring flame, by night, on the mountains—in the deep recess of the sounding groves. White foamed his mouth, in his wrath.

wrath. Bright burnt his eyes, beneath the dark shade of his scouling brows. Dreadful shone the dazzling helm round the awful brows of the slaying king. Jove himself was his aid, from his skies. Him only he honoured, in the midst of a thousand chiefs. He raised him in the beams of his fame; as short was the term of his life. Pallas urged forward his fatal hour;—beneath the strength of the son of Peleus.

Now HE wished, from his inmost soul,—to break the firmest ranks of the foe. Where thickest stood the Argives, he rushed: Where beamed the best arms to the eye. But not so slightly could he break the stout ranks: Though much the hero burnt, in the fight. In close array, they firmly stood. Like a rock, that rears high its dark brow; near the founding shore of the foamy main. Unmoved it sustains, the whole shock—the raging fury of all the winds,—the huge waves that break white, at its feet,—or roll, large, on its battered side. Thus the Argives sustained, firmly, the Trojans: Unmindful of shameful flight.

BUT Hector wholly clothed in fire,—bounded, bright, on the line of the foe. He rushed forward, with force:—Like the wave,—that breaks large, on the bounding ship: When huge it rolls, beneath the winds, which darkly burst, from

from the troubled clouds. The whole deck is covered with foam. Loud howls the blast, in the womb of the sail. The shuddering mariners shake to their souls. On the verge of death, they are borne along. So broken were their mournful souls,—within the breasts of the Argive powers. But Hector, like a lion in wrath,—when he comes, fierce, on a herd of bees: As, numerous, they feed, at large, on the swampy banks of a reedy lake. In the midst, the stout herdsman is seen,—but unskilled, with the savage, to fight,—or to save, from slaughter, the kine. Now, among the first, he appears: Now, in the rear of the herd. On the center the lion bounds. He singles a bull for his prey. The rest fly, amain, o'er the field. Thus yield the Argives to heaven-sent flight: From Hector and Jove they retire.

ALL fly, amain, o'er the ships. One only by Hector fell: Periphëtes, from rich Mycenæ,—the son of Copreus, in battle renowned. Copreus, who bore the commands of Euristheus to the strength of Alcides. A valiant son, from a father less brave: Endued with every virtue of soul: Renowned in the race and great in the fight. In prudence he his fellows excelled: In counsel wiser, than the sons of Mycenæ. But, now, he gave glory to Hector. He covered the chief, with renown. Turning from the battle, with speed,



speed, with his foot he struck the edge of his own broad shield: The shield, which reached, large, to his heels: The defence of his body from darts. Stumbling, the chief lay, supine. Dreadful, rung his bright helm, as he fell. Nor unseen is the warrior, by Hector. The hero quickly rushed to his side. He transfixed, with the spear, his broad breast;—in the midst of his friends beloved. Nor could they, though sad, for their friend, aid, in ought, the fallen chief, in his blood: For much they feared the lance of Hector divine.

WITHIN the first line of the ships,—the routed Argives convey their flight. The farthest ships, on the shore of the main,—walled them in, from behind, to their tents. With loud tumult, pursued the foe. At their tents, behind the first line;—they stood gathered, nor dispersed, through the camp. Shame and terror confine them to war. Loud-exclaiming, they each other exhort: But chief the voice of Nestor arose: The ardent voice of the guardian of Argos. He implored them, for their safety, to fight: He adjured them, by their parents beloved:

“ O FRIENDS, be men;” he said. “ Revere others. Place shame in your souls. Let each recal to his mind,—his children, his spouse beloved: His wide possessions at home: The parents whom much he revere: Whether,  
living,

living, they breathe the air ; or, dead, they reside, in the tomb. By THEM I adjure you all. Though absent, they speak in my voice. THEY bid you bravely to stand. Nestor bids you for them to restrain your flight."

Thus speaking, he roused the strength,—and awakened the souls of all. Minerva dispersed, from their eyes,—the thick cloud, which had hovered around : The heaven-sent darkness, which shadowed their fight. Bright bursts, upon them, the day. From the ships,—from the field, rushed the light. They beheld Hector, so great in the fight : The warring friends of the chief they beheld. They saw the troops that, behind, stood from war : They saw those, who engaged at the ships. The whole field rose, at once, to their view. Nor longer it pleased the soul,—the stout heart of magnanimous Ajax ;—to stand still in his arms, where the other sons of Achaia, stood. From deck to deck, the hero rushed : Stretching wide his mighty strides. He wielded the huge pole, in his hands : A weapon of death, in the naval fight ! Two-and-twenty cubits its length : Bright-studded with steel around.

As when a man well-skilled, in the art,—of mounting the high-bounding horse ; selects, from many beauteous steeds,—four couriers to urge the race. Side by side he wakes their speed. From the field to some spacious town,—

town,—they rush, amain, through the public road. Admiring crowds stand, gazing, round. Without danger, and safe in his art: From steed to steed he vaults, with ease: While beneath THEY seem to fly, on the winds. Thus Ajax bounded, from ship to ship: High stretching his mighty strides. His loud voice ascended the sky. Unceasing he exclaimed to the Greeks: And urged them to defend their camp. Nor sunk, behind the bright-mailed Trojans,—remained the daring son of Priam: As when the tawny eagle invades,—some nation of flying birds: Or cranes or long-necked, swans,—as they feed by the flowing stream. So Hector, forceful, poured along—on the blue-painted prows of the fleet: Jove impelled, forward, the chief,—spreading his broad hand behind. He roused his people, around the king.

AGAIN burnt the dreadful fight. Death flew, from side to side. Unfatigued, thou would'st have thought the foes: Unbroken—and new in the field. So fierce they met in the shock: With such fury, they urged the fight. But different was the state of their souls. The Argives deemed, that they could not escape. They provoked the death, which they failed to avoid. The minds of the Trojans, were roused with hope. They deemed, that they could burn the fleet: And drench, with the blood

of heroes, the shore. Thus, confirmed, on either side :  
They mixed, amain, their mutual force.

HECTOR seized, in his daring hand, the dark stern of a hollow ship : The beauteous ship, which o'er the main,—brought the hapless Protefilaus. Nor she bore him again, from Troy, to the loved shore of his native land. For THIS, the foes contended in arms. Round THIS, they, hand to hand, fell in blood. Nor, now, they dreaded the flight of shafts, from afar : Nor darts coming down, from the winds. Hand to hand, and face to face ; with one mind, they mingled the war. With axes, with halberts, they fought : With mighty swords, with steel-pointed spears. Many bright swords fell on earth : With dark handles, with large, polished hilts. Many fell, from the shoulders of heroes ; and glittered, as they lay in the dust. Confusion spread, with tumult, around. The dark earth floated with blood.

BUT when Hector had seized the ship: He held it, thenceforth, in his grasp. On the stern are spread his broad hands; as, thus, he eagerly swelled his voice: "Haste. Bring the fire. Urge the fight. Pour, at once, your gathered force, on the foe. This is the day,—the happy hour,—by which Jove delivers us all. Let us seize this hateful fleet: Hither come, against the will of the gods:

gods : The fleet, which covered us, with woes ; through the cowardly counsels, of age. Me, the elders, thus long, have kept back : Though burning to fight, at the ships. Myself they detained, with their words. They restrained the whole army from war : But, if then, the high-thundering Jove,—maimed our councils, with our folly of soul : Now he impels us to fight. He pours us forward, in our strength, on the foe.”

He spoke : And with fiercer rage,—they rushed, amain, on the Argive powers ! Nor longer Ajax himself sustains—overwhelmed with darts, he retires. A small space, the hero retreats. To the bank of the rowers he came. He left the deck of the equal ship. There stood the chief and eyed the foe. With his spear, he turned the Trojans away. He drove away, whoever came, with the flame. Ceaseless swelled his dreadful voice, on the winds. Ceaseless, he urged the Argives to fight.

“ O FRIENDS ! O heroes of Argos ! Once followers of Mars in arms ! Shew yourselves men, O beloved ! Recal your wonted valour of soul. Deem ye, that aids are behind ? That a bulwark ascends in the rear ? Have you any other trench to protect—any wall to turn destruction away ? No city of ours is near. No lofty towers to annoy the foe. We have no place to defend. No town—

in succession, to guard. On the shores of the bright-mailed Trojans,—we stand, inclosed by the main. Between the wave and the foe, we are hemmed. Distant far, is our native land. Our safety is placed in our hands. Certain ruin attends our flight.”

HE spoke : And, furious, exalted his spear. Whoever of Troy’s hapless sons,—rushed forward, on the ships, with the flame,—to gain the favour of Hector divine : HIM Ajax received, on his spear. He pierced him, hand to hand, with his lance. Twelve Trojans, thus advancing, with fire,—lay slain at the stern of the ship.

THE  
I L I A D  
OF  
H O M E R.  
B O O K XVI.

**S**O fought the foes, amain, round the hollow ship,  
on the shore. Patroclus stood before Achilles: Be-  
fore the shepherd of his people, in arms. Wide rushed the  
warm tears down his cheek: Like a fountain, that high  
on the steep,—pours, ceaseless, its trickling waters, down  
the dark face of the lofty rock. The great son of Peleus  
saw his grief. Pity rose, in his mighty soul: And, thus,  
with winged words, he began:

“WHY fall thy tears, O Patroclus? Why weeps the  
chief, like a child? Like a little girl, that hastens along—  
her infant steps, by her mother’s side. Eager-asking to  
be

be raised to her breast ;—her robe she seizes and incumbers her speed. Weeping, she lifts her sad eyes : And claims her wonted place, in her arms. Like HER, thou pour'st forth, O Patroclus, the wandering tears, on thy cheek. Bring'st thou tidings of dire import,—to the Myrmidons or to their king ? Hast thou heard ought of sorrow from Phthia ? Came disaster, alone, to thine ears ? Still lives, as they say, great Menætiüs. Still Peleus beholds the light. Still, o'er his people, the hero reigns. The loss of either would cloud our souls : And demand the warm tear from our eyes. Or mourn'st thou the fate of the Argives ? Because they fall at their hollow ships, for their injustice to ME ? Speak. Conceal not thy soul. Let us both know the cause of thy grief."

DEEPLY sighing, from his soul,—the car-borne Patroclus replied :—" O Achilles, son of Peleus ! Thou first of the Argives in arms ! Reproach me not, O chief, for these tears : Since deep the woes, which o'ershadow the host. All the bravest have retired from the fight. Their hands unwilling, have ceased from the strife. Wounded they lie, sad, in the ships : Or hand to hand, or, by darts, from afar. An arrow struck the son of Tydeus. Ulysses lies, torn with a spear. Atrides is wounded :  
And



And great Eurypylus is pierced, with a shaft, through the thigh. THEM, the skilled in the healing arts—attend and dress their deep wounds. But THOU, relentless, remain'st, O Achilles! Nothing heals the wounds of thy pride.”

“ NEVER may a rage, like thine, the soul of Patroclus invade! O with mischievous valour endued! Who, hereafter, shall claim thine aid? Who shall safety derive from thy sword? If, now, thou refusest to turn—certain ruin, from thy country and friends? O pitiless, hard-hearted chief! Nor Peleus renowned is thy sire: Nor thy mother the bright-moving Thetis. The stormy ocean brought thee forth. From high rocks, thou thy birth hast derived. Thy soul is fierce, as the first: Like the latter thy heart is hard.”

“ BUT if THOU dread'st, in thy soul, some prophecy, some disastrous portent: Which Thetis has brought to thine ear: Which Jove has displayed on his winds: ME, at least, send forth to the fight. Submit thy forces to MY command. Let the Myrmidons take their spears: Perhaps, light may arise, on our friends. Give to me to wear thine arms: To cloath myself, in thy wonted steel. The Trojans, by the likeness deceived, in terror, will abstain, from the fight: And the Argives, will breathe,  
from

from their toil. Oppressed as they are they will breathe : Small the respite, that aids not, in war ! With ease, shall we,—now fresh to the field,—drive the toil-worn foe along. With ease we shall drive them to Troy,—from the tents and the ships of the Argives.”

Thus, intreating, he spoke,—blind to fate ! He asked for ruin and death, to himself ! Deep sighing, from his inmost soul—the godlike son of Peleus replied : “ Ah me ! Patroclus divine ! What words hast sent to mine ear ! Nor I a prophecy dread : Nor ought from Jove brought my mother revered. But heavy wo sits deep, on my heart : Still wrath wraps, in tempest, my breast : As HE has dared to despoil—his equal in all of his prize : To resume my portion again,—as in power, he excelled, in the host. THIS has covered, with sorrow, my heart. Much have I suffered in soul. The maid, whom the Argives gave,—WHOM, from many, they chose for my prize : WHOM I won, with my own bright spear, when I levelled her native town : HER from mine arms, has the king,—Agamemnon, the proud son of Atreus,—HER he tore, from mine arms,—as from a stranger, un-honoured, despised ! ”

“ BUT let these be forgot, with the past. It becomes not man for ever to rage : To cherish endless strife in his soul.

foul. Yet I had resolved, in my breast, not to restrain my wrath: Till to my own hollow ships, had advanced the loud tumult of war. But THOU assume my splendid arms. Be THOU the leader of my troops to the fight. Conduct my Myrmidons along: As the dark cloud of the Trojan powers, has girt the ships, with all their strength. Hemmed in to the shore of the main: Small the space, which the Argives possess. The whole city pours on them, amain. The Trojans full of confidence fight. They behold not the front of my helm: The awful light, which ascends, from my crest. Soon flying, from the navy of Argos,—the broad trench they had filled, with their dead:—If Agamemnon from my wrongs had abstained. If the king had been gentle in soul.”

“ BUT, now, the army is shut, in their camp. The daring foe surrounds them all. No longer rages the spear, in the hands of the mighty son of Tydeus. He has failed to ward death from the Greeks. No longer the hateful voice,—of Agamemnon comes with force on mine ear. But I hear the voice of Hector. His urging voice ascends the wind. The Trojans hear it o’er their lines. They possess the whole field, with their powers: And slay in battle the warriors of Argos. Yet, now, issue forth, O Patroclus. Rush forth in thy valour, and save.

Turn destruction away, from our ships. Prevent, O friend, the hostile flame: Lest our hopes of return should be lost."

" BUT thou in all, obey my words. Hear the sum of what I advise: That THOU may'st bring back, from the Argives,—mighty honour and renown to thy friend. That THEY may restore, in all her charms, the much-loved maid, whom their king has seized. That they may repair my wrongs: And add splendid gifts, to my prize. When the foe thou hast repelled—return. Should even high-thundering Jove give thee fame: Yet urge not the strife too far:—Return. Though eager in thy soul for the fight. Return: Lest less honoured thou render thy friend. Nor, THOU, exulting in success,—hang, with death, on the rear of the foe. Push not the war to Ilium. Lead not thy troops to her walls: Lest some ever-living god should, from high Olympus, descend: For much is the foe beloved, by Apollo, who shoots from afar!"

" BUT THOU return, O friend beloved! When the ships thou hast saved, return. Let THEM continue the fight: And deal mutual deaths, o'er the field. O would to father Jove! To Pallas! To bright-beaming Phœbus: That no Trojan might death escape: No Argive  
I survive

survive the war: Might we, both, destruction avoid:  
And we only level, with earth,—the high walls of the  
sacred Troy.”

THUS spoke the godlike chiefs. Nor longer Ajax sustains the fight: The hero is with darts overwhelmed. HIM, the will of Jove has subdued: And warlike Troy, launching forward her spears. Dreadful founds the bright brass on his head: Smote, on every side, by the foe. Ceaseless fall the blows, on his helm: As it gleams, o’er its studs to the light. His left shoulder is relaxed, with his toil: In holding high his firm shield to the war. Nor yet could they drive him along: Though leaning forward, with all their spears. High heaves, with short-breathing, his breast. Sweat wanders o’er all his limbs. Nor rest, nor respite he finds: On every side, with evils oppressed.

UNFOLD to ME, O Muses! Bright dwellers of heaven’s high halls! How first fell devouring fire—on the ships of the Argive powers. Hector struck with his wide-beaming sword, the ashen spear of the godlike Ajax: Where joined the wood, with the steel. Through and through passed the eager blade. The son of Telamon wielded in vain—the pointless staff, in his mighty hand. Wide flew the bright head of the spear: Resounding, as it fell to the  
R 2 ground.

ground. Then the hero shuddered in soul. He knew the awful work of the gods. He knew that the fortune of war—was decided by thundering Jove. That the god had determined, in soul,—to cover Troy with success and renown. He retreated beyond the darts. The foe threw the devouring fire. Wide, o'er the ship, spread the flame. The whole stern is involved, as it sounds.

ACHILLES smote his manly thigh: And thus, with winged words began: "Arise, in thy strength, O Patroclus! Valiant ruler of steeds arise! I see, at the ships of the Argives,—the rapid force of resistless fire. Prevent the destruction, with speed: Lest our hopes of return should be lost. Haste. Assume thy bright arms. I myself will convene the troops."

HE spoke: And Patroclus obeyed. He armed himself in burnished steel. First the beauteous greaves on his legs he drew: With silver clasps fastened neatly before. Then he placed, on his manly breast,—the cuirass of the noble Achilles: Various, starry, bright-flaming with gold: Round his shoulders he suspended the sword,—distinguished, with its silver studs. On his arm, he raised his shield, a wide and solid, bossy orb. On his gallant head; aloft, he placed the dazzling flame of his helm. The horse-hair waved, on high, in winds. Dreadful nodded,  
above,

above, the crest. He took two strong spears, in his hands : Which fitted well his manly grasp. But he took not the ONLY spear—of Achilles faultless in form : The long, heavy, strong spear of Achilles ; which none of all the Argives could wield. None but HE could wield in fight—the Pelian ash : Which Chiron gave to his fire : Cut from the brows of Pelion : A destruction to heroes in war.

THE hero commands Automedon,—to join the deathless steeds to the car : Automedon, whom he honoured the most,—next to Achilles, the breaker of armies. Faithful, in fight, was the chief,—to sustain the assault of the foe. The warrior obeyed the high command. He joined the fleet steeds to the car : Xanthus and high bounding Balius : Both outstripping the blast, in the race. Them to the western wind the Harpy Podargè bore : As she fed, on the grassy mead, near the wide-rolling waves of the main. To the outward harness, the hero joined—beauteous Pedasus, unmatched in the race. HIM, from the city of great Eëtion, Achilles brought to sacred Troy : And though of mortal breed he was,—the deathless couriers he equalled in speed.

BUT Achilles, rushing, tall through his troops,—rouzed them all, o'er the tents, to their arms. They issued forth like devouring wolves,—in whose breasts dwells resistless force :

force: Who tear, on his own dark hills,—the branchy stag, as slain he lies. Drenched with blood are their horrid jaws. At length, in crowds, they move to the spring. They lap, with lolling tongues, the stream: Belching clotty blood, as they drink amain. Fierce the spirit, that burns in their breasts. Their bellies are distended with food. Such were the chiefs of the Myrmidons: Such their leaders, bright in arms,—moved forward, with dauntless souls,—round the gallant friend of the son of Peleus.

IN the midst stood the godlike Achilles: Urging forward the martial steeds,—and the deep ranks of his bright-shielded men. Fifty were his hollow ships, on the shore: Which Achilles, beloved of Jove,—brought o'er ocean to sacred Troy. In each ship, fifty warriors came,—skilled all at the oar as in arms. Five were their leaders in fight: Chiefs trusted, by their daring lord. HE himself was the first in command, as the first, in the bloody field. The leader of one troop was Menestheus,—distinguished by his various mail: The son of Sperchius divine;—a river flowing from father Jove. HIM the daughter of Peleus bore: Polydora unequalled in form. She bore him to unwearied Sperchius: A woman, yielding her charms to a god. But he was called the son of Borus,—who openly wedded the dame,—giving much nuptial gifts to her fire.

THE



THE second squadron is led to war, by Eudörus, resistless in fight : The secret fruit of a maid ! HIM the daughter of Phylas bore : Polymëla, renowned in the graceful dance. HER the powerful Hermes beheld. His eyes wandered, in desire, o'er her charms : As she moved her beauteous limbs in the dance ; and answered her motions, with song. Peaceful Hermes beheld the maid, in the dance of the golden-shafted Diana : Who delights in the noise of the chase. To the upper halls he followed her steps : And came, in secret, on all her charms. She bore a son to the god : Eudörus, illustrious in deeds : Renowned, for his speed in the race ; and great, in the strife of arms. But when Ilithyia divine, who o'er births presides, with her power,—had produced the young hero to light : When first he saw the beams of the sun : The strength of Actorian Echeclus,—brought the dame home to his halls : Giving rich nuptial gifts to her sire. Aged Phylas received the child : And reared him to manhood with care. Great was his love for the youth : Not greater had he sprung, from his loins.

THE third squadron is led to war ; by Pisander, resistless in fight. The son of the godlike Mæmalus : Who o'er his fellows rose in fame : In skill to launch the deadly spear,—the next to the friend of the son of Peleus. The fourth troop is conducted to war,—by Phoenix, aged  
breaker

breaker of warlike steeds : The fifth by the godlike Alcimedon,—the daring son of Laërces. But when Achilles had formed—the deep ranks of his warlike troops,—behind their leaders, beaming forth in bright arms : He, thus, issued his stern commands :

“FORGET not, Myrmidons, to ME—the threats, which ye poured in mine ears : Your threats, in these hollow ships, against the sons of lofty Troy : In the safe season of the wrath of your lord. ME often ye, thus, have blamed :—“Hard-hearted offspring of Peleus ! THEE thy mother has nursed with gall. Relentless ! who detain’st, from the war, thy friends, unwilling, confined at thy ships. Permit us, at least, to return,—to divide, with our keels, the dark main. Permit us to fail to our land : As rage, unceasing, has fallen on thy soul.”—This, convened, you have frequently said : Now, the huge work of fierce battle appears : The season, which you love, is arrived. Let each follow his own daring heart : And turn on the Trojans, the war.”

HE spoke. He awaked their strength : And kindled valour o’er all their souls. More thickened became their lines : When they heard the awful voice of their king. As, when a man, well-skilled in the art, forms with stones the lofty dome. Thick-compacted ascends the wall : Proof  
against

against the rage of the winds. So closely-joined were their helms : Their bright shields, with their bossy orbs. Buckler its buckler supports, helm its helm, and man his man. Crowded the horse-hair crests arise. The plumes mix as they wave in the winds : So thick stand the warriors in arms.

BUT before the rest, stood in arms,—two heroes, unmatched in their force : Patroclus and warlike Automedon,—having both but one mind, in their breasts. Tall they stood, in the front of the line. Great Achilles entered his tent. He opened wide a beauteous chest : The high-wrought gift of the bright-moving Thetis. This he brought, o'er the ocean, to Troy,—with changes of garments filled : With furs to repel the chill winds,—with carpets of various dyes. Within was a laboured bowl,—never touched by the lips of man : Never stained, with the dark-red wine. Nor yet in libations used to the gods : To none, but to father Jove. This, from the coffer, he took. He purged it with sulphur, with care. In clear water, he then washed the bowl. He cleansed his hands : And drew the dark wine. In the sacred circle he stood : Steadfast, eying the broad face of the sky. He poured the libation, with prayer : Not unseen, by the thunder-delighted Jove :

“Jove! Awful king of Dodona! Pelasgic, O far-dwelling Jove! O thou that presidest on high! Involved in winter, on the tops of Dodona! Where the Selli, thy priests, dwell around: With feet unwashed and stretched, on the earth! Heretofore thou hast heard my prayer: Thou hast opened thine ears to my voice. ME, thou hast honoured, o’er all: And covered the Argives, with wo. Again hear, O Jove, my request. Grant, again, success to my vows. Here, in my ships, I remain: But my friend I send forth to war. To battle I send him, forth: Amid many warriors in arms. With him, send victory forth: O ruler of tempests, Jove! Confirm his stout heart, in his breast: That daring Hector himself may know,—whether, my much-loved friend—can urge the fierce battle, alone: Or whether, rage his invincible hands, THEN only, when I rush to the field—and roll, before me, the tumults of Mars. Grant, after he turns from the ships,—the dreadful strife and the clamours of fight,—that to ME he safe may return,—to my hollow ships, on the shore: That the chief may return, in all his arms: With his close-fighting friends of the war.”

THUS praying, the hero spoke. Jove heard him, on Ida of Streams. The father granted half his request: But half he gave to the winds. He gave him the war to  
repel:

repel: To turn battle from the ships of the Argives. But his safe return he denied: From the bloody hands of the foe. When, thus, he had poured out the wine: And addressed his fervent prayers to Jove: His tent he entered, with speed: And, in the coffer replaced the bowl. Issuing forth, he stood again at his ship: Still he much wished, in his soul,—to view the dreadful battle, that rolled, between the Trojan and Argive powers.

RIGHT forward moved the troops, in their arms: With Patroclus undaunted in soul. Close-compacted, in order, they moved: And rushed, with mighty force, on the foe. As pours along a swarm of wasps: Whom, dwelling by the side of the way—boys provoke, in their playful mood. Ceaseless, in their folly, they vex—the buzzing tribe, in their dome, near the road: And urge the state with one common ill. THESE should the traveller touch,—as, unconscious, he moves through the way: Forth they issue, with dauntless hearts; and, humming loud, around his ears,—defend their young, on the wing.

So loud and fierce issued forth—the warlike troops of the son of Peleus. Eager, from their vessels, they moved. Wild clamour resounds, o'er the shore. Patroclus raised his manly voice: And, thus, urged his friends to the fight: “ O Myrmidons, dauntless in war! Gallant friends of the

great son of Peleus ! Shew yourselves men, O warriors !  
Recal the wonted force of your souls. Let us honour the  
mighty Achilles : Who, by far, is the bravest of Greeks—  
and o'er the bravest extends his command. Let the son of  
Atreus his error perceive : Let all-commanding Agamem-  
non repent,—that he has not honoured in aught,—the  
first of the Argives in arms."

HE spoke. He awaked their strength : And kindled  
valour o'er all their souls. Deep-formed, they rushed on  
the foe. Dreadful echoed the navy around : As the  
Argives shouted, with joy. But the Trojans, when  
they saw, rushing on,—the gallant son of the great  
Menætiüs : Him and his partner, in war,—beaming  
bright, in their dazzling arms. The souls of all, with  
a panic, were struck. The battle inclined, o'er their  
lines. They deemed, that the swift son of Peleus—had  
thrown from his soul, his wrath : That to favour the  
king had returned. Wildly staring, they turn their eyes.  
Each searches for a quarter, for flight.

THEN first Patroclus divine—threw his bright lance  
through the air. In the midst of the foe it fell : Where  
amain raged the tumult of arms : Near the stern of the  
beauteous ship,—which bore the great Protefilaus to  
Troy. He struck the valiant Peræchmes : The leader  
of

of the car-borne Peönès. From Amydon, he came to the war : From the wide-flowing streams of Axius. His right shoulder received the lance. Supine, in the dust he fell. Deep-sighing, departed his soul. His friends left the chief, in his blood : His Peönès urged, headlong, their flight. Patroclus waked panic around : By slaying their leader in fight : The first in battle as the first in command.

He drove, from the navy, the foe : And extinguished the raging flame. Half-burnt the ship is left, on the sand. To flight THERE the Trojans are turned. With dreadful tumult they scour away. The Argives pour wide from their ships. Loud clamour ascends the sky. As, when from the lofty top of a mountain,—that rears its dark head to the skies,—great Jove dispels, with his bolt,—the thick cloud, that had settled on high. Bright rise all the rocks to the sight. The broken tops of the hills appear. The forests wave their heads, in the light. Clear opens wide heaven to the view. Thus the Argives, distinct, appeared : When the flame they repelled from the ships,—and rolled the hostile smoke away. A short space, they all breathed, from their toils. Nor yet ceased wholly the fight. Nor yet, o'er the length of their line,—the foes turned their back, on the ships :  
Before

Before the rushing force of the warlike Argives. Some resisted the turning war: And, unwillingly, quitted the ships.

DISPERSED is the battle amain. Each leader a leader slays: And man pursues man, with his spear. First the gallant son of the great Menætiüs,—threw his sharp-pointed lance, bearing death. In the thigh he struck Arëilycus, just as he turned from the fight. Through and through passed the eager steel: And broke the bone, in its rapid course. Prone, he fell, in death, on the ground. The warlike Menelaus flew Thöas. On his bare breast, fell the lance, near his shield. His limbs are unbraced in death. The son of Phyleus beheld valiant Amphiclus; as, forward, he rushed in the fight: He struck him, in the leg, with the spear: Where thickest swells the calf to the eye. The sinews were cut by the steel. Dreadful darkness arose, on his eyes.

NOR idle were the two sons of Nestor. Antilochus Atymnius flew. Through the nether belly the spear,—urged forward its brazen point. He fell, in death, at the feet of his foe. Maris, for his brother enraged,—hand to hand, on Antilochus rushed. Eager, he stood before the corse. But the godlike Thrasymedes in arms,—prevented his falling blow. Nor strayed the lance, from the mark.  
Through



Through the joint of the shoulder it passed. The bone is broken : The muscles divided in twain. Resounding, he fell to the earth. Dreadful darkness o'ershadowed his eyes. Thus two brothers by two brothers, were slain. Thus they sunk to the regions of death : The valiant friends of the great Sarpedon : The spear-launching sons of Amisodarus. He, who bred the dreadful Chimæra : The destruction of many men.

AJAX, the son of Oileus, seized Cleobulus alive. He seized him, when stopt by the crowd. Soon, his strength is unbraced, in death. He struck his neck, with his large-hilted sword. The whole blade is rendered warm, with the blood. Dismal fate inwraps the warrior in shades : And purple death ascends, on his eyes.—Penëleus and Lycon meet in fight. Their spears fly wide of their aim. Both, in vain, urge the lance, through the wind. They close, with their swords, in the strife. Lycon struck the horse-hair crest of his foe. Near the hilt broke the faithless sword. But Penëleus struck the neck of the chief. Wholly, the sword is immersed. The skin only uncut remains. By it, hung the head of the slain : While his limbs are unbraced, in his blood.

MERIONES, pursuing with speed,—struck Acamas, ascending his car. Through his shoulder, rushed forward  
the

the lance. Refounding, he fell back, from the car : And dreadful darkness is poured, on his eyes. Idomeneus brave Erymas flew. In his mouth, he received the keen steel. Behind his head appeared the red lance. Beneath the brain, it divided the bone. His teeth, from their sockets are struck. Both his eyes are filled with his blood. Through his mouth, through his nostrils again,—he pours out the black gore, with his soul. The dark cloud of death arose : And covered the warrior, from light.—Thus the chiefs of the warlike Argives—flew each his man, in the fight.

As when wolves, with resistless force,—rush forward on bleating lambs : Or, destroying, assail the kids : When the flocks are dispersed o'er the hills : Left, at large, by the foolish swain. The savage troop behold them with joy : And tear the timid prey, as it flies. Thus the Greeks, with resistless force—rushed forward on flying Troy. The foe remembers nothing but flight. His wonted valour is forgot, o'er his soul. Great Ajax wished much, with his spear,—to strike Hector bright-sheathed in his steel. The chief, in his knowledge of fight,—his broad shoulders hid, with his shield. He marked the whistling course of the shafts,—the well-known sound of the rushing spears. He saw the changed scale of the fight : The victory inclined

clined to the foe. He stopt his retreat, at times,—and saved his loved friends, with his spear.

As when, from the tops of Olympus, a dusky cloud is rolled on the heavens: When Jove pours his showery storms—o'er the blue face of the sky. So dark is their flight from the ships. So loud is their tumult and noise. Nor without dreadful slaughter, they passed—the levelled wall and the trench profound. His fleet steeds bore Hector away. Unwilling he retreated, in all his arms. He deserted the people of Troy: Whom he had led o'er the trench. Many swift steeds, in the fofs profound,—drawing forward, in flight the cars, broke short the beam, at its root; and left the chariots of kings behind. Patroclus pursued amain. Loud rose his urging voice to the Greeks: Brewing evil to Troy in his soul. With clamour, with loud tumult, they fled: And filled all the ways, as they flew. The dust involved, in darkness their flight: And rose, in clouds to the sky: For swift, rushed the courfers to Troy; from the tents and the navy of Argos.

PATROCLUS urged forward his steeds,—where thickest fled the foe o'er the field. Threatening swelled the dreadful voice of the chief. Beneath their axles, the heroes fell. Prone they lay, on earth, pressed by wheels. The crashing cars are o'erturned, as they fly. From

bank to bank of the trench,—bound at once the immortal steeds : The courfers of the mighty Peleus : The splendid gift of the gods : Eager to urge all their speed. His soul roused the hero, on Hector. He wished to strike the chief, with his spear. But his courfers bore HIM away.

As when beneath the rain-laden winds, the whole world is wrapt, in thick gloom : When, in the season of Autumn, Jove, shrowded in impetuous showers,—descends, in his rage, on earth,—and pours his dreadful wrath on mankind : When the laws are perverted by force : When justice is expelled, from her seat. When judges unjustly decide,—regardless of the vengeance of heaven. The rivers swell, beyond their fixed bounds : And spread the dark deluge amain : The torrents bear away, on their course, the falling sides of the echoing hills. Red-rushing from the sounding mountains,—the stream roars wide to the main : And o'er the world are levelled the works of men.

So impetuous, so noisy, so dark,—the flight of Troy is poured amain. The steeds groan, as they rush along. The whole field is tumult and noise. But Patroclus, having broken the Trojans,—and turned their foremost in the battle, to flight : Drove back his eager steeds toward the ships. Nor, though bent on their flight, were the

foes,—he permits them to ascend to the town. Between the navy, the river and wall—he hemmed them in, with furious force. Wildly flew many deaths from his hand. He exacted of many revenge.

FIRST the hero struck, there, warlike Pronous. On the breast, near the shield, fell the spear. The bright point entered amain. His limbs are unbraced in death : And resounding he falls to the earth. The chief, then, bounded, on Thestor : The hapless son of warlike Enops. Cowering, he sat in his polished car. A panic had seized his soul : And the reins flew away from his hands. Standing near him, he struck his right jaw. Crashing, passed the lance, through his teeth. Raised aloft, on the point of his spear,—the hero drew the slain, from his car. As a man, sitting bent o'er the main, on the point of the wave-washed rock,—draws a sacred fish from the deep, with his line and his splendid steel. Thus HE drew the gasping chief : On the point of his burnished spear. He shook him off. On his face he fell. In his fall, his soul flew away. He struck, with a stone, Eryalus : As the warrior rushed forward, in fight. On his head fell the dreadful weight. He split the whole skull in twain : Within the strong bounds of the helm. Prone, the warrior fell to the earth. Destructive death involved him, around. The hero slew the warlike Erymas : Ampho-

terus, the valiant Epaltes. Tlepolemus the son of Damastor,—Echius fell by his hand. Pyres he gave to death. Ipheas and Evippus he slew : With Polymelus, the stout son of Argeas. All these he laid dead, in their blood. Heaps on heaps, they crowded the ground.

WHEN the great Sarpedon beheld—his unarmed friends laid low in death : Subdued by the mighty hands—of the godlike son of Menætiüs : He raised his urging voice in the fight : And, thus, chided his Lycians divine.—“ What disgrace has invaded the Lycians ! Whither fly the renowned in arms ? Now, at least, your valour shew. I will meet this warrior in fight : That I at length may learn the cause,—why he thus prevails, in the strife. Many woes has he laid on the Trojans. Many stout limbs has the hero unbraced in death.”

HE spoke, and bounded to earth, from his car,—in the harsh sound of all his arms. Patroclus, on the other side,—beheld the king, and leaped, from his car. As two vultures, on a high-towering rock—with clenching talons and crooked beaks,—screaming aloud engage in fight : So the heroes, with clamour advanced : Rushing forward, on each other, in arms. Jove beheld them, from his place. The race of Saturn pitied his son. His  
words

words the god addressed to Juno: His awful sister and spouse beloved:

“ Ah me! That the godlike Sarpedon,—whom most I love of mortal men,—is destined by the fates to fall: Beneath the hands of the son of Menætiús! In doubtful suspense hangs my mind: My soul changes; from side to side. Whether I shall save his life,—and remove him afar, from the war. Whether I shall remove him to Lycia: To the rich bounds of his peopled land: Or here subdue him in fight, beneath the spear of the son of Menætiús.”

THE white-armed Juno replied,—rolling her large eyes on the god: “ Unjust son of Saturn! What words have escaped, from thy lips? Would’st thou save a mortal man,—long destined to death, by the fates? Would’st thou again preserve his life,—from the dismal shade of invading death? Do. But WE, the other gods, will never assent to the deed. Another thing I will tell to Jove: And let him lay it up in his soul. Should’st thou preserve Sarpedon: And bear him, afar, to his own high halls: No god will, hereafter, neglect—to bear his own loved son from the field: And many are the sons of the gods,—that fight round the noble city of Priam! Many the sons of the immortals,—who are destined to fall, on these.

these fields! Throw not bitter wrath, in the souls of the deathless powers."

"BUT if his son is beloved by Jove: If thou pitiest his fall from thy heart: Permit him to fall with renown,—in the midst of the dismal fight: To be subdued, beneath the hands—of Patroclus the son of Menætius. But when his gallant life is lost: When his soul takes wing, on the winds: Command dark Death and pleasing Sleep—to bear his body away: To the wide domains of Lycia,—to his mournful people afar. THERE let his brothers, his friends beloved—the hero's obsequies perform. Let them rear aloft a high tomb to his fame: These the honours, which belong to the dead!"

SHE spoke: Nor dissented, in aught,—the great father of gods and of men. He showered down bloody drops, on the earth. He, thus, honoured his son beloved: Who was, now, to fall by Patroclus,—on the fertile fields of Troy: Distant far, from his native land.

WHEN, now, the dreadful warriors approached: Rushing forward to mutual wounds: Patroclus slew the brave Thrasymelus: The faithful friend of Sarpëdon renowned. In the nether belly, he struck the chief. His limbs are unbraced in death. Sarpëdon urged, next,  
his



his long spear. From the hero strayed the bright point. But he wounded the mortal steed: Pedafus renowned in the race. On his right shoulder, the javelin fell. Groaning, he breathed forth his soul. He, tumbling, lay, large, in the dust. The steeds started, as he rolled, by their side. The yoke is swayed and the reins are mixed: As the outward horse lay extended, on earth. But Automedon, renowned at the spear,—put an end to the mischief, with speed. He drew his sword, from his manly thigh: And cut the traces of the steed that lay slain. Nor slothful was the chief in his place. The steeds stood, composed, in the car: And submitted themselves to the reins.

BUT the heroes, again, urged the fight: Unabating in their rage, they advanced. Sarpëdon strayed wide from his foe. His shining lance flew, guiltless, through air. The bright point, o'er his left shoulder passed: Nor stained its steel, with the hero's blood. Then Patroclus, the last, urged his steel: Nor his dart flew, in vain, from his hand. He struck the king, on his manly breast: Where the fibres involved the strong heart. He fell, like some stately oak,—or poplar or lofty pine: Which the woodmen cut down, on the hills;—to form the dark ship, for the main. Thus, the hero, before his car,—

car,—lay, large, and stretched forth, on the ground. He gnashed his teeth, as he fell: And graspt the bloody dust, in his hand. As when a lion comes, in rage, on the herd: And slays a tawny bull, as he roars. Though stout in heart, and large in size: He dies, groaning, beneath his huge jaws.

THUS, slain by the spear of Patroclus,—lay the leader of the Lycians in arms. He groaned, from his indignant soul; and called his loved friend, by his name: “O Glaucus, O most beloved! O warrior among warriors renowned! Now, it behoves thee to fight: To urge the battle, with daring hand. Now, must the war be thy care: If thy heart is undaunted in war. Urge, Glaucus, my people to fight. Urge the leaders of the Lycians in arms. Move—send thy voice—through their lines. O bid them, for Sarpëdon to fight! Nor only bid, but act, O friend! Stretch o’er me thy gleaming steel. To thee, hereafter, shall I be a disgrace: A dire reproach, to my friend beloved. Shame shall cover all thy days: Should the Argives possess mine arms. Should they strip me, thus slain, in the fight: Before the hollow ships, in my blood. Boldly urge the dreadful fight. Rouze all my people to arms.”

THUS

THUS as he groaning spoke,—shadowy death arose, on his eyes. The foe placed his foot, on his breast. He withdrew, from his body, the spear. The bloody fibres followed the point. With the lance issued forth his great soul. The Myrmidons detained his steeds: As they snorted and wished to fly;—having left the bright car of their lord. Heavy grief covered Glaucus, with night: When he heard the latter words of his friend. His soul is moved, within the chief: As no aid he could bring to the slain. With his hand, he still supported his wounded arm. Dreadful pain still shot, through the wound: The wound, which Teucer made, with his shaft: When the warrior stood, high, on the wall: Turning evil away from his friends. In prayer stood the godlike Glaucus,—to great Apollo, who shoots from afar:

“HEAR me, O king!” he said: “Whether in Lycia’s wealthy state; or, in sacred Troy, thou resid’st.—Every where THOU the hapless can’st hear: The man oppressed, with grief like mine: Whose soul is o’ershadowed, with wo! Grievous is the wound which I bear. Cease: less flows the clotty blood. Pains dart still through mine arm. My shoulder it fatigues, with its weight. Nor can I firmly grasp the spear: Nor engage, in fight, with the foe. The bravest of my friends is slain: Sarpëdon, the son of Jove. Nor aids the god his own great race. But

THOU, grant, O king, my request. Heal, god of healing arts, my wound. Lull my pains. Give me strength, O Phœbus! That I may rouse the warlike Lycians: That I myself may launch the spear: And urge the fight, for the corse of my friend."

Thus praying, the hero spoke. Apollo heard his suppliant voice. Straight he settled the bitter pain. He dried the clotty blood, from the wound: And poured strength, on his warlike soul. Glaucus perceived the hand of the god. He rejoiced o'er his glowing mind: That, so soon, the mighty power had listened to the voice of his prayer. He straight roused, to the fight, the Lycian leaders o'er all their line. Furious he rushed, through the ranks. He bade them to contend, for the mighty Sarpëdon. Then, moving forward, with mighty strides, he called the Trojans to defend his friend. He called the godlike Polydamas. He called Agënor divine. He rushed to the dauntless Æneas: To Hector cloathed in mail. Near them the hero stood, and, thus, with winged words began:

"O HECTOR! Thou neglectest thy friends: Thine allies command not ought of thy care. Those that lose their lives for thy sake: Far from their people and native land. But thou refuseth to turn, from their side,—the  
 3 evils,

evils, which hover around. Now lies the great Sarpëdon : The leader of the shielded Lycians : Who protected his people with justice : Who defended, with valour, his land. HIM has brazen Mars subdued beneath the hands of the great Patroclus. But, O approach, my gallant friends. Throw resentment, throw rage, in your souls. Prevent them from seizing his arms : Prevent them from dishonouring the dead. The Myrmidons the slain will disgrace : Enraged for the Argives, who fell : Who sunk, in blood, beneath our spears, at the ships."

HE spoke. The Trojans are invaded by grief : Not to yield, yet not to be borne. The pillar of their city HE was ! Though born, in a foreign land. Many and brave were the hero's troops : But HE himself was the bravest of all. Right forward, they rushed, on the foe. Hector, enraged for Sarpëdon,—led, in wrath, the fierce attack. But the stout heart of Patroclus, thus urged the warlike Argives to arms. He, first, spoke to the great Ajaces : Already prompt in their souls to fight. " O Ajaces ! " he said. " Now, place the fight in your souls. Stand forth to repel the foe. Be what, in war, you have been : Even add to your former fame. The man lies slain, in his blood, who first scaled the wall of the Argives. Sarpëdon, now, lies, in death. But now let us disgrace the

slain : By stripping his corse of his arms : And, O that, with steel, we could lay some gallant friend of the chief, on earth."

HE roused them, thus, already prompt. The firm ranks are formed, on either side : The Trojans and the Lycian powers : The Myrmidons and warlike Argives. Fierce, they met, in fight, o'er the dead. Dreadful clamour ascended the wind. Battered arms sound harshly on the bodies of men. Jove spread destructive night, o'er the war : To add horror to the dismal strife, for the corse of his own loved son. First, the Trojans pushed, from their place, the black-eyed Argives, with their arms. A warrior is struck, in the front of the fight : Not the least renowned of the friends of the son of Peleus : The son of the great Agacleus, Epigeus the divine. In high-built Budium, once, he reigned. But his valiant kinsman he slew : And came, a suppliant to Peleus,—to the brightly-moving Thetis. THEY sent him to Ilium of warlike steeds : With Achilles, the breaker of armies, to turn, on the Trojans, the fight. HIM, as he touched the corse, with his hand,—the illustrious Hector slew. He struck his head, with a flying stone. The skull is split in twain, within the bounds of the solid helm. Prone he fell, on the corse. Destructive death involved him around.

GRIEF

GRIEF arose, for his fallen friend, on the soul of the great Patroclus. He rushed through the front of the fight: Like a hawk, on his founding wings; who pursues choughs or starlings, as they fly on the winds. Thus THOU, on the ranks of the Lycians, Patroclus, ruler of steeds! Thus, on the Trojans, thou rushed'st: Enraged, in thy soul, for thy friend. The chief struck the brave Sthenelaüs, the loved son of Ithæmeneus. On his neck fell the flying rock. The sinews are broken. He sunk. The foremost of the foe gave way. Illustrious Hector, himself, retired. Far as flies the beamy lance, from the able hand of a valiant man: When he strains his whole force, in the lists: Or in battle engaged with the foe. So far the Trojans retired: And gave ground to the warlike Argives.

BUT Glaucus turned his steps the first: The leader of the Lycians, in arms. He slew the great Bathyclæus: The son beloved of mighty Chalcon. The warrior dwelt in beauteous Hellas. The wealthiest of the Myrmidon chiefs. HIM Glaucus, suddenly turning round, struck, in the breast, with his spear: As, eager, he pursued his steps. Resounding, he fell to the earth. Dreadful sorrow arose on the Argives: For the fall of so valiant a chief. But the Trojans rejoiced, o'er their lines. They crowded

crowded in arms, around the slain. Nor the Argives their valour forgot. Right forward, they poured all their strength.

THEN Meriones slew a warrior to Troy : Gallant, in the front of her line : Laogonus, the daring son of Onetor,—the priest of Idæan Jove : Honoured, like a god, by the host. HIM he struck, beneath the jaw near the ear. Straight, his soul forsook his limbs : And dreadful darkness involved him around. But Æneas launched on Meriones, his bright-pointed lance, through the air. He hoped, as he moved behind his broad shield,—to pierce the hero, in dismal fight. But HE beheld the gleaming death : And shunned it as it came. Forward he stooped, as rushed the lance. Behind his back it stands fixed in the ground : And o'er his shoulder vibrates the staff. The forceful steel of the chief lost its rage : As deep in earth lay buried the point. Trembling at first, it settled, at length : For, in vain, it had rushed from his hand.

ÆNEAS, enraged in his soul, thus began, to his gallant foe. “ Though, Meriones, thou seem’st skilled in the dance : Soon my spear would have settled thy active bounds : Had its point found its way to thy breast.” To HIM, Meriones, famed at the spear : “ Æneas, hard for thee the task, though brave thou art, in the fight :



fight: To extinguish the strength of all;—who, against thee, shall advance in the field. Thou, thyself, art a mortal born. Should my spear find its way to thy breast: Though valiant thou art and confiding, in the force of thy hands: Yet to me thou would'st give renown,—but thy soul to the shades below.”

He spoke. But the son of Menœtius, thus chided the warrior, aloud: “O Meriones! why vauntest thou thus? Though valiant is thy hand in the fight? The Trojans, O my gallant friend, will not, with reproachful words, be driven from the corse of the slain. THEM the spear can only drive: The fall of their bravest, in dust. The hand must decide in war. In council let words prevail. But, now, to speak becomes us less, than to fight.”

Thus saying, he strode in his might. The godlike warrior followed his steps. As heard afar is the sound of woodmen, felling the forest amain: On the lofty tops of the echoing hills. So spread the horrid crashings of war,—o'er all the wide-refounding plain: The sound of steel, of battered shields,—struck with swords,—pierced, with spears, from each side. The whole field is one tumult—one noise. Death darkly bounds, from line to line. Nor could the skilful eye of a man,—distinguish  
now

now the noble Sarpëdon. With darts, with blood, with dust o'erspread—from head to foot the hero lay. Ceaseless, crowd round him the foe: As flies, in the shepherd's abode,—buz around the foaming pails: In the warm season of spring, when the milk all the vessels o'erflows.

THUS crowded the murmuring foes, round the slain. Nor Jove, from the dismal fight,—turned, once, the radiant orbs of his eyes. Right on both looked the awful god. In suspense hung his heavenly soul. Much he thought, on the fall of Patroclus. Anxious, he weighed in his mind: Whether, this instant, in dismal fight,—great Hector should lay him slain, on the corse of Sarpëdon divine: And despoil him of all his bright arms: Or still, to swell the deathful toil: To send many to the regions of death. Whilst, thus, he revolved in his thoughts: At length it seemed best to his soul; that the gallant friend of the great son of Peleus—should drive the Trojans and Hector cloathed with mail—back to their own lofty town: And give many souls to the wind.

THE god, for the first time, filled the breast—of Hector divine, with dismay. He ascended his car, in his flight. He exhorted the Trojans to fly. He perceived the sacred scales of Jove. Nor even the gallant Lycians

Lycians sustained, now, the fight. All turned their backs to the foe. Their king they saw, pierced, through the heart : Lying beneath the heaps of the slain. Many had fallen, on his corse : When Jove roused destructive battle around. They strip of his arms great Sarpedon : His brazen, his bright-beaming arms. The gallant son of Menætiſ, —gave the ſplendid ſpoils to his friends : To be borne to the navy of Argos.

THEN to Apollo ſpoke—the high ruler of tempeſts, Jove. “ Arife, now, O Phœbus beloved ! Bear Sarpedon, from the heaps of the ſlain. Bear, far from the field, the chief. Waſh his corſe, in the river’s ſtream : Cleanſe, from gore, all his form divine. Anoint with Ambroſia the chief. Cloath him, in immortal robes. Give him to be borne away : By the twin-brothers dark Death and pleaſing Sleep. Swift are the bearers, who ſhall have the hero in charge. THEY, quickly, ſhall place him afar : In the wide dominions of Lycia,—in the miſt of his opulent ſtate. THERE ſhall his brothers, his friends beloved—the hero’s obſequies perform. They ſhall rear a high tomb to his fame. Theſe the honours, which belong to the dead !”

HE ſpoke : Nor inobedient was Phœbus,—to the voice of his awful Sire. He deſcended, from the moun-

tains of Ida ; to the fierce battle at sacred Troy. He bore Sarpedon, from the heaps of the slain : He bore him, afar from the field : And washed his corse, in the river's stream. He anointed, with Ambrosia, the chief. He cloathed him in immortal robes : And gave him to be borne away,—by the twin-brothers—dark Death and pleasing Sleep. The swift bearers bore him away. THEY quickly placed him, afar : In the wide dominions of Lycia,—in the midst of his own wealthy state.

PATROCLUS, urging his deathless steeds : Urging Automedon to arms : Pursued the Lycians and Trojans. Ill-fated chief ! Thou pursuest thy death. Had he placed, in his thoughts, the words,—the high commands of the son of Peleus : Safe would have been his return. The goal of fate he might avoid. But more powerful is the will of great Jove : Than the feeble counsels of men. HE turns the valiant to flight. He tears victory, from the hands of the brave : Though HE, himself, may have urged him to fight. Now, he urged, to the fight, Patroclus. He kindled battle, o'er all his soul.

WHO first, O warrior divine ! Who, Patroclus, fell last, by thy spear ? When the gods called thee forward to death ? First, he slew Adrestus : Then Autonöus and gallant Echeclus. Perimus fell by his spear : Epistor

and brave Melanippus. Elafus he alfo flew : Mulius and godlike Pylartes. Thefe he transfixed, as they fled : Their whole army is poured, o'er the plain. Then had the fons of the Argives—taken Troy with lofty gates : Beneath the hands of the great Patroclus. Above meafure, raged the chief, with his fpear. But Phœbus flood, in the lofty tower. The god aided high Troy, and entertained in his heavenly foul,—dreadful mischief to the fon of Menætiſ.

THRICE he ſtrove to aſcend the wall. Thrice Apollo threw him back, to the ground, ſtriking his bright ſhield, with his deathleſs hand. But when he made his fourth attempt,—ruſhing forward, with the force of a god : Dreadful roſe the threatening voice of Apollo : The long-haired king, who ſhoots from afar. “ Retire, O Patroclus divine ! The fates permit not,—that by thy bright ſpear,—ſhould fall the city of ſacred Troy. No. Nor beneath the great Achilles : Who far excels thee, in valour and force.”

HE ſpoke : And Patroclus retired. He avoided the wrath of Apollo, who ſhoots from afar. But Hector, in the Scæan gate, ſtill ſtayed his high-bounding ſteeds. In doubtful ſuſpence, hung his ſoul : Whether to drive his courſers to fight : Or to command, with awful  
X 2 voice.

voice, his troops to defend the wall. While, thus debated the thoughts of his soul: Great Apollo stood, by his side. The god assumed the form of Asius. At once a youth and a hero in fight: The uncle of car-borne Hector; the son of Dymas and brother of Hecuba. In Phrygia the warrior had dwelt: Near the streams of the roaring Sangarius. Assuming the form of the youth, —Phœbus Apollo began: “Hector! Why retirest thou, from fight? It ill becomes thee, O hero, to fly. Would, that as much, as I yield to Hector,—I now excelled the chief in arms! THEN, to evil, as well as to shame; thou, now, had’st retreated from war. Arise. Urge thy steeds, on Patroclus. Redeem thy renown, with his death. HE perhaps may fall by thy spear. Great Apollo may give thee fame.”

THUS saying, the god retired—and mixed with the toils of men. Illustrious Hector commands—brave Cebriones to war. He bade him to urge the swift steeds: To drive right, on the foe, the car. Apollo entered the line, of the foe. He roused destructive panic, among the Argives. He gave glory to Hector and Troy. Hector left the rest of the Greeks. He slew them not, with his deadly spear. Right, on the warlike Patroclus,—he drove forward his bounding steeds.

PATROCLUS,

PATROCLUS, on the other side, bounded, from his car to the ground. In his left hand is his beamy spear. In his right, he wields, aloft, a stone : White, rugged, of enormous size. He graspt it in his hand robust. He threw it forward, with all his might. Nor strayed he far, from the chief. The weight flew not, in vain, from his hand. He struck the driver of Hector's car : Cebriones, the son of illustrious Priam ;—his offspring, by a secret bed. He struck him, as he held the reins. On his forehead fell the sharp stone. Both his brows were crushed, by the weight. The skull yielded. His eye-balls fell, in the dust. Before his feet, they fell, in blood. Like a diver, he tumbled to earth,—from the polished seat of his lofty car : And his soul left his corse, on the plain. Harshly-deriding the slain,—the car-borne Patroclus spoke :

“ Good heavens ! How active the man ! With what ease he dives to the plain ! Had this warrior been placed, in a bark : On the back of the fishy sea ; HE many would feed with his art : Searching oysters, beneath the main : Though rolled, together, it were with storms. HE, surely, on the wave would succeed,—who dives, with such ease, on the plain. In every art, our foes excel : In diving, as well as in fight.”

Thus saying, he rushed, in his might : On the hero, just slain, by his hand. He bore, along, a lion's force :

A lion,

A lion, who, wafting the fold,—is wounded, on his ample breast: Whom his own courage destroys. Thus, on the hero Cebriones,—THOU bounded'st, in thy might, O Patroclus! Hector, on the other side,—leapt, at once, from his car, to the ground. Like two lions, they fought for the slain: Two lions, who, on the mountain's bleak brow;—both raging with hunger, each other assail,—for some slaughtered hind, in her flowing blood. Thus for the fallen Cebriones, fought the two authors of dreadful fight: Patroclus, the son of Menætiſ, and the illuſtrious Hector. Each wiſhes, from his inmoſt ſoul,—to pierce the other, with ruthleſs ſteel.

HECTOR ſeized the ſlain, by the head: Nor quitted the hero his hold. Patroclus, on the other ſide, dragged the fallen chief, by the foot. The foes, mean time, engaged in fight. The Trojans and Argives are drenched in blood. Death darkly bounds, from line to line. Loud tumult rolls together the field. As, when the eaſt and ſouthern winds,—deſcending from the heavens contend,—in the lofty groves of the ecchoing hills: Bending the deep woods, in their rage: The beech, the lofty aſh, the barky corneil-tree. Each other they invade, as they wave: Mixing their huge arms, as they bend. O'er the mountain, the foreſt reſounds. Harſhly craſh the trunks, as they break amain.

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PHOEBUS

PHOEBUS met thee, in dismal fight. Dreadful was the course of the god! Unseen by thee, he darkly came. A cloud involved his awful steps, through the line. Behind the hero he stood. His broad shoulders he struck, with his hand. A dizziness seized his bright eyes. Phœbus threw his helm to the ground. Bright rolled the bounding brass, on the earth: Through the feet of the bounding steeds. With blood and dust, at once, are soiled the high plumes of the helm: The helm, which never before—was stained, o'er the crests, with the dust. It shaded the head of a hero divine: The awful forehead of great Achilles. But Jove gave it, now, to be borne,—on the head of illustrious Hector. Not long!—For death was near, with his cloud.

His spear hung loose, in his nerveless hand. His long, heavy, huge, strong, pointed spear,—he scarce could drag, along the dust. His shield fell, from its thong, on the ground. His breast-plate, on his breast, was loosed,—by the hand of the king, the son of Jove. A sudden stupor invaded his mind. Beneath, his fair limbs were unbraced. Dizzy and astonished he stood. Between his shoulders, approaching behind, a Dardan warrior drove his spear: Euphorbus, the son of Panthus. Above his fellows, in all, he rose: At the spear, at driving the car,—in the fleetness of his feet, in the race. Twenty chiefs  
he

he threw, to earth, from their cars: When first he drove his steeds, o'er the field: To learn the art of the bloody fight.

SUCH was the chief, O car-borne Patroclus: Who first struck thy body, with steel. He struck, but he did not subdue. He withdrew his athen spear, from the wound. He retreated and mixed, with his friends: Nor could he sustain Patroclus,—though exposed, he stood in the fight. But the hero, by the stroke of the god,—by the sharp-pointed javelin subdued; retreated to the troop of his friends: Avoiding death, from the hands of the foe. But when Hector perceived the great Patroclus,—thus retreating and wounded, with steel: He rushed upon him, through the ranks of the foes. Hand to hand, he urged the spear. Through and through his nether belly, it passed. Resounding, he fell to the earth. Dreadful sorrow shades the host of the Argives.

As when a lion, in all his strength,—contends, in fight, with a mighty boar. On the brows of the echoing hill,—with all their savage courage, they strive. For a scanty spring, they engage: Both wishing to drink of the stream. At length the fierce lion prevails. He subdues, the much-panting boar, exerting his mighty force. Thus Hector, the son of Priam—deprived of life, with his steely

spear,—the gallant son of the great Menæti<sup>us</sup>, hewing down the ranks of the foe. He gloried, o'er the fallen chief; and, thus, with winged words began:

“O PATROCLUS!” the hero said: “Thou hoped'st to level the sacred Troy: To bear away her lovely dames: To bear THEM, of freedom deprived,—in thy ships, to thy native land. Imprudent man! For THESE I fight. His rapid steeds carry Hector, for THESE: To the dismal clangour of war. To defend THEM, I excel at the spear. O'er the Trojans I shine in arms: To turn the servile day, from their dames. But THEE, hapless man! Shall the vultures devour. Nor could Achilles, though brave, bring thee aid. HE, perhaps, at thy departure; gave, thus, his commands to his friend. “Return not to ME, divine Patroclus! Return not to the hollow ships: Before thy spear burst the bloody mail,—on the breast of Hector, the destroyer of men.” This, perhaps, he spoke in thine ear. He persuaded thy frantic soul.”

To HIM thou faintly repliest, O Patroclus, ruler of steeds! “Now, Hector!” the hero said: “Now vent thy lofty boastings amain. The son of Saturn gave thee success. Apollo urged forward thy lance. The gods subdued me, with ease. They, from my shoulders, withdrew the bright arms. Had twenty, each thy match in  
the:

the fight;—met, fairly, my spear, in the field: They all had perished beneath my hand. But ME my pernicious fate—and the son of Latona have slain: Of mortals the valiant Euphorbus. Thou, the third, com’st to spoil the dead. But another thing I will add: And thou record, in thy soul. Not long shalt THOU view the light. Near thee is death and destructive fate: Subdued, by the mighty hands of the daring son of Peleus.”

Thus, as the hero spoke,—shadowy death arose, on his eyes. His soul, flying wide from his limbs,—descended to the regions below: Mourning his untimely fate,—his vigour, his youth left behind. To him, though dead in the dust,—spoke, thus, the illustrious Hector: “ Why, Patroclus, foretell’st thou my fate? Why a prophet of disasters become? Who knows, but the brave Achilles,—the son of the long-haired Thetis,—may first resign his gallant soul: Transfixed, by my deadly spear?”

He spoke: And withdrew, from the wound, the bright spear: Placing his foot, on the slain. He threw the corse supine from his lance. Straight he rushed, in all his arms, on the great Automedon: The godlike friend of the swift son of Peleus. Much he wished to slay the chief. HIM his bounding steeds bore away: The deathless steeds of the warlike Peleus: The splendid gift of the gods.

THE  
I L I A D  
OF  
H O M E R.  
B O O K XVII.

**N**OR unperceived by the son of Atreus,—by Meneläus, renowned in arms,—Patroclus lay, subdued by the Trojans,—in the dismal fight. He moved, through the front of the line: Bright-sheathed, in his burnished steel. Round the corse, in defence, he moved: Like a heifer around her young: Her first-born!—Till then unknown a birth; she anxiously lows, as she moves. Thus around the fallen Patroclus,—strode Meneläus with yellow locks. He stretched his bright spear before him. He raised the bright orb of his shield: Ready to consign, to death,—the foe that dared to approach the dead.

NOR

NOR did the race of warlike Panthus: Euphorbus, renowned at the spear,—neglect Patroclus divine, as slain, he lay in his blood. Near the fallen hero he stood: And, thus, addressed the great Menelaus: “Son of Atreus, Menelaus! Reared by Jove! O leader of armies! Retire. Forfake the dead. Leave the bloody spoils to the foe. I,—the first of the Trojans,—of their allies renowned in arms; I the first struck the great Patroclus,—with my spear, in the dismal fight. Leave the glory, which I won, on mine arms. Permit me, ’midst my people, to shine. Retire: Lest THEE, also, I strike: And call forth thy soul, round my spear.”

TO HIM the yellow-haired king—thus replied, in his rising rage: “O father Jove!” he said. “Ill-becomes it a warrior to boast! Not so haughty in his strength, is the panther; not the lion nor mountain-boar,—who excel in their fierceness of heart: Who are, headlong, borne away, with their rage: As the proud sons of warlike Panthus: Who, above measure, are vain. But the strength of thy brother beloved; the youth and vigour of brave Hyperenor,—availed not his life, in the fight: When ME he insulted with words,—yet waited, in his folly, my spear. He called me aloud, in his pride,—the most feeble, the least brave of the Argives. Nor HE, I deem,

I deem, returned from the field : To please the brightening soul of his spouse : Or his parents, decaying in years. So shall I, also, THY vigour unbrace : If my spear thou presum'st to oppose. But THEE I advise to retreat : To mix, with the crowd, in the fight. Stand not before my bright lance. Avoid evil, while yet there is time. Retire. Be prudent. Retreat. Even fools learn wisdom, from facts."

HE spoke : But he moved not the youth : Who, thus, in his turn, replied : " Now, Meneläus ! " he said : " Now, at length, O reared by Jove ! Thou shalt give the vengeance due—to the soul of my brother slain. Thou shalt forfeit thy life, for thy vaunts : For the blood, which has stained thy spear. A widow thou hast made his wife : His late-espoused, in his secret halls. Thou hast covered his friends with grief : With ceaseless sorrow his parents in years. But this hand shall end their wo,—shall remove the cloud, from their souls : If I shall bear that head of thine,—if in triumph, these bloody arms,—I shall place in the hands of Panthus : In the hands of Phrontis divine. But no more ! Exert thy strength. Be the labour no longer deferred. Not untried shall the contest remain : Nor the valour, nor terror of fight."

HE



BOOK XVII. THE ILIAD OF HOMER. 167

HE spoke: And struck the wide round of his shield.  
But he pierced not the solid brass. Bent back is the  
point, on the orb. The son of Atreus urged, next, his  
bright spear: Addressing a prayer to Jove. He struck  
his throat, as he turned away. With all his force, he  
urged the point: Trusting to the strength of his arm.  
Through and through, he pierced his neck. The steel  
appeared, in blood, behind. Refounding, he fell to  
the earth. On his body crashed harshly his arms.  
Drenched with blood, are his flowing locks: His braided  
locks, which the Graces might wear:—With silver bound  
and adorned with gold.

As a wide-spreading olive-tree, which a man rears, in  
a lonely field—where gush the living waters around.  
Beauteous, budding, it ascends to the light. White  
with blossoms its lofty head—moves, gently, to all the  
winds. But sudden-rushing, from heaven comes—the  
darkening whirlwind, and lays it low. Across the ditch  
it lies along: Spreading all its fair branches, on earth.  
So lay, in death, the son of Panthus: Euphorbus, well-  
skilled, at the spear: When the son of warlike Atreus,  
stript him slain of his beauteous arms. As when a lion  
bred, on his hills,—trusting to his strength descends: And,  
rushing, seizes a bull; the largest and best, in the herd.  
HE first breaks his huge neck in his rage: Deep-fixing;  
his

his strong teeth, on the prey. Then he drenches his jaws in blood : Tearing all his entrails amain. Around him, but distant far, ascends the clamour of shepherds and hounds. Their souls bear not a near approach. Pale terror invades them all. So the Trojans, at distance, stood : Not daring in their souls to approach : To rush forward, on great Atrides, now, much-elated with fame.

THEN had the son of warlike Atreus—stript the slain of his beauteous arms. But Phœbus envied the spoils to the king. He roused, on him, Hector divine,—in force equal to impetuous Mars. The god assumed the form of Mentès : Who led the Ciconians in fight. He raised his loud voice in his ear : And, thus, with winged words began : “ Hector, fruitless is thy speed. In vain, O chief, thou pursuest—the deathless steeds of the great Achilles. Hard are THEY to be subdued. They yield not to a mortal man : Or to Achilles, only yield : Whom a daughter of heaven brought forth. Meantime, the gallant Menelæus : The martial son of warlike Atreus,—protecting the corse of Patroclus,—has slain the bravest of Ilium’s sons : The son of Panthus, youthful Euphorbus. Extinguished is the warrior’s force.”

THUS spoke the god, in human form. Again he mixed, with the toils of men. Sudden sorrow at once  
 2 involved

involved the darkening fowl of Hector divine. He threw his radiant eye o'er the line. He saw the foe unloosing his arms. He saw the youth extended, on earth. The dark blood flowed wide from the wound. Along the front the hero moved: All-bright, in his burnished arms. Loud swelled the awful voice of the chief. Wasteful was his gleaming course: Like Vulcan's unextinguished flame. Nor unheard, by the great son of Atreus, was the dreadful voice of the foe. Deep-groaning, thus the hero spoke—to his own undaunted soul.

“AH me! Which way shall I turn? If here I quit these spoils of the foe: If here I leave the great Patroclus: Who, in my cause, has resigned his soul: I fear the reproach of the Argives. The rage of my friends I fear. But should I, alone, remain,—to fight against Hector, with Troy to engage: Should I battle prefer to flight: Many foes may surround my life. Hither the warlike Hector leads, the collected sons of Troy. But why springs this doubt, in my breast? Why contends, with itself, my soul? Whenever a man turns his spear against a god: To fight with a chief, whom heaven honours, in all his deeds: Then certain ruin approaches amain. Nor I, therefore, can the Argives offend, by yielding to Hector divine: Who fights, by

the aid of a god. But could mine eyes meet the godlike Ajax. Could his voice reach my longing ear, we both might return to the fight: And urge the battle against a god. Then might we bear away the slain,—to Achilles, the son of Peleus. This the best resource, in such ills!”

WHILST this he revolved, in his soul: The deep ranks of the Trojans advanced. Hector preceded, in all his might. Unwilling the king retired: Often turning, as he quitted the slain. As a lion, with flowing mane: Whom men and hounds, united, drive,—with clamour, with darts, from the stall. His stout heart shudders, within his breast. Yet, unwilling, he departs, from the fold. Thus, the yellow-haired Menelaus, left the corse of the fallen Patroclus. He turned his manly face to the foe: When he came to the line of his friends. O'er the ranks he rolled his eyes,—in search of the great Telamonian Ajax. The hero he quickly perceived,—far, in the left of the line: Confirming his warriors in fight; and turning their force, on the foe. O'er them spread a panic divine; raised by Phœbus Apollo, in wrath.

FORWARD to the chief strode the king. Near the hero, he stood and began: “Hither, Ajax! Come hither, O friend! Let us haste. Let us fight for the fallen Patroclus.

clus. Let us bear his corse to Achilles : His naked corse :  
For his martial arms are, now, possessed by Hector divine.”  
He spoke. He moved the soul of the chief. He strode,  
along the front of the fight. The yellow-haired Mene-  
läus attended his steps. Patroclus is stript of his beauteous  
arms ; by the hands of the godlike Hector. He, now,  
dragged the slain along : Resolved to lop the head, from  
the trunk : To give the mangled corse—a bloody prey  
to the dogs of Troy. But Ajax came near, in his arms :  
Rearing his shield, aloft, like a tower. Hector retreated  
again ; and mixed himself with the ranks of his host.  
He ascended, with a bound, his car. He gave the  
beauteous arms to his friends : To bear them to the high-  
walled Ilium ; to add to his mighty renown.

BUT Ajax stretched forth, in his might,—his broad  
shield o’er the son of Menætiüs. He stood, like a long-  
maned lion : Who stalks around defending his young : A  
lion, when bearing his whelps along, surrounded by the  
hunters, within the woods. He rolls his flaming eye-  
balls in strength : Dark sink his dreadful brows, on their  
glare : And half-cover their fire, as they burn. So stalk-  
ing round the hero Patroclus,—Ajax covered his bleeding  
corse. Atrides, on the other side,—the warlike Mene-  
läus stood in arms : Indulging his grief for his friend :  
And encreasing the cloud, on his soul.

BUT Glaucus, the son of Hippolochus,—the leader of the Lycians in arms : Sternly turning his eyes on Hector, thus upbraided the chief, with words. “ Hector, though specious in form,—distant art thou, from valour in arms. Undeserved, thou hast fame acquired : Whilst, thus, thou shrink’st away, from the field. But weigh, doughty chief, in thy soul : Consider well ; how, thou Troy can’st defend : Alone, with thy native troops : With the sons of Ilium, alone. None of the Lycians, at least, will, henceforth, rush against the Argives : To fight for thy falling town. Too long have they fought, in vain : Without favour, without grateful return : Though ceaseless have been their toils : Though they ever mixed their spears, with the foe.”

“ How, ungrateful, unfeeling chief ! How, wilt thou any other defend ? What favour have the troops to expect,—Whilst, thus, thou desertest their king ? Whilst, thus, thou desertest Sarpēdon, thy guest, thy ally, thy friend ? Whilst, thus, thou hast left him a prey—a mournful object of scorn to the foe ? From him, who defended the town,—who warded ruin from thyself,—who saved you all, while yet he lived, thou turn’st not, away, the very dogs : That now are destined to mangle his corpse. But if the Lycians will obey : If in ought, they will attend

tend to my voice ; straight they will return to their land :  
For certain ruin, now, hovers o'er Troy."

" BUT had the Trojans that force of soul,—that daring  
vigour, which ought to inflame—MEN, who for their  
country fight : When it hangs to its fall, o'er their heads :  
When they pour their utmost strength, in the fight ;  
when they urge their last toil, on the foe : Straight we  
had dragged the dead Patroclus, to Ilium exposed to the  
winds. Straight the Argives would restore—the beaute-  
ous arms, the corse of Sarpedon. They would exchange  
the king, for the chief : And send his corse to sacred  
Troy. Slain lies the friend of a chief,—the bravest of all  
the Argives : And, slain, lie in blood his attendants in  
war."

" BUT thou sustain'st not the dreadful arm : Not even  
the fight of godlike Ajax. Thou hast shrunk, from his  
face, in the fight. Freezed thou art, with the eyes of  
the foe. Thou dar'st not approach to his spear. THOU  
art prudent. He is valiant in war."

STERNLY turning his eyes, on the chief, Hector divine  
replied : " Glaucus ! Why, great as thou art, come thy  
words, in such sort, to mine ear ? I deemed thee, once,  
my gallant friend ! The first, in prudence, as the first in  
renown,—of those, who dwell in fertile Lycia, afar. But,  
now,

now, I must reprove thy mind : And blame the rash voice, which I heard. Nor just are the words thou hast said : That I sustained not mighty Ajax in fight. I shudder not, O chief, at the strife. I shrink not, from the clangour of cars. But the will of Ægis-bearing Jove—is more powerful, than the courage of men. He, now, turns the valiant to flight. He now snatches victory from his hands. At other times, he urges his spear : And cloaths him, with renown, in the field. But hither advance, O friend ! Stand near me. Behold my deeds. See, whether, throughout the day, MY conduct will suit with THY words. Mark well my course, through the field. Behold, whether this spear shall repress—some Argive, from the fallen Patroclus : Though that Argive should seem matchless in war.”

Thus saying, he raised his loud voice : And, thus, urged the Trojans to war : “ O Trojans and Lycians renowned ! Dardanians fighting hand to hand ! Shew yourselves warriors, O friends ! Recal your wonted vigour of soul ! Whilst I assume the arms of Achilles : The beautiful arms, which I tore from Patroclus,—slain by this spear, in the fight.”

Thus saying, illustrious Hector—retired from the flaming strife. Bounding forward, with eager speed—he soon  
overtook



overtook his friends. He soon came along, on the steps of those, who bore to lofty Troy, the burnished arms of the great son of Peleus. Standing apart, from the mournful fight; the awful hero changed his arms. He gave his own to the warlike Trojans: To bear them to sacred Troy. He assumed the immortal arms of great Achilles, the son of Peleus. The arms, which the deathless gods gave to his father beloved. The aged resigned them to his son: But the son waxed not old, in the father's arms.

WHEN the storm-ruling Jove saw the chief,—apart, from the strife of the spears: Assuming the splendid arms,—of the divine son of Peleus: He shook his sacred head, on high: And thus spoke, to his own prescient soul: “ Ah! Hapless warrior! Thou admit'st not to the thoughts of thy soul,—the dark death, that is hovering near. THOU assumest the immortal arms—of a hero unequalled in fight: Who strikes whole armies with fear. HIS friend thou hast slain, with thy lance: HIS mild but his valiant friend! Thou hast treated the slain with disgrace! Thou hast torn, from his corse, his bright arms! Yet now, at least, I will victory give,—and cover thy course, with renown. This I will give thee, O chief! As thou shalt return no more. As Andromachè shall not, from  
war,

war, receive, with ardent joy, her spouse,—clad in the awful armour of the renowned son of Peleus.”

He spoke: And, confirmed his words,—with the awful nod of his sable brows. The armour fitted Hector divine. Dreadful Mars breathed on him his force. All his limbs, with fresh vigour are roused: New strength pervaded his frame. To his gallant friends, in the fight,—he rushed, with mighty clamour, along. Like Achilles he seemed to them all: As flaming he strode, o’er the field—in the arms of the great son of Peleus. Winding his course, through all the line,—he roused the chiefs of the people to fight: Mesthles, the hero Glaucus, Medon, Therfilochus bold: Asteropæus, brave Diſenor, Hippothous in battle renowned: Phorcys, illustrious Chromius and Ennomus in auguries skilled. Rousing these to dreadful fight, the hero thus began:

“HEAR me, ye hundred tribes! Who border on sacred Troy! Nor I, in want of numbers at home—nor to cover our fields, with an idle crowd,—have roused you, from your distant towns,—or called you to the walls of Ilium. To defend the Trojans ye came: To shield their wives and infant sons: To enter battle, with willing hearts: To chase a valiant foe, from the land. Indulging this thought in my soul; I my people exhaust with demands

demands—of presents of provisions for you: Pleasing each of your souls, with gifts. Let each, therefore, turn his face to the foe: Whether safety or death presents: For these are the terms of the war. Whoever shall drag Patroclus,—though, slain, he now lies in his blood: Whoever shall drag him to our line,—and force Ajax to yield the prize: Half the spoils of the dead shall be HIS;—half only with ME shall remain. Equal shall be the trophy to both: And equal shall be our renown.”

HE spoke: Right forward they rushed,—with all their gathered force, on the Argives. They raised, before them, all their spears. Much they hoped, from their inmost souls,—to force the dead from the mighty grasp—of the great Telamonian Ajax. Fools that they were, in their hopes! Many, pierced by his dreadful spear,—poured forth their souls, on the corse. Then the godlike Ajax spoke thus to the brave Meneläus: “ O friend! O Meneläus! Reared by Jove! Now lost are my hopes. Nor WE, I deem, shall ever return—to our ships, from the dreadful fight. Not so great are my fears, O chief! For the corse of the fallen Patroclus: Who soon shall glut the fierce birds,—the hungry dogs of the high-walled Troy:—Not so great are my fears for the slain,—as for my own life and for thine, O king. Great Hector collects the storm of war. He pours it dark, o’er all the field. Dreadful

ruin hangs over our heads. Go. Call the bravest Argives : Should any hero hear thy voice, in the fight."

HE spoke : Nor disobeyed in ought,—Meneläus renowned in arms. He swelled his loud voice, on the winds. Thus, he called the bright-mailed Argives : " O friends ! O leaders of Argos ! O princes of the nations in arms ! Ye, who, with the sons of Atreus,—quaff, at large, the public wine ! ye who, each, command your tribes ! Who derive your sacred honours, from Jove ! Hard the task it is for ME,—so fierce is the contest of arms,—to perceive each chief, o'er the line : To pour my words, in each leader's ear. But let SOME issue forth of THEIR accord : Let them feel rage, in their souls : That the great, but fallen Patroclus should become a sport to the dogs of Troy."

HE spoke : And the son of Oïleus,—the swift-footed Ajax heard. HE, first, came forward in steel : Resounding, as he rushed through the fight. Idomeneus followed the chief ; and the friend of the great Idomeneus : Meriones, equal to Mars, the destroyer of armies. But who can name all the chiefs ? All the warriors that came in their arms ? When the Argives renewed the fight—round the corse of the fallen Patroclus ? The gathered Trojans  
rushed

rushed first on the foe. Great Hector preceded, in arms.

As when, in the echoing mouth—of a river descending, from father Jove: Huge tumbles the roaring wave—and rolls back in its channel the stream. Loud-resounding, the banks complain: As o'er them swells the deep-heaving main. So loud was the clamour of Troy: But silent stood the Argives arrayed. They stood, round the son of Menæti<sup>us</sup>: Having but ONE soul in ALL their breasts. Walled round they were all, with their shields. Round the bright beams of their helms,—the son of Saturn poured thickest night. Nor odious to the soul of the god,—was the son of the great Menæti<sup>us</sup>: While yet the hero lived: The gallant friend of the great Achilles! But odious it was to the god;—that the warrior should become a prey—to the dogs of a ruthless foe. He roused, therefore, in his defence; the dauntless souls of his valiant friends.

BUT, first, the Trojans removed, from the place,—the firm ranks of the deep-formed Argives. Trembling, they fled, from the slain. Yet the foe slew none, with the spear: Though eager to stretch them to blood. They dragged the bloody corse, o'er the field. But not long remained, distant, the Argives. Straight, Ajax turned

their face to the foe : Ajax, in figure, in deeds, in arms,—the first of the Greeks in the fight : Next to the blameless son of Peleus. He broke the firm front of the Trojans : In his strength, like a mountain-boar : Who disperses, with ease, on his hills—the youthful hunters, with all their hounds : When he suddenly turns on the foe ; and urges forward through the brush wood his force. So illustrious Ajax—the son of Telamon in arms renowned : Dispersed with ease the line of the Trojans : When he poured, upon them, his force. Already they surrounded Patroclus. They hoped, o'er their ardent souls : To drag, to their city, the slain : To cover their arms, with renown. HIM Hippothous seized by the foot : The illustrious son of Pelasgian Lethus. He dragged the dead through the burning fight : Binding, round the ankle, a thong. He pleased Hector and Troy, with the deed : But sudden evil hovered o'er his own head. None could turn death from the chief—though eager to ward it away.

THE son of Telamon, bounding amain,—struck the hero, hand to hand, with his spear. On the brazen helm fell the lance. Split is the cask in twain. The point passed, near the horse-hair cone : Forceful driven, by a finewy arm. The brain, where entered the eager steel,—rushed, bloody, to the earth, from the wound. His strength is, at once, unbraced. He dropt the foot of the slain,

slain, on the ground. On his face, he fell on Patroclus. Prone he lay, in death, on the dead : From the fertile Larissa, far ! Nor to his parents the youth repaid—their anxious care in rearing their son. Short was the warrior's life : Subdued beneath the deadly lance—of the illustrious Ajax.

BUT Hector launched, on the godlike Ajax,—his spear, that shone bright, as it flew ! He saw the gleaming steel, as it came : And, inclining, avoided its point. But the spear fell on warlike Schedius, the magnanimous son of Iphitus : By far the bravest of all the Phoceans. He dwelt, in the beauteous Panopè : O'er many extending his sway. Him the hero struck, in the throat. Through his shoulder appeared in blood,—the eager point of the fatal lance. Refounding he fell to the earth. O'er his body crashed harshly his arms. But Ajax struck the warlike Phorcys—the son of Phænops, illustrious in arms. The chief defended Hippothous. Through his belly passed swiftly the lance. The steel broke the cuirass in twain : And mixed its point, with the entrails behind. Extended, large he lay on earth : And graspt the dust with his dying hand.

THE foremost of the ranks of the foe give way. Illustrious Hector himself retires. Loud swell the shouts of the

the Argives. They dragged the slain heroes away : Phorcys and the valiant Hippothous. From their bodies they tore their arms. Then had the Trojans, in flight : Driven headlong, before the Argives,—ascended to lofty Ilium,—subdued by their coward fears. Then the Argives had won renown : By their own proper courage and force,—against the will of fate and of Jove : If Apollo had not roused great Æneas,—like Periphas, in voice and in form : The herald Periphas, the son of Epytus. HE in the halls of Anchises—had grown old, in the hero's love. Mild the counsels, which dwelt, in his soul ! Affuming the form of the aged,—the son of Jove, Apollo began :

“ ÆNEAS ! What means remain, to save Ilium exposed to the winds ? To save the lofty town from its fall, against the will of the gods ? Hear the means, O chief, and give ear : I have seen other heroes in fight, —confiding in their valour and strength : Trusting to their own proper force,—to the spears of their dauntless people in arms : Who saved their tottering states from their fall. But Jove wills to OUR arms success. He has left the falling cause of the Argives : But YE defeat his purpose divine. Ye fly amain. Ye renounce the fight.”

HE spoke : Nor unperceived by Æneas,—stood before him the far-shooting Phœbus. He knew the god, through the  
the



the form assumed : And, raising his loud voice to Hector began : “ O Hector ! Other leaders of Troy ! Chiefs of allies, arrived from afar ! Now disgrace has involved us in shades. Driven back, by the warlike Argives : Shall we thus ascend to lofty Ilium,—subdued, by our coward fears ? Before me, confessed, stood a god. A bright vision was disclosed to mine eyes. He said, that Jove, the most powerful and wise,—is our awful aid, in the fight. Right forward, let us rush, on the Argives. At least, let them not, at their ease,—bear off the fallen Patroclus.”

He spoke : And, bounding forward, in arms,—stood, far-advanced, before the line. They turned their face, from shameful flight. They rushed onward against the Argives. Æneas launched, with force, his bright spear. He struck Leocritus, the son of Arisbas : The gallant friend of the great Lycomedes. HIM, as he fell in his blood—pitied his friend renowned. Before the slain he stood, in steel. He launched his beaming spear, on the foe. He struck the shepherd of his people in arms : The son of Hippasus, brave Apisaon. Through his liver rushed, eager, the lance. Straight his limbs are unbraced in death. From the fertile Pæon he came : And next to great Afteropæus ; he was the bravest of his people in fight.

HIM,

HIM, as he fell, in his blood, pitied the mighty Afteropæus. Right onward, he urged his course: Ready to launch his spear, on the Argives. But no opening appeared for his steel. Covered over, with their bucklers, they stood. They formed a circle, round the fallen Patroclus: And stretched forward to the Trojans their spears. Through their lines rushed the godlike Ajax. He urged them to the battle, with words. With deeds he urged them to the fight. He permitted none to retreat from the dead: None to rush forward, from his line, on the foe. He commanded all to stand firm: To close round his spear their close ranks: Hand to hand to urge their bright points.

SUCH were the orders of mighty Ajax. The earth is drenched with purple blood. Heaps on heaps sink the foe, to the ground. The Trojans, with their allies renowned, fell mixed, with the falling Argives. Nor the latter urged the fight, without blood: Though fewer they sunk in death. They remembered the words of the chief. Close compacted the warriors stood: And warded off death, with their mutual aid. Thus, fought the foes, in the field, with all the rage of devouring flame. Nor couldst thou say, from thy soul: Whether still the Sun of heaven remained: Or whether the Moon still rolled, in safety, her orb. Deep darkness involved the fight. In  
a cloud

a cloud stood concealed the foes,—who pushed their spears to blood and death: Round the fallen corse of the son of Menætiüs.

THE other warriors of lofty Troy,—and the Argives bright-covered with mails, fought, free, in the air serene. Spread o'er them is the splendour divine: The sharp light of the blazing sun. Nor cloud arose from the ample field: Nor mist inwrapt the mountain's head. At intervals, they fought, dispersed: Avoiding, with mutual care, their deadly spears, as they flew. But the foes, who in the center engaged,—suffered woes and wounds and death: Involved in battle, in darkness, in night. Two heroes had not yet heard, in ought—two brothers renowned in arms,—Antilochüs and brave Thrasymedes.—THEY heard not, in ought, that, in death,—lay Patroclus divine, on the field. THEY deemed that the hero lived: That still he fought, in the front, with the foe. The brothers beheld, afar,—the slaughter, the flight of their friends. Apart, in the field, they fought. The voice of Nestor his sons obeyed: His words, when he sent them forth,—to turn the war from the ships of the Argives.

BUT to THEM, throughout the day,—the deadly contest of arms arose. With fatigue, with unceasing toil,—their feet, their knees, their joints are unbraced. Their hands are

stained, with reeking blood : Dust covers, with darkness,  
 their eyes. Tumult, toil and death are mixed,—round  
 the godlike friend of the great son of Peleus. As when a  
 man gives the hide of a mighty bull,—fresh, covered over  
 with recent grease,—to be stretched, by many youths,  
 on the field. In a circle, apart, they sit down,—and ex-  
 tend it, with all their force. The moisture departs : The  
 fat sinks into all its pores. On every side, they exert their  
 strength : Till the whole is spread wide to the eye.

So the foes, in a narrow space,—dragged, to and fro,  
 the corse of the slain. Each strove to drag it to his line.  
 Much they both hoped the prize to obtain. The Trojans  
 wished to bear it to Troy : The Argives to their ships,  
 on the shore. Dreadful tumult arose, on each side. Nor  
 Mars, the fierce stirrer of armies,—nor Pallas, though  
 descending in wrath—could the dreadful contest of arms  
 despise : Such the labour, of men and of steeds ; the  
 slaughter, the blood and the strife : Which Jove poured,  
 around Patroclus, on that dreadful day.

Nor yet knew Achilles divine—that Patroclus lay slain,  
 on the field. Far distant from the ships, fought the foes :  
 Before the walls of the high-built Troy. He thought  
 not, in his soul, of his death : still he hoped that, alive,  
 his friend—would return to the camp of the Argives :  
 When

When the foe he should drive to the gates. He deemed not that the city would fall,—by his friend, without his own aid: Nor even with his own mighty arm. Often, to this purpose, the voice—of his bright mother came, apart to his ear. Thus she brought, through the winds—the high will of almighty Jove. But his mother divine—brought not this wo to his ears: This disaster, which to HIM had befallen: That by far the most beloved of his friends—should perish, in the contest of spears.

BUT the foes, round the corse of the slain,—stretching forward their spears, in their hands: Ceaseless, rushed, with mutual shocks, to the fight: And slew each other, amain, in their rage. Thus, arose amid the crowd,—the voice of some Argive in arms: “O friends! Urge onward the war. It becomes not—we must not retreat. It were now disgraceful to fly to the ships. Here rather let the earth open wide,—and, closing o’er us conceal us from shame! This were better far for our fame: Than to suffer the car-ruling Trojans,—to drag HIM hence to their lofty town: And to cover their arms with renown.”

THUS, some Argive. Whilst bright in his arms,—some Trojan began words like these: “O friends! Let us urge here the war. Let none turn his foot, from the fight:

B b 2

Though

Though all were destined to fall in death,—on the corse of the hero slain.”—On either side rose words like these. The souls of the warriors were roused. Battle raged amain on the field. The horrid clangor, the tumult, the noise,—swelled on the air and rose to the brazen concave of heaven.

BUT the deathless steeds of the great Achilles,—stood, apart, on the field and wept : when they found that their driver renowned fell, in death, on the dust of Troy : Beneath the hands of Hector divine. In vain Automedon, the stout son of Diöres,—urged them, with the lash, to proceed : In vain he soothed them, with words : Or threatened them, aloud, with his voice. Neither, would they return to the ships,—to the shore of the spacious Hellespont : Nor to the contest of arms,—where the Argives strove for the slain. Like a monument firm they remained : A solid pillar, which rears its head,—o’er some warrior laid low, in the earth : Or woman, once for beauty renowned.

So stood the steeds, unmoved : Still joined to the beautiful car. Bent to earth were their graceful heads. The warm tears came, rolling down, and mixed, with the dust, as they fell. Deep heaved their anxious bosoms with woe : Much regretting the loss of the chief. Soiled are their bright-

BOOK XVII. THE ILIAD OF HOMER. 189

bright-flowing manes: As, in circles, they are poured, on the yoke. Jove beheld the deathless steeds in their grief. He pitied them, as he looked from his sky. The god shook his awful head: And, thus, began to his own mighty soul:

“ AH! hapless steeds! Why did the gods give you, both away—deathless as you are and exempted from the rigour of years.—Why gave they you to the far-ruling Peleus: Though great, still a mortal man? Was it to share the woes? The dire disasters of wretched man? For of all that breathes the air of heaven: Of all, that moves, with life, on the earth—none is more wretched than man! None so subject to trouble and woe! But cease your grief: For never by you,—nor seated aloft on that car,—shall great Hector be borne along. This Jove and the fates forbid. Is it not enough for the chief,—that he bears the splendid arms of Achilles,—and rashly glories, in the prize? But I will pour force, on your limbs: O’er your souls I will vigour awake. That you may bear Automedon,—safe from the contest of spears,—to the hollow ships of the Argive powers. Still with glory, I will cover the foe. Death and slaughter shall spread amain: Till Troy shall push the war to the ships: Till the sun shall fall, in the west,—and sacred darkness shall cover the world.”

THUS

THUS spoke the father of gods. He breathed strength, on the steeds divine. They shook the dust, from their beauteous manes: And drew swiftly the bounding car. Between the Trojans and Argives they drove. Automedon fought, aloft, from his seat: Though grieved for his fallen friend. He rushed, with his car, on the foe: As a vulture, which descends, from the winds,—on a clamorous train of snow-white geese. With ease the warrior fled, from the foe: With ease, from the tumult of spears. With ease he also rushed, on their line: And broke their solid ranks, in pursuit. But he flew not the foe, with the spear: When he bounded, on his car, through their lines: Hard it was to hurl the lance: And, at once, to restrain the steeds: When, sole, he sat in the sacred car. At length his friend and fellow in arms: Alcimedon, the warlike son of Laërtes,—perceived him, as he drove o'er the field. Behind the beauteous car he stood: And, thus, to the great Automedon:

“AUTOMEDON:” The warrior said: “Who of the immortal gods—has breathed pernicious counsels on the mind of the chief? Who has prudence expelled, from thy soul? That, Thus, thou drivest thy car alone: Through the ranks of the Trojan powers. Slain lies thy partner in war. Hector bears, on his body, his arms: Exulting, in the spoils of Achilles.”—To him replied the son of Diöres:  
Automedon



Automedon in battle renowned: "Alcimedon! Who of the Argives is like THEE to guide this bright car? To manage the deathless steeds? To restrain their fierce vigour of soul? Who but the great Patroclus,—equal in deeds to the gods,—while yet the hero lived? But, now, he lies slain, in his blood. Fate and death involve him, in shades. Receive the bright whip, in thy grasp. Draw the reins back to thy hands. But I will bound, on earth, from the car: To hurl the deadly spear, on the foe."

HE spoke: The warrior mounted the car. He seized the bright whip, in his grasp: And drew back the reins to his hands. Automedon bounded to earth. Illustrious Hector perceived the chief. He spoke to the great Æneas,—as near the hero stood, in his arms: "Æneas!" Began Hector divine: "Leader of the Trojans, bright in their mails! I behold the deathless steeds—of the swift son of magnanimous Peleus. I behold them issuing forth to the fight: Bearing drivers unskilled in war. I should hope to seize them both in the field: If thy soul will give thine aid to my spear. Nor will the dastards sustain our force. They will not stand, opposed to our spears."

HE spoke: Nor disobeyed in aught,—the gallant son of the great Anchises. Onward they rushed, in their arms: Rearing aloft the broad orbs of their shields. Their shields.

Shields solidly formed of dry hides: Covered over, with plates of brass. With the heroes rushed forward to war,—Chromius and the godlike Arëtus. Much THEY, each, hoped from their souls,—to lay the heroes slain, on the field: And to drive the high-necked steeds to their line. Fools that they were in their hopes! Nor both were destined to return,—without blood, from Automedon's spear. To Jove the father, the hero prayed. Force and valour are poured, by the god,—on the darkness, which covered his soul. Straight he addressed Alcimedon,—his faithful friend and fellow in arms:

“ALCIMEDON! Keep near me the steeds. Let them breathe, on my shoulders, behind. Hector, the son of Priam, I deem,—will never his valour restrain: Till he ascend the high-maned steeds—of great Achilles, the son of Peleus: Till he ascend the bright car,—having laid us, in death on the field: Till he break the lines of the Argives;—or give his own great soul to the winds.”

THUS saying, he called the two Ajaces. He sent his voice to the great Menelaus: “Ajaces! Brave leaders of Argives! O Menelaus attend! Commit to others the care of the dead: Commit the corse to the bravest in fight. Let them firmly surround the slain. Let them repel the ranks of the foe. But you, from us, who  
I
still

still survive ;—turn away the evil day, with your spears. Hither rush, through the mournful fight,—Hector and the godlike Æneas,—by far the bravest of the warriors of Troy. But all is placed in the breasts of the gods. Success only on heaven depends. But I will launch my beamy spear : And leave the rest to the care of Jove.”

He spoke : And, vibrating, hurled his long lance. He struck the broad shield of the godlike Arëtus. The bright orb sustained not the point. Through and through rushed the eager steel. Through the belt it swiftly passed : And, fixed in his nether belly, remained. As when a youth, with his hand robust—rears aloft the gleaming ax, in the air : Down falls the forceful weapon, with speed,—behind the horns of a savage bull. The whole finew is divided in twain. He bounds and tumbles, in death, on the ground. Thus bounding, the youth fell supine. In his entrails shook the sharp-pointed spear : And his limbs were unbraced, as he lay.

HECTOR hurled his bright lance, through the air—at the breast of the great Automedon. He saw the gleaming steel, as it came,—and, stooping forward, avoided its point. Behind him, it stood fixed in the ground. The staff quivered, as the head sunk in earth. But soon the strong spear remitted its force as it shook. Then, hand

to hand, had the heroes closed : Then had they urged, with their swords the fight : But the Ajaces rushed in between. THEY parted the chiefs, as they glowed. Through the deep ranks had the warriors come : At the well-known voice of their friend.

AVOIDING the battle of the chiefs,—the leaders of Troy retired : Hector, the great Æneas and Chromius, in form like the gods. They left Arëtus, in all his blood. Mangled and torn, he lay on the ground. But Automedon, equal to Mars,—divested the slain of his arms : And glorying, o'er the warrior, began : “ This, at least, has lessened my grief,—for the fall of the son of Menætius. A part of the cloud of wo is dispelled : Though less, than HIS, the renown of the slain.” Thus he spoke : And placed aloft, in the car,—the bloody spoils of the hapless Arëtus. Stained with gore are his feet and his hands : Like a lion the hero seemed,—when drenched, with the blood of some slaughtered bull.

AGAIN, o'er the fallen Patroclus—is kindled the dismal fight. Blue-eyed Pallas awaked the fierce strife : Descending, from the heavens to the field. The high-thundering Jove sent her forth,—to rouse the failing hearts of the Argives : For the soul of the god was changed. As, when extended to mortals eyes,—Jove bends

bends his purple bow, in the clouds : The dire omen of  
 disastrous war : Or the sign of descending storms :  
 Which stop, o'er the earth, the labours of men : And  
 sadden the drooping herds. So inwrapt in a purple cloud,  
 —blue-eyed Pallas shot, from heaven to the field. She  
 entered the nations of Argos. She roused the soul of each  
 chief to the fight. First, she spoke to the son of Atreus :  
 To Menelaus renowned in arms. Near the place, where  
 she lighted, he stood. The form of Phœnix the goddess  
 assumed : The hero's voice unknown to yield.

“ To thee what shame ! O Menelaus ! What dishonour,  
 what dire disgrace ! If, under the walls of high  
 Troy,—fleet dogs shall devour the corse,—what remains  
 of the gallant friend of the illustrious son of Peleus ! But  
 THOU thyself advance to the fight : And urge, with  
 ardor, thy people to war.” To the goddess, in turn,  
 replied—Menelaus renowned in arms : “ O Phœnix ! O  
 father ! O born, in the days of old ! Would ! that  
 Minerva gave me strength equal to mine ardor of soul :  
 That she would turn from my life,—the fierce progress  
 of hostile darts. Then would I follow the bent of my  
 soul : And bear aid to the fallen Patroclus. Much I feel  
 his fall in my heart. Regret darkens my breast for the  
 slain. But Hector, advancing in fight,—bears the dread-

ful force of devouring flame : Nor ceases his steel to slaughter amain : For Jove has covered his arms with renown."

HE spoke : And, o'er her heavenly soul,—the blue-eyed Pallas rejoiced, at his words : As to HER he addressed his prayer,—amid the host of the deathless powers. SHE breathed strength on his shoulders and limbs. She kindled boldness, within his breast. Like the persisting rage of a fly : Who, often repulsed, as often returns,—to fasten on the bodies of men : For grateful to HIM is human blood ! With such boldness the power filled his breast : And lightened through the cloud, on his soul. He advanced to the fallen Patroclus : And hurled his gleaming lance, through the air.

A CHIEF there was, among the Trojans : Podes, the son of Eëtion : In wealth abounding, brave in war : The most honoured by Hector divine—of all the warriors, who fought for Troy : His companion his guest beloved ! Him, as he turned to flight,—the yellow-haired Menelaus struck with his spear. Near the belt passed the eager steel. Through and through, rushed the deadly lance. Resounding, he fell to the earth : The foe dragged the slain from his friends : To the deep ranks of the Argive powers.

FAST,

FAST; by the side of Hector—Apollo exhorting arose :  
 In form, like Phænops, the son of Afius : The most  
 beloved of all his guests : Who dwelt, in high halls, in  
 Abydos. Assuming the hero's form : Thus spoke the  
 far-shooting Phœbus : " Hector ! Who, hereafter, of  
 Argives—shall dread to meet thy spear in fight ? While,  
 thus, thou turn'st thy trembling steps,—from Menelaus  
 —till now, no terror in the strife of renown. But, now,  
 he boldly stands forth alone. He slays, then drags the  
 slain away. By his spear fell thy faithful friend,—once  
 valiant in the front of the line : Podes, the son of  
 Eëtion."

HE spoke : On the hero's soul—arose a sudden cloud  
 of wo. To the front of the battle he rushed : Gleam-  
 ing, bright in his burnished steel. Then Jove took his  
 dreadful Ægis. He hung it forward a gleaming portent.  
 All Ida he wrapt in a cloud. His bolts issued forth, from  
 the gloom : And, awful, rolled his loud thunders, on  
 high. The whole mountain he shook, as he launched.  
 He gave victory to Troy : And turned the Argives,  
 amain, to flight.

THE rout was led by Bœotian Peneleus. In the  
 shoulder he was struck with the lance : When he turned  
 his manly face to the foe. Slight was the wound ! Just  
 to

to the bone—came the point of Polydamas' spear. Hand to hand, he struck the chief. Hector pierced the son of Alectryon : Bold Leitus matchless in war. Through his hand, by the wrist passed the lance. It stopt the progress of the hero in war. Trembling, and with caution he fled. He hoped no longer, within his soul : To launch the spear, from his hand, on the foe : To turn the battle on Troy, in the field.

IDOMENEUS launched, on Hector his spear : As, on Leitus rushed forward, the chief. Full on the breast-plate it fell. Broken short is the point of the lance : And the Trojans rend, with clamour, the skies. But HE, in turn, hurled his javelin amain,—on Idomeneus, the son of Deucalion : As, aloft, he stood, on his car. He strayed, from the life of the king : But he struck the friend and fellow in arms,—of Meriones, equal to Mars : Cæranus, who guided his car. From the well-built Lyctus, the warrior came.—First, on foot, Meriones came : To turn the war from the hollow ships. But, now, laid low in his blood—he had covered the Trojans, with fame : But Cæranus, straight, brought his steeds : And with THEM, he brought safety along : And turned the evil day, from his lord. But he himself lost his life, in his zeal : Beneath the force of Hector divine.



NEAR the jaw bone, just under the ear—entered the eager lance. His teeth are shattered, his tongue cut in twain. He tumbles, in death, from the car. Wide fly the floating reins, on the ground. Meriones bends from the car: And assumes them, from the earth, with his hand. The hero spoke to Idomeneus: “Lash the steeds. To the ships let us fly. Thou perceiv’st that the battle is lost: That victory declares for the foe.” The king lashed the high-maned steeds. He urged his course to the ships of the Argives. A sudden panic had fallen, on his soul.

NOR unperceived by magnanimous Ajax,—by Menelaus renowned in arms,—great Jove had inclined the scale: And given the changing conquest to Troy. With words like these, began aloud—the great Telamonian Ajax: “Alas! Who so foolish, as not to perceive? That father Jove has inclined the scale: And covered the foe, with renown. With effect, fall their deadly darts: Whenever they fly from their hands: Whether launched, by the feeble in fight,—or by the warlike and renowned, in the field. Jove guides them all, with his mighty hand. But ours fall short of their aim. They fly in vain, through the air, on the foe.”

“BUT let us consider with speed: Let us think of some resource, in our souls: By what means, by what arduous deed,

deed,—we may bear the slain chief, from the foe : That we may gladden, with our return,—the brightening souls of our friends beloved. Turning hither their eyes, they are sad. They deem, that we cannot sustain—the force of Hector, his invincible hands. They deem, that we must yield to the foe : That they themselves are to fall, at the ships.”

“ WOULD that some friend were near,—to bear the tidings to the great son of Peleus. HE, I deem, knows not ought of our state. The mournful tale has not yet reached his ear : That his friend beloved has fallen, in the war. Nor can mine eyes perceive a chief : A fit bearer of the news to Achilles. Oppressed with darkness we fight amain. Our steeds, ourselves are involved in clouds. O father Jove ! remove the cloud : Free from darkness the sons of Argos. Restore the sun. Give us to see with our eyes. Destroy us, at least, in light : As destruction seems good to thy soul.”

HE spoke : And the father heard. He pitied the hero's tears. Straight he dispersed the darkness. He removed the cloud, from their eyes. The sun shone forth from his sky. The whole battle is covered with light. Then Ajax addressed his words—to Menelaus renowned in arms : “ Look around thee, O reared by  
Jove.

Jove. See, whether in line of the Argives—still alive is the warlike Antilochus: Prudent Nestor's magnanimous son! Urge him to bend, with speed, his steps—to the illustrious son of Peleus. Let him bear the mournful tale to his car: That fallen, beneath the hand of the foe,—lies slain the most beloved of his friends."

HE spoke: Nor disobeyed in ought—Meneläus renowned in arms. He moved forward, through the ranks, of his friends: As—the lion, retires from the fold: Fatigued, with his toils through the night,—with encountering the shepherds and hounds. THEY permit not the prey to his jaws: Watching down the whole night, round the pen. HE greedy of blood, rushes on: But his efforts avail not in ought. Forward fly the frequent darts, from their hands. The flaming torches they rear in the air. Dreading these, he retreats though much roused. With morning he retires to the woods: Disappointed and gloomy in heart.

So, from the corse of Patroclus,—Meneläus, unwilling, retired. Much he feared, in his manly soul,—that the Argives, struck with panic divine—might leave him, a prey, to the foe. Much he gave in charge to Meriones,—to both the illustrious Ajaces: "O Ajaces! Great leaders of Argos! Meriones, dauntless in fight! Now,  
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recal, each, to your souls,—the gentle meekness of the hapless Patroclus. To all he knew to be mild of heart : While yet the hero lived. But now dark fate is around him : Death wraps him, in endless shades.”

THUS speaking, the yellow-haired king—took his way, through the ranks of his friends. To every side, he turned his keen eyes : Like an eagle, who, they say, is sharpest of sight,—of all the birds that stretch their wings, on the winds. HE, though floating aloft, on the air,—beholds the fleet-bounding hare, on the field : As she cowers beneath the thick-spreading shrub. Resounding, he descends, on the prey. Straight mixes her life, with the wind. So to thee, O thou nurtured by Jove ! Rolled round, thy bright eyes, o’er the field : O’er the deep ranks of the Argive powers. To find the son of Nestor, they rolled : If the hero still breathed the air. HIM he quickly perceived, in the left wing of the fight : Confirming the souls of his friends : Urging forward his warriors to fight.

NEAR the chief stood the great Meneläus : “ Antilochus ! ” The hero said. “ Approach and listen, beloved of Jove ! Hear tidings of deepest wo. Would they were not now to be heard. Thou, I deem, hast long perceived : Thine eyes have seen, o’er the line : That a god has rolled  
death

death on the Argives: That the victory has inclined to the foe. Slain is the bravest of Greeks. Fallen is the hapless Patroclus. Mighty wo has o'ershadowed the Argives. But thou to Achilles repair. Rush, with speed, to the ships on the shore. Bear the dreadful wo to his ear. Let him haste, to regain the corse: The naked corse! For the splendid arms,—now shine from Hector's shoulders, in fight."

HE spoke: And shuddering the hero heard. The mournful tale fell dark on his soul. Long speechless the warrior stood. His eyes are filled, with sudden tears: His flowing voice adhered to his mouth. But not, even thus, the youth neglects,—the mournful charge of the great Menelaus. He gave his bright arms to Laodocus: His friend in war, who held, near him, the steeds. He gave—then he bounded away. The big tears dropt, on earth, as he moved.—He rushed to bear the mournful tale,—to the ears of the son of Peleus.

NOR TO THEE suggests thy great soul, O Menelaus, beloved of Jove! To aid the toiling warriors in fight: Whom Antilochus left, in the field. But the Pylians, now engaged with the foe,—felt his absence o'er all their lines. But the king roused the divine Thrasymedes,—to aid his native forces in fight. HE himself returns o'er

the field, o'er the field,—to the corse of the hero, Patroclus. He stopt, when he came to the great Ajaçes. Thus arose his words to their ears :

“ HIM have I sent,” he said : “ To the swift ships of the Argive powers. I have sent him to the mighty Achilles. Nor HE, I deem, will issue to war. Though much enraged against Hector divine : Unarmed, he cannot fight with the Trojans. But let us consider, with speed : Let us think of some resource, in our souls : By what means, by what arduous deed,—we may bear the fallen chief from the foe. Let us think of some means to escape : To save ourselves, from the deaths, which hover around.”

To the hero replied, in his turn,—the mighty Telamonian Ajax : “ Prudent the advice thou hast urged ! O Menelæus, renowned in arms ! But thou and the warlike Meriones,—straight bear the corse, from the field. WE shall fight behind your steps,—with the Trojans, with Hector divine. WE equal in our names, as in arms ! WE, who often have sustained fierce Mars : The rushing torrent of war, in the field.” He spoke. They raised the corse, in their arms. Aloft they reared it, with all their force. Loud swelled the dreadful shout of the Trojans : When the Argives raised the body, from earth.

RIGHT forward rushed, tumultuous, the Trojans : Like hounds, pursuing a wounded boar. A small space, before  
fore

fore the hunters they stretch: Eager to tear the savage amain. But when, confiding in his strength,—he turns upon them the glare of his eye. Straight they fall back toward their lords: And, dispersing, fly, o'er the wilds. Thus the Trojans advanced a small space: Dealing blows, with their swords, launching spears. But when the Ajaces turned their face: When they stood forth to oppose the foe. The colour changed o'er their features, through fear. None sustained, forward-bounding to blood, to fight for the corse of the chief.

THUS, with spirit, they bear amain,—the hero's corse toward the ships of the Argives. Dreadful battle swells, behind them, with noise: Like a fire, which invades, in its rage,—the wide streets of well peopled towns. Sudden, it bursts forth to fight. The lofty domes sink dark,—in the broad-skirted flame. Refounding it spreads along, beneath the force of the roaring wind. Such the horrid found of bounding steeds,—of men rushing forward, in arms: When, collected, they poured on the flight. The heroes laboured, beneath the weight: Like mules, who, cloathed, in resistless strength,—drag, from the mountain, through rugged ways,—a vast beam or lofty mast for the ship, on the main. Deep heave their huge sides, with the toil: They sweat amain, as they contend, in the draught.

So the heroes bore the body along. Behind,—the two Ajaces—broke the rushing tide of the foe : As a hill, which with all its woods—stretching forward its head, through a plain : Withstands the headlong course of the rapid streams : And turns them large on the level ground. Firm in its strength it stands : Careless of the rage of waters. So firmly, the mighty Ajaces,—repelled the roaring tide of the Trojans. Yet still the foe pursued amain. Two godlike heroes led them on : Æneas, the great son of Anchises—and Hector illustrious in arms.

As flies a cloud of starlings, through air : Or clamorous flocks of choughs, when they see—the bird of Jove hovering around ;—or fousing fierce, on their callow young. So driven by the strength of Æneas,—by the hands of Hector divine : The sons of Argos shrilly-clamorous fled to their ships : Forgetful of the fight of renown. Many were the bright-beaming arms : Which strewed the deep trench, as the Argives fled. Yet no rest from the fight,—no respite from blood remained.



THE  
I L I A D  
OF  
H O M E R.  
B O O K XVIII.

**T**HUS fought the foes, in the field,—like the force  
of devouring flame. But Antilochus came to  
Achilles,—a swift-footed bearer of woe! **HIM** he found  
fitting alone, near the lofty sterns of his hollow ships.  
Dark rose in his boding mind—the dire event, which al-  
ready had come. Deep-sighing the hero, thus,—addres-  
sed, pensive, his own great soul:

“ AH me! What change is this? Why again fly the  
long-haired Argives? Why turn they their flight to the  
ships? Thus broken, thus dispersed, in the field? Much  
I dread that the deathless gods—have fulfilled the mourn-  
ful fears of my soul: As, heretofore, my mother divine  
conveyed,

conveyed, in dark words, to mine ear : That the bravest of all the Myrmidons,—while yet I lived and breathed the air,—should lie, subdued by the hands of the Trojans,—and desert the splendid light of the sun. Surely fallen by their ruthless hands,—is the valiant son of the great Menætiüs. Hapless man ! Yet strict was my charge ! I bade him, the fire repelled, to return to the ships : And not to urge the battle with Hector divine.

WHILST, thus, he turned dismal thoughts, in his soul : Near, came Nestor's illustrious son. Wide-poured the warm tears from his eyes. He told at once, the mournful tale : “ Ah me ! Son of warlike Peleus ! Sad the tidings which now, thou shalt hear : Would ! they existed not to be told ! Slain lies Patroclus ! For his body, they ALL contend : His naked corse ! His splendid arms are borne, in fight, by illustrious Hector.”

HE spoke. At once, on the chief,—a dark cloud of sorrow arose. He raised the ashes, in both his hands. He poured it, amain, on his head : And disfigured his graceful face. To his garments divine,—the dark dust adhered on every side. Large he is spread on the earth : Covering a wide space, as, rolling, he lies. He tears his heavy locks, with his hands. The captive maids issue forth, from their tents : The bright prizes, which  
he

he gained, in war : Which Patroclus had won in the field. Sad in soul, they issued forth. Their mournful voice arose, round the chief. They struck their white breasts with their hands. Their lovely limbs were unbraced, with wo. Antilochus joined his grief to their tears. He held the mighty hand of Achilles : For, deep, he groaned, from his inmost soul. He dreaded, that the chief, in despair,—would raise the steel against his life.

DREADFUL rose the deep voice of his grief : Not unheard, by his mother divine : As she sat, in the depth of ocean,—near her aged fire. Straight she joined her mournful cries to his wo. Her bright sisters of ocean convened. Around her stood the beauteous forms—of all the daughters of aged Nereus. THERE was Glauçè, Thalia was there : Cymodocè, bright Nesæa : Spio, swift-moving Thöa, Halia, with large blue eyes : Cymothoë, the graceful Actæa, Limnoria, with heavy locks : Melita, white-bosomed Iæra : Amphithoë, the beauteous Agavè : Doto, Proto, bright Pherusa : Dynamenè, Dexamenè fair : Amphinomè, white-armed Callianira : Doris, Panopè, Galatea afar renowned : Nemertes, the fair-limbed Apseudes : The stately charms of Callianassa. There was Clyménè, there Ianira, Ianassa, and Mæra divine. There was high-bosomed Orithya, Amathëa, with long, heavy hair. Other bright-moving nymphs were THERE : The soul-winning

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daughters of aged Nereus ! THEY lighted the wide cave,  
with their charms. They struck their heaving bosoms,  
in grief.

THETIS, thus, unveiled her wo : “ Hear me, sisters of  
Ocean ! Bright daughters of Nereus attend ! That all may  
know my bitter grief : The dreadful sorrows, which lie  
deep on my soul. Ah me ! Unhappy, lost, forlorn !  
Wretched mother of the bravest of men ! I brought forth  
a son to the light : Brave, illustrious, the most valiant of  
heroes. HE flourished like a plant, in my sight. HIM  
I reared, with anxious care : Like a fair-spreading olive,  
in a fertile spot of land. I sent him, in his ships, to Troy :  
Destined never to receive him again : Never to receive  
him, returned,—in the lofty halls of Peleus. Yet to add  
to my bitter woes : While yet he lives, while yet he be-  
holds—the splendid light of the sun,—he is sad : Nor can  
I aid him, though grieved in my soul. But I will ascend  
to his side. I will behold my son beloved. I will hear,  
from himself, his woes : I will learn what sorrow invades—  
the hero, still remote, from the fight.”

SHE spoke : And left the caves of the main. Her  
bright sisters attended, in tears. Ocean, round them,  
divided his waves : But when they came to the beauteous  
Troy,—in long order, they moved, o’er the strand. They  
came

came where the vessels of Phthia,—were placed, ashore, round the matchless Achilles. Near the chief, as he groaned amain,—stood, confessed, his mother divine. Shrill rose the sudden voice of her grief. She seized the drooping head of her son: And, mournful, with winged words began: “Why weeps, my son beloved? What sorrow has invaded thy soul? Speak. Conceal not ought of thy grief. All has been accomplished by Jove. Thy prayer has been granted by HIM: Thy vows, with uplifted hands. The Argives have been driven to their ships: They have felt thy deep loss o’er their lines: Much they have suffered, for the wrongs of my son.”

DEEP-SIGHING from his inmost soul,—the great Achilles replied: “O mother divine! All THESE awful Jove has performed.—But what pleasure derive I from THESE? Since fallen is my friend beloved! Since, in death, lies the hapless Patroclus? Whom I honoured the most of mankind! Whom I loved more than life! HIM I lost. Hector, who slew, spoiled the slain. HE stript him of MY splendid arms: MY large, beauteous, and wondrous arms! The bright gift of the gods to Peleus: On that fatal day, when THEE they placed—in the bridal hall of a mortal man. Would! That still thou had’st remained,—among the deathless nymphs of the foamy main: Would! That the steed-ruling Peleus—had wedded a mortal spouse.

But THEE he wedded : And heavy grief lies dark, on thy breast divine. Thou foresee'st the coming death of thy son : HIM thou never shalt receive : Returning back to his native land. Nor wishes my soul for life. I desire not to be present with men : Unless Hector, subdued in the fight,—shall pour forth his soul round my spear : And give to ME the vengeance due, for the fall of the son of Menætiüs.”

To the hero bright Thetis replied : Wide-pouring warm tears on her cheek : “ Soon must thou fall, my son ! If thou speak'st the designs of thy soul. Straight, after Hector divine,—dismal fate hovers, o'er thee, my son ! ” — “ Straight let me die ! ” He said : “ Since the fates have denied to mine arm,—to ward off death from my friend most-beloved ! Distant far, from his native land,—the warrior fell, in his blood. ME he wanted, when he fell ! ME, who ought to turn evil away. But now, as never I must return,—never visit my native land : As I saved not the life of Patroclus : As I turned not death from the rest of my friends : Who, many and brave, lie subdued,—beneath the hands of Hector divine. But here I sit, at my ships : Oppress, with useless weight, the earth. Here, such as I am, I sit : Though the first of the Argives, in arms.—But others in council are more renowned.” —

“ BUT

“BUT, perish strife among the gods! Let it perish, among mankind! Blotted be wrath from the world: And rage, that leads astray the wise. More pleasing than honey, dropping slow—revenge pours itself, on the hearts of men. But soon it darkly grows within: And spreads, like a cloud, o’er the soul. To such wrath, to such dreadful revenge,—the king of men had driven my soul. But let me THESE forget with the past: Though still my wrongs, mix with grief in my soul. Dire necessity commands: and sorrow ascends o’er my wrath.”

“BUT, now, I will rush to the field. I will find dreadful Hector in fight; the destroyer of the friend, whom I loved! THEN, with joy, will I meet my death: Whenever it pleases Jove—and the other immortal gods. Nor the strength, nor unequalled force—of mighty Hercules could shield him from fate: Though the dearest of all his sons,—to the soul of Saturnian Jove. HIM destructive fate subdued—and the dire wrath of the awful Juno.. Thus, —if like HIS is my fate,—shall I lie extended, in death. But, while yet I live, my renown shall arise. I will force some Trojan fair,—some deep-bosomed Dardanian dame, —to tear both her lovely cheeks, with her hands: To pour her bright tears from her eyes,—to heave, with sighs, her snow-white breast. The foe shall, in their sorrow,,

sorrow, feel : That I have long abstained, from the fight.  
I go. Prevent me not, in thy love. ME thou shalt never  
persuade."

To him replied the bright-moving Thetis : " Truth,  
attends thy words, my son. Not unworthy of THEE  
the design,—of aiding thy loved friends in distress : Of  
turning destruction away. But the Trojans retain thine  
arms : Thy brazen, thy far-beaming arms ! THESE  
Hector illustrious in fight,—bears aloft, exulting in soul.  
But soon shall he cease to exult. Near him hovers destruc-  
tive death. But THOU, avoid to enter the field : To mix  
thyself, with the tumults of Mars : Till ME thou shalt  
see returned : Till, confessed, I appear to thine eyes.  
With morning I shall return : When the sun exalts his  
beams on the world : Bearing, in my hands, bright  
arms, from Vulcan, for arts renowned."

SHE spoke : And turned her steps from her son. To her  
sisters of ocean, she said : " You, O sisters, descend,—  
beneath the rolling waves of the main. Re-visit the aged  
Nereus. Return to the halls of your Sire. Tell him all  
the woes of Thetis. I, to lofty Olympus, ascend. I  
ascend, through the veering winds,—to Vulcan renowned  
in the arts : To obtain from his hands divine,—bright-  
beaming arms, for my gallant son."—She spoke. They  
obeyed



obeyed her voice. They dived, beneath the waves of the main. To Olympus ascended, on winds,—the form divine of bright-footed Thetis : To bring splendid arms, for her son beloved.

To Olympus the goddess ascends. But the Argives, with tumult, with noise,—are driven, by the force of the slaying King : By Hector divine, in his arms. They fled amain. He hung on their flight : Till to their hollow ships, they came : To the Hellespont's sounding shore. Nor yet had the Argives in arms,—borne Patroclus, beyond the darts : The fallen friend of the great son of Peleus. Again, the foe came up with the corse. The foot, the cars, great Hector came : The son of godlike Priam came,—like the force of devouring flame. Thrice the illustrious Hector—seized, by the foot, the dead : With eager hopes to drag him to Troy : Loud swelled his awful voice to the Trojans. But thrice the two godlike Ajaces,—cloathed, each, in impetuous valour,—repelled the chief with force, from the slain : Unceasing, trusting to his strength, now, he bounds amain through the crowd : Now, standing, he rears his dreadful voice : But never yields one step to the foe.

As shepherds, that watch the night in the field,—fail to force, with all their strength,—the fierce lion, from the  
carcase,

carcase, away : When hunger has invaded him whole. So failed the two warlike Ajaces,—though burning, in their burnished arms,—to frighten Hector, the son of Priam,—from the corse of Patroclus slain. Even yet he had borne it away : And covered his arms, with mighty renown : Had not the wind-footed Iris—descended to the son of Peleus. Swift, she descended, from snow-crowned Olympus,—to urge the hero forth to the fight. Unknown to Jove and all the gods,—she was sent by the white-armed Juno. Near the chief, confessed, she stood. With winged words, she thus began :

“ARISE, son of Peleus! Most terrible of mankind, arise! Carry aid to thy loved Patroclus : In whose cause dreadful contest ascends. Before the navy burns the fight. With mutual wounds, they fall amain. The foes contend, with all their force,—for the corse of thy fallen friend. They wish to drag him, from the ships,—to lofty Ilium, exposed to the winds. The Trojans rush, with eager speed. Illustrious Hector burns the most,—to seize the slain. To cut the head, from the tender neck : To fix it, aloft, on a stake. Arise, O chief, and save thy friend. Linger no longer. Arise. Dishonour, shame shall overwhelm thy soul : Should Patroclus, whom thou loved'st—become the sport of the dogs of Troy. If the slain shall suffer disgrace,—that disgrace is wholly thine.”

I

“WHO,

“WHO, goddess Iris!” replied the chief: “Who sent thee, from heaven to mine ear?”—“From Juno, I descend, through the winds:” Various Iris to Achilles began: “I come to thine ear from heaven, from the high-renowned consort of Jove: Unknown to the son of Saturn, who sits aloft: To all the other deathless gods: Who dwell on Olympus with summits of snow.”—“How can I issue to war?” Replied the mighty son of Peleus. “How can I issue to the fight? The foes possess my splendid arms. My mother divine forbade me to arm. She forbade me to take the field: Till again she returned to mine eyes. She promised, from Vulcan, to bring,—beauteous arms, the work of the god. Nor know I any warrior of Argos,—whose arms will fit my limbs in fight: Except the seven-fold, spacious shield—of the great Telamonian Ajax. But he himself, engaged I deem,—strides large in the front of the line: Piling heaps on heaps the slain: In the cause of the fallen Patroclus.”

To HIM the wind-footed Iris: “To us well known is thy state. We know the foe retains thine arms. But, even naked, repair to the trench. The Trojans may behold thee and fear. They may abstain, at the fight, from the strife. The sons of Greece, oppressed in fight,—will breathe, at least, from their toils: And small the respite, that aids not in war.”—Thus saying, she mixed

with the winds. Achilles rose, beloved of Jove! Pallas round his shoulders broad,—placed high her golden-tasselled Ægis. She wrapt his awful head in a cloud. All gold it involved his brows. She lighted its top into far-seen flame.

As rises a smoak to the sky,—from a town seen afar in an isle: When foes, with battle, surround its walls: When, all day, they urge the contest of Mars,—descending, from their city, in arms. But when the sun sinks down in the west: Thick arise the warning fires, on the hills. The splendour gleams along the deep: That neighbouring states may the signal behold: That aids may come, in the vessels of Mars,—to raise the siege, to save the town. So from the head of Achilles,—the awful splendour reached the skies. He stood by the trench, beyond the wall. Nor yet mixed the chief, with the Argives. He bore his mother's words, in his breast. He obeyed her commands divine. THERE standing, he raised his voice. Pallas, with her shout, swelled the found. She threw tumult and fear, 'midst the foe.

As shrilly-loud swells the found on the winds,—when the clear voice of the trumpet ascends: When ruthless foes surround, with battle, a town: And roll amain their whole force, on its walls. So shrilly-loud  
arose

arose the voice—of the dauntless son of car-ruling Peleus. But when the foe heard, o'er their lines,—the brazen voice of all-subduing Achilles : The souls of all shrunk with fear, in their breasts. The steeds started, with disordered manes. Back they turned their sounding cars : Presaging dismal woes, in their souls. The car-borne chiefs, with panic struck,—beheld the all-devouring fire : As, unwearied, it exerted its flame : From the head of the great son of Peleus. Ceaseless it rose, on the winds : For blue-eyed Pallas had kindled the flame.

THRICE, above the trench, arose,—the loud, dreadful voice of Achilles divine : Thrice disturbed, o'er the lines,—are the Trojans and their allies renowned. Twelve of their bravest chiefs in arms,—or, overthrown were crushed by their cars,—or pierced by their own spears, lay in death. But the Argives drew, from the reach of darts,—the mangled corse of the hapless Patroclus. They placed him aloft on a bier. His friends beloved stood, wailing around. They bore him away to their ships. Great Achilles followed their steps. Warm poured the dark tears, from his cheeks : When he saw his companion beloved,—lying pale, on the mournful bier : When he beheld HIM, mangled with steel : HIM whom he sent on his steeds,—on his car aloft, to the war : But never to receive him, again.

JUNO, graceful with large-rolling eyes,—now, sent the unwearied fun,—unwilling, to the waves of the main. His splendid orb is sunk in the west. The god-like Argives cease, from their toils: From the perils of bloody fight: From the labours of all-equalling war. The Trojans, on the other hand,—removed themselves from the dismal fight: And loosed their rapid steeds, from their cars. To council they all convened: Ere yet the repast was prepared. Standing, the frequent council was held: None dared to sit down, on the plain. Dreadful terror had seized the host: As great Achilles had presented his form, to their eyes: For long had the hero abstained,—from the bloody contest of arms. To them the prudent Polydamas,—began to raise his warning voice: The son of the aged Panthous. HE, only, of all the host,—foresaw the future, by weighing the past: Of Hector the faithful friend! On the same night, were the heroes born. THIS in council superior rose: THAT much excelled his friend, at the spear. With soul devoted to the host,—the prudent Polydamas began:

“WEIGH, with caution, our state, O friends! To every side send the thoughts of your souls. As for ME, I advise to retreat: This instant to march to the town: Nor, here, to wait the morning divine; on the field,  
near

near the ships of the Argives : For distant far, we remain,  
 from our walls. Whilst THIS MAN had retained his wrath :  
 Whilst he raged against Atrides divine ; less heavy was  
 the weight of their arms : The Argives were less dread-  
 ful in fight. I, then, rejoiced to pass the night,—near  
 the dark, hollow ships of the foe. My hopes, then, to  
 conquest arose : In thought, I saw their navy destroyed.”

“ BUT, now, other terrors arise. Much I dread the  
 great son of Peleus. Fierce, impatient is the soul of the  
 chief. Nor HE his valour will confine : HE will not  
 remain, in his arms,—in the field where the Trojans and  
 Argives—have long urged the fight, with mutual force :  
 Where both have long tried the equal fortune of Mars.  
 For the city the hero will fight : For our wives, for our  
 tender dames. Let us, therefore, return to Troy. Obey  
 my voice.. Believe my words. Night restrains the son  
 of Peleus : HE, only, yields to the night divine. Should  
 he find us remaining here,—when, to-morrow, he issues  
 forth, in his arms : Some ONE will his presence feel.  
 Willing, HE, who can escape, from his hands,—shall,  
 THEN, enter the sacred Troy.. Many Trojans will, THEN,  
 lie subdued : The prey of vultures and beasts of prey.  
 May, what I dread never happen to Troy ! Let the fatal  
 tale remain unheard by these ears.”

“ BUT

“BUT if we shall obey my words: Though fore dismayed and mournful in soul: Through the night, we may, in council, provide—for the defence of ourselves and Troy. Our lofty towers shall protect the town: Our high gates repel the force of the foe: Our gates fitted, with massy planks,—long, polished and compacted, with art. With morning, our towers we will man: And stand in arms, on our lofty walls. With disadvantage, if he comes, he shall fight: Fruitless battle he shall urge, round our town. Again the chief will return to his ships: After tiring his high-maned steeds,—in various circles, courting round our high walls. Though great his valour, he will never attempt—to force our gates. He can never succeed. First our dogs shall devour him, at Troy.”

STERNLY eying the prudent chief,—thus replied the illustrious Hector: “Polydamas!” The hero said: “Displeasing are thy words to my soul! Dost thou advise us to return? To shut ourselves again in our walls? Is it not enough, O friends! That so long we have been cooped, in our towers? Heretofore, the world supposed: Mankind, o’er their nations, deemed: That the lofty city of Priam,—was rich in gold and abounding in brags. But, now, they are perished, from our halls: Our wealth, laid up with care, is fled. Our precious stores are borne from hence,—to Phrygia, to the pleasing Mæonia. Our bar-



tered wealth is fled afar : Since the wrath of great Jove arose."

" BUT, now, that the son of prudent Saturn—gives glory to mine arms, at the ships : Now, that the foe is subdued : That the Argives are shut in to their main : THOU—But cease, imprudent man ! Disperse not thy fears, through the host. None of the Trojans will hear—I WILL NOT suffer them to hear. But listen all. Attend to MY words. Let all obey the resolves of my soul. Prepare the supper, through the host. Let the army, by their tribes, take repast. Remember the nightly guard. Watch all, in your martial arms. Let whoever of the Trojans,—is anxious to preserve his wealth : Let him bring it forth, from his hoards. Let the army share it all. Better, that friends should his riches enjoy : Than that foes should divide them, as spoil."

" WITH morning, with the earliest light,—marshalled thick in beaming arms : WE shall wake the dreadful fight,—before the hollow ships of the foe. If in truth, the hero is roused : If Achilles divine descends to the fight : More grievous it will be for HIM. I shall not shun him in the field. I will oppose him, hand to hand. OR HE shall mighty honour gain : Or renown shall cover my spear. Mars is an impartial god. HE often the slayer slays."

THUS.

THUS spoke the illustrious Hector. The Trojans shouted, o'er their host. Imprudent men! But Pallas had distracted their souls. They assented to Hector divine: His pernicious counsels obeyed. To Polydamas listened none: Though wholesome, though wise his advice. They, at length, took repast through the host.—But the Argives, throughout the long night, raised the voice of grief for the fallen Patroclus. To them the son of godlike Peleus,—deep-groaning began the wo. He laid his slaughtering hands,—on the breast of his friend beloved: While frequent groans rose, broken, from the depth of his soul. As a lion, with flowing mane—whose whelps the wandering hunter has seized: Bearing them away, from the thick-waving grove. He is saddened, when too late he returns. O'er many deep vallies he strays: Tracing the steps of the man. Much he wishes the robber to find. Destructive rage seizes whole his fierce soul. So deeply-groaning, from his breast,—the hero, thus, began to his friends:

“ VAIN was the promise, ye gods! Which I made, on that fatal day: When I confirmed, in his lofty halls,—the soul of the hero Menætiüs. I told the chief that to Opuntia—his high renowned son should return: Laden with his portion of spoil: After Ilium lay in ruins on earth. But Jove performs not, in all,—the vain hopes of designing man. WE both were ordained, by the fates,—  
to

to redden earth, with our wasting bones : Here, together, in sacred Troy ! Nor ME returning to his halls,—shall the car-ruling Peleus receive. The aged shall not receive his son : Nor Thetis, brightening into joy. HERE I am destined to fall. HERE earth shall rise o'er my head."

" BUT since THEE I survive, O Patroclus ! Since later, I descend to the grave : I will not cover thy corse with earth : Till, hither, I shall bring in THESE hands,—the head, the bright arms of Hector ; Thy magnanimous slayer, in war. Twelve youths I will also slay,—a bloody offering at thy pyre : Twelve Trojans, from parents renowned ! Such the wrath, which invades my soul ! Meantime, thou, THUS, shalt lie in death,—in mournful state before the ships. Around thy corse the daughters of Troy : And deep-bosomed Dardanian dames,—shall, o'er thee, rear their mourning voice ! Night and day, shall descend their tears. Our bright conquests in war shall mourn : The maids, whom in arms, we acquired : While wealthy states fell subdued, by our deadly spears."

THUS spoke the son of Peleus divine. He commanded his friends beloved : To surround a huge caldron with flame : To wash the blood, from the hapless Patroclus. His friends obeyed his great command. They placed a tripod on the high-flaming fire. They poured the water,

in its womb. Beneath it, blazed the gathered wood. The flame embraced the tripod round. Hot, within the sounding brass,—soon the bubbling water swelled. They bathed the corse, with eager speed. They anointed the slain, with oil. With precious ointment, next, they filled—the gaping wounds of the hapless chief. They placed him, on a bed of state: With fine linen covered from head to foot: Spreading o'er him a snow-white robe. The Myrmidons, with great Achilles,—wept down the night, around their friend: And breathed their mournful sighs o'er the dead.

Now, Jove in his resplendent halls,—thus addressed his sister and spouse: “At length, thy ardent wish prevails! Juno, graceful with large rolling eyes! Thou hast roused the all-subduing Achilles. Born of thee seem the Argive powers: THEM, thou guard’st, with a parent’s care.”—“Unjust son of Saturn!” Replied the queen: “What words have escaped, from thy lips? All this might man to man perform: Man! here to-day! To-morrow gone! Death-devoted, unknowing and blind! Why, therefore, should I fail in this? I, who justly boast myself,—to be the first of the daughters of heaven! In birth, in place, in power, in all! Thy spouse I am also called: And THOU reign’st o’er the deathless gods. Ought I not then to prevail?”

vail? To be revenged, in my wrath, on Troy?"—Thus, they in the halls of Jove!

BUT the bright-moving Thetis,—came to Vulcan's lofty dome: Immortal, starry, brazen, bright,—noble, even among the gods: The work of his own deathless hands. THERE she found the labouring power. From bellows to bellows he strode. The whole god is exerted in toil. Twenty tripods he was framing, with skill: To grace the walls of his high-built dome. Beneath each, golden wheels he had placed: Self-moving, they seemed to live. They could enter of THEIR accord,—the bright assembly of the gods: Then, wonderful to see! Return—to the halls of the workman divine. Unfinished they still remained: Unfitted yet, with handles of gold. These the god prepared with skill: Already the studs he had forged.

WHILST these he was framing with care: Whilst rose the work to the thoughts of his soul. To his lofty dome approached,—the bright-footed daughter of aged Nereus. HER the beauteous grace beheld,—the bright spouse of the artist divine. Forth, in all her charms, she moved: In fillets, binding her waving locks. She seized the lovely hand of Thetis: And, thus, with winged words, began: "Why comes the long-robed Thetis? Why com'st thou

to our lofty halls? Revered and beloved, as thou art? Few were thy visits, heretofore! But follow. Enter, goddess, the dome: And take the friendly feast, from my hands."—Thus she spoke and led the way,—among the daughters of heaven divine! HER she placed, on a throne of state,—distinguished, with studs of gold: Beauteous, high-laboured with art. Beneath her feet a footstool arose. His spouse called the artist divine. "Advance, Vulcan, with speed;" she said: "Bright Thetis thine aid demands."

To HER the artist renowned replied: "Truly, awful, in mine eyes, is the queen! Much revered the bright power, in my halls! She preserved me, when whelmed in distress: When I fell from the lofty sky,—from the proud hands of my mother divine: Who saw me lame: And wished to conceal her child. Then had I borne many woes, in my soul: If Eurynomè, if the bright-moving Thetis,—had not ME on their bosom received: Eurynomè, gentle, divine,—the daughter of reflux Ocean. With THEM, nine years, I dwelt, concealed. I framed, for both, many beauteous toys: Clasps, bracelets, and chains of gold. In a cavern I lay concealed: O'er me rolled the rushing force of the main: Loud murmuring and bursting in foam. Nor any other of the gods,—nor of men devoted to death: None, but Thetis and Eurynomè,—who saved me, knew  
my

my retreat. But, now, the queen is come to my halls :  
 And me it much becomes to repay,—the price of safety  
 to the long-haired Thetis. But THOU, place before the  
 bright queen,—the feast divine high-garnished with care :  
 Whilst I my bellows dispose : And lay aside my shining  
 tools.”

HE said : And, from his anvil divine,—large, arose  
 the ardent power. Limping, he slowly moved. His  
 feeble feet fail the steps of the god. His roaring bellows,  
 he removed. He laid aside his shining tools. He laid  
 them collected with care,—within a chest, of silver formed.  
 He wiped, with a sponge, his face, his hands—his strong  
 sinewy neck,—his broad hairy breast. O'er his shoulders,  
 he threw his robe. The huge scepter he took in his grasp :  
 And, limping, held forward his course.

Two damsels, formed of gold, with firm steps—sustained the king, as he moved along. Like living maids, in youth they seemed : Nor wanting, in their breast, was a soul. Force and voice they also possessed. The deathless gods had taught them their arts. These went careful by the side of their king. With difficult steps he moved. To Thetis the god, at length, approached : Where she sat, on her far-shining throne. He seized her bright hand, as he came : And thus began, with winged words :

“ Why comes the long-robed Thetis? Why com’st thou to our lofty halls? Revered and beloved as thou art: Few were thy visits, heretofore! Speak all the desires of thy soul. My mind bids me to obey thee, in all: If I can perform thy commands: If thy commands can, in aught, be performed.”

To him replied the pensive Thetis. Dissolved, in tears, the queen began: “ O Vulcan! Is there any power,—any goddess in heaven’s high halls? Who is equally wretched with ME? Who has borne half the griefs in my soul? Is there any, whom Saturnian Jove—has covered with woes like mine? ME only of the daughters of Ocean,—he submitted to the arms of a man. He gave me, much unwilling, to Peleus. I sustained a mortal’s hated embrace. HE, beneath the weight of years,—lies subdued in his own high halls.”

“ BUT Jove has raised other woes to my soul. He gave me, in his wrath, a son. I bore him, I reared him, with care. The first of heroes, he rose from my hands. He flourished, like a plant, in my sight. Him I raised, with anxious mind: Like a fair-spreading olive, in a fertile spot of land. I sent him, in his ships to Ilium: To urge, with the Trojans the war. Him I sent—destined never to receive him again: Never to receive him returned,—in  
the



the lofty halls of his father Peleus. But, to add to my bitter woes : While yet he lives, while yet he beholds—the splendid light of the sun,—he is sad ! Nor can I aid him, though grieved in my soul.”

“ THE beauteous fair, whom his valour had won : Whom the Argives had assigned, for his prize : HER the far-commanding Atrides—took, by force, from the hero’s arms. Sorrowing for this dire disgrace : He wasted down his soul, with wo. The Trojans drove the Greeks to their ships : They confined them, in their camp, with their spears. The chiefs of Greece, imploring came : They offered many gifts to appease his soul. Unmoved he heard all their requests : And refused to turn destruction away. But he cloathed his friend in his arms. He sent Patroclus to fight for the Argives : And poured around a mighty force of his friends. All day, they fought before the town. They urged their spears at the Scæan gate : And then the proud city had fallen : If Apollo, spreading slaughter amain,—had not slain the great son of Menætiüs : And given glory to Hector divine.”

“ FOR this I come to thy sacred knees : For my son, I prefer my request : My short-lived, death-devoted son ! I claim from thine art a shield—a shining helm, a breast-plate and greaves—joined, beauteously, before, with  
bright

bright clasps. These I beg, from thy hands divine,  
Subdued by the Trojans, his friend—lost his arms, in  
the dreadful fight. For this, sorrow has invaded his soul.  
He lies, in bitter grief, on the ground !”

To her replied the artist divine : “ Confide in thy soul,  
O Thetis ! Dispel the gloom, which sits deep, on thy  
breast. Would ! that with equal ease,—I could hide  
him, from hoarse-sounding death,—from the fate which  
impends o’er his life : As I shall on the chief, bestow  
such beauteous, such bright-beaming arms,—as shall raise  
the envy and wonder of all.”

THUS saying, he left the bright queen. To his roar-  
ing bellows, the god retired. He turned them, right on  
the glowing forge. He bade them to blow amain. On  
twenty furnaces they blew : Urging forth their enlivening  
winds. Now high, now low, as suits the god : They  
pour a tempest or gently they breathe. He placed in the  
fire, invincible brass. There he placed tin and high-  
valued gold. He threw bright silver in the flame. On  
its block, the huge anvil he placed. The heavy hammer  
he graspt, in one hand : In the other, he seized the  
tongs.

FIRST he formed the spacious shield : Large, solid  
and bright to the eye. With various, curious works, he  
adorned

adorned the orb. He rolled a triple circle around the verge. Dazzling shone the whole to the sight : As high it hung, on its silver chain. Five plates form the ample orb. On the surface, many wonders arose : Responsive to the thoughts of his soul.

THERE he placed the earth and heavens : There he rolled the huge waves of the main. He kindled THERE, the unwearied sun : The moon he lighted, o'er all her orb. He reared the beams of all the stars : That crown the broad concave of heaven, with fire. THERE the pleiads and the hyads he framed : THERE the strength of the bright orion. He placed aloft the splendid bear,—called the wain, by mortal men : Bright he revolves in the north,—pointing his slant beam to orion. HE alone of all heaven's host—bathes not his fires in the main.

Two cities he framed, in the shield : Well-peopled and fair to the eye. In one, the nuptial feasts are spread : The solemn pomp of connubial rites. From their chambers issue forth the bright brides. With flaming torches they are led through the streets : And joyful Hymen is roused, with repeated noise. The youthful dancers, form the glad ring. In the center,—the pipe and the lyre—emit their lovely sounds, on the wind. Women, each in her own high porch,—admiring stand, in all their charms.

To the forum rushed the people, in crowds. **THERE** a subject of strife arose. Two men contend for a fine : The price of blood, for a townsman slain. The one declares to the people aloud,—that, in all, **HE** the debt had discharged : The other eagerly denies—that ought he had ever received. Each hopes to prove, with witness, his charge. Both wish to bring the suit to its end. The people shout, on either side : Divided in opinion between. The heralds command them to sit down. Within the sacred circle, the aged—fat, awful, on polished stones. Each elder grasps, within his hand,—a loud-voiced herald's scepter divine. With these, they rise in their place : And, alternate, their judgment give. In the middle of the circle lay—two talents of high-valued gold : The reward to be given to **HIM**,—who the best should adjudge the cause.

**AROUND** the other city are formed—two armies clad in burnished steel. With joint force, they besiege the place. Their councils are divided in twain. **THIS** wishes to destroy the town : **THAT**, to divide with the foe—all the wealth, which its walls contain. Nor yet the townsmen yield in ought. For the ambush, in secret they arm. Their wives beloved defend the walls : Their infants of tender years,—their elders, wasted down with age. The young warriors issue forth to the field. Mars and Pallas  
lead

lead them forward in arms. Both of gold are the powers divine : In golden robes they both are clad. Beauteous and tall, in their arms,—conspicuous, as is meet for the gods : Lefs in fize are the people behind.

BUT when the warriors came to the place : Where beft it feemed the ambush to lay : Near the river,—the wonted watering-place of the flocks ;—THERE they fat, covered over, with burnifhed steel. Apart, from the troops in arms,—two fcouts fat, diftinct on a hill. They watched the coming forth of the fheep : The motions of the horned beeves. Straight they moved on to the fteam. Two fhepherds followed, behind : Pleafing their carelefs foulds, with the tuneful reed : Nor open foe they dread in ought—nor latent ambush they fear. Forth rufh the foes, at the fight. They drive away the herd of beeves : The beauteous flock of fnow-white fheep : The fhepherds they lay flain, in their blood.

Soon to the ears of the foe—come the tumult and noife from the herd. Sitting in council they hear—and mount, at once, their bounding fteeds. Forward they rufh, on full fpeed. Straight they come up with the foe. Deep-formed on each fide, they fight. The river's banks are floating with blood. They pierce each other, with brazen fpears. THERE, all-bloody difcord stalks : THERE

is Tumult, there ruthless Fate. ONE holds alive a bleeding foe : ONE a warrior untouched enslaves : The THIRD drags, through the fight, by the foot—a fallen youth—recently slain. From the shoulders of the grim form,—flows a robe deep-stained with blood. Like living men, they strode, through war : And dragged, alternately, the slain to each line.

THE god placed, on the beauteous shield,—a fertile field of fallowed land : Spacious, thrice plowed with the shining share. Many hinds were employed, o'er its face : Bending, to and fro, the plough. When, returning, in the furrow they came—to the end of the beauteous field : In their hands, a man, advancing, placed—the flowing cup of generous wine. They drank and renewed their toil. Each to his own deep furrow retired : Eager to finish his task,—to reach the utmost bounds of the fallowed field. The soil darkened behind their steps : And, though in gold, seemed turned by the plough : Such the wonders of the artist divine !

ANOTHER field arose, near, on the orb. Inclosed it seemed and laden with standing corn. The reapers stood, in rows, at its end. The sharp sickles gleamed bright in their hands. Thick and in order fell,—the golden ears, on the face of the ground. Some youths, behind the  
reapers

reapers moved,—and bound the yellow sheaves, with care. Three men rouse the gatherers to toil. Behind, boys clasp the sheaves in their arms,—too short to gripe them quite around. Silent, in the midst stood the king. He stretched his scepter—o'er the long order of sheaves: Secret gladness lights its flame in his soul. The heralds, apart, beneath the oak,—prepare the rural feast, with speed. A fatted ox lies slain, on the earth. They dress the banquet, with eager care. The maids, for the reapers, prepare the repast: Kneading the dough of various flour.

NEXT, he formed of high-valued gold,—a vineyard laden with beauteous grapes. Dark, in fruit, spread the heavy boughs. They lean in order, on silver poles. Around he sunk an azure foss: A wall of tin arose around. ONE sole path to the vineyard led: Through which the loaded labourers moved,—when the season of vintage came. There little girls and infant boys,—held baskets in their tender hands: And, eager, bore the pleasing fruit. In the midst of these stood a beauteous youth. He waked the pleasing voice of the lyre: And joined the string, with his tuneful voice. THEY, striking the earth, with alternate feet,—followed his steps, in the dance,—and joined, with warbling voice, his song.

THE

THE god raised, on the splendid shield,—the lofty heads of a herd of beeves. The oxen were framed of gold,—of tin, that shone bright to the eye. With hollow lowings, they issue forth, from the field,—to pastures green, that lie afar: Beyond the course of a founding stream,—whose banks are thick-covered with reeds. Behind the oxen, as they went,—four herdsmen moved, in burnished gold. Nine dogs trod behind, in their steps. Two dreadful lions, in the front of the herd,—seized a bellowing bull, in their rage: Deep-roaring he is dragged, by their jaws. The youths and hounds, with loud clamour, pursue. But the savages tear his tough hide. They drink his blood and his entrails devour. The herdsmen in vain lend their aid: They urge forward, in vain, their hounds. To bite the lions they all avoid. They turn, they shun, then near they stand: And, with their barking, they rend the winds.

NEXT the artist divine, on the orb,—placed green pastures and beauteous groves. A numerous flock of white sheep spread amain, stalls, cottages, folds arise. Near these he formed the graceful dance: Such as Dædalus framed of old,—in the wide fields of the Cretan Cnossus,—for Ariadne with long heavy locks. THERE active youths and bright blooming maids,—tript, hand in hand,  
with



with measured steps. The slight robes of THESE of linen were framed : The tight vests of THOSE shone, glossy,—well fitting their shapes. THESE wore, on their flowing locks,—bright coronets of flaming gold. On the sides of THOSE hung golden swords,—from belts, distinguished with silver studs. In a circle they moved amain : Light-tript their well-taught feet, in the ring : As when the potter, having formed his broad wheel,—tries whether, it rolls with ease : Scarce seen are the spokes, as they fly. Sometimes they break from the ring,—and wind, alternate, as they trip, through their lines. The people crowd, round the beauteous dance : And enjoy the graceful steps, as they rise. Two tumblers throw themselves in the midst : Beginning their feats with song.

ROUND the utmost verge of the high-wrought orb,—the artist divine poured amain—the mighty strength of the ocean's stream. But when he had finished the wonderful shield : Large, solid and bright to the eye : He framed the breast-plate—more dazzling than the splendour of purest flame. He formed the strong helmet, with speed : Fitting the awful brows of the chief : Bright, beauteous, adorned with art. Above, shone the high crest of gold. Of ductile tin he framed the greaves,—for the manly legs of the slaying king,—When the arms were  
finished

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finished all—by the hands of Vulcan renowned: He laid them founding at the feet of the queen. Like a hawk she flew down, on the winds,—from high Olympus, with summits of snow: Bearing, from the artist divine,—the far-beaming arms of her son.

THE  
I L I A D  
O F  
H O M E R.  
B O O K XIX.

**A**URORA, clad in saffron-robe—rose bright from the ocean's stream : To bring light to the powers divine, to mortals devoted to death. To the ships came the bright-moving Thetis,—bearing the radiant gifts of the god. She found her son beloved—spread, large, on the corse of Patroclus. Mournful rose the hero's groans ! Many, around, were his friends, in their tears. Bright, in the midst, stood confessed,—the deathless daughter of aged Nereus. She seized the hand of her son,—and, thus, with winged words, began :

“ O MY son beloved ! Let us, though grieved in our souls—leave Patroclus to rest in death : Since slain he

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I i

lies,

lies, by the will of the gods. But THOU, receive from my hands,—the splendid gifts of the artist divine: The bright-beaming arms of Vulcan,—such as mortal never wore, in the fight.”

THUS spoke the bright-moving Thetis. She placed the arms, at the feet of Achilles. The high-wrought presents of the god,—refounded, as they fell, on the ground. Sudden terror seized the Myrmidons all. None sustained to behold the bright arms. All, frightened, they fled amain. But, when Achilles beheld them, on earth. Destructive rage pervaded his soul. Deep, below his scouling lids—dreadful burnt his fierce eyes, like a flame. With horrible joy, he turned in his hands,—the deadly gifts of the artist divine. But when he had fed his great soul,—with surveying the high-wrought arms: Straight he his mother addressed,—with winged words, like these:

“ O MOTHER revered! The power has given—arms worthy of his deathless hands. In all, they seem the work of the gods: Not of man, devoted to death! Now, I assume these arms divine. But much I fear, for my fallen friend: For the corse of the son of Menætiús: Left the flies, through the steel-opened wound,—should enter and, begetting worms,—defile the form, that seemed, once, divine. The light spirit is mixed, with the winds: And the body must yield to decay.”

“ My

“ My son !” Replied the bright-moving Thetis :  
 “ Drive these cares, from thy mighty soul. I will try  
 to turn, from their prey,—the buzzing nations, that  
 feed, on the slain. Though, here, in death, he should  
 lie a whole year, so long shall his body remain—incor-  
 rupted, and fresh, as in life. But THOU, arise, my son  
 beloved. Convene to council the heroes of Argos. Re-  
 nounce thy wrath to Agamemnon ; the shepherd of  
 his people in war. Then arm, with speed, for the dread-  
 ful fight. Cloath thyself in thy valour and slay.”

THUS saying, she breathed in his breast,—the matchless  
 force of a daring soul. Through the nostrils of the fal-  
 len Patroclus,—she instilled ambrosia and nectar divine :  
 To save, incorrupted, the corse of the chief. Along the  
 shore of the roaring main,—strode forward Achilles divine.  
 Dreadful rose the loud voice of the king. He roused to  
 council the heroes of Argos. From wing to wing the  
 army heard. Even those, who before had remained, re-  
 mote from battle, at the ships of the Argives : The pi-  
 lots, who led them o’er ocean : Those, who held the  
 helms on the main : Those, to whom the stores were in  
 charge : The dispensers of provisions and wine : Even  
 THESE to the assembly moved : As great Achilles again  
 appeared : For long the hero had abstained, from the  
 fight.

HALTING, moving onward with pain,—came two fierce followers of Mars: The son of Tydeus, in battle renowned,—and Ulysses of prudence divine. Leaning on their spears they came: Still their wounds shot pains, through their limbs. In the front of the council, they sat. Last of all came the king of men: Oppressed, with the wound, which in fight,—was inflicted by the son of Antenor: By the spear of the warlike Cöon. But, when, to one place, were convened,—the sons of Argos, from all their tribes: In the midst arose the great Achilles: And, thus, the hero began:

“SON of Atreus! Better far it had been,—for THEE, for ME, for the warriors of Argos: That, ere with heart-wounding strife,—WE contended, in wrath, for the maid,—the viewless shaft of Diana had laid her, in death, in the ships: On the fatal day, that my spear,—levelled high Lyrnessus, with earth. Then so many warriors of Argos,—had not graspt the dust in their fall: Laid in death by the hands of the foe,—when I indulged, at my ships, my wrath. This had been better for Hector: Better far for the sons of Troy. But the states of Argos, I deem,—will long remember our contention and rage.”

“BUT let these be forgot, with the past. Though grieving, let us yield to the times: Let their pressure subdue

subdue our souls. Henceforth I dismiss MY wrath. It ill would become Achilles,—forever his rage to indulge. But arise, O warriors and chiefs! Urge the long-haired Argives to war: That rushing, right forward in fight,—I yet a trial may make with the Trojans,—whether THEY will pass the night,—encamped, at the navy of Argos. But HE, I deem, that shall escape,—will joyfully cease, from the toils of the field: From the battle that burns amain: From the deadly pursuit of MY spear.”

He spoke: And, o’er their host,—loud shouted the warlike Argives: When they heard the great son of Peleus,—renouncing his dreadful wrath. The king of men then raised his voice: From his lofty seat he began,—nor advanced he to the center to speak.—“O friends! O heroes of Argos! Fierce followers of Mars, in arms! It becomes you, with silence, to hear: And not to interrupt MY discourse. Hard for him who speaks the best,—to speak, amid tumult and noise! How, in the shout of armies,—can any hear or raise his voice? The first orator stands abashed. The loudest voice is drowned in clamour and lost. But I my words will address,—to the ear of the son of Peleus. Yet YE, O other Argive powers! Attend and weigh well my discourse.”

“OFTEN have the sons of the Argives—thus poured,  
upon me reproach: Often, thus, have they blamed me  
aloud.

aloud. Yet was not I to blame, but Jove : But fate, that never yields in ought,—but the furies, that wander in shades. THEY, in this assembly, threw—fierce wrath, on my flaming soul : On that fatal day when I tore,—from the arms of Achilles his prize. But what could I do ? A power,—an awful power was the author of all : Atè, dread daughter of Jove ! The source of discord to gods and to men ! Soft is her tread, as she strides. She touches not the ground with her feet. Along the heads of mankind she moves : strewing discord amain o'er the world : Dealing mischief to those, she inflames.”

“ BUT Jove himself escaped not her rage : The most powerful, they say, of the gods ! The king of heaven and the lord of mankind ! Even Juno, though a female power,—deceived his prudence divine. On that day, she deceived the god : When within the high-walled Thebes, —Alcmena was to give to the light—the strength of Hercules, equal to gods. Jove, boasting, in his own high halls,—thus spoke to all the deathless gods :—“ Attend to my voice all ye gods ! Daughters of heaven all attend ! Listen to the words of your king ! To what his soul has suggested to Jove. To day, shall the pain-raising Ilithya—produce a hero to the light,—who, o'er his neighbours, shall extend his command : Descended  
- of



of that race of men,—who from me have derived their blood.”

“ To him, hiding deceit in her soul—replied Juno, his spouse divine. “ Thou deceiv’st the deathless powers : Thou mean’st not to accomplish thy words. But THOU, king of Olympus, swear. Bind thy promise, with the oath of the gods : That HE, indeed, o’er his neighbours shall reign : The child, whom, to-day, a woman shall bear : Descended of that race of men, who from THEE have derived their blood.”

“ SHE spoke : Jove perceived not the fraud. He swore the strong oath of the gods : And great the evil he derived, from his oath ! Juno threw herself, on the winds, from the snow-clad brows of Olympus. She came to Achaian Argos : Where lay, in her lofty halls,—the stately spouse of godlike Sthenelus : The son of Perseus, afar-renowned. SHE bore in her womb a son : Scarce gone seven months with her child. The goddess then produced him to the light. But she stopt the pains of Alcmena,—and drove away the Ilithyæ from the side of the Theban queen.”

“ To high Olympus awful Juno returned : And, thus, she spoke to Saturnian Jove :—“ O father Jove ! Thou that launchest the flaming bolt ! Recal thy promise and thine

thine oath to thy soul. To-day a noble child is born,—to extend over the Argives, his sway : Eurystheus the son of Sthenelus,—the grandson of Perseus divine. From THEE he derives his blood : Nor unworthy to reign is the child !”

“ SHE spoke : And bitter grief darkened o’er the deep soul of the god. Straight he seized destructive Atè,—by the ringlets of her bright-shining hair. Enraged was the power, in his mind : He swore the strongest oath of the gods : That never to broad Olympus,—to the starry concave of heaven—should return the destructive Atè : Who strewed discord among the gods. He spoke : And, whirling her aloft in his hand,—threw her from the star-studded sky. Straight she fell to the earth,—and mixed herself, with the works of men. Through HER means, ever rose his deep sighs,—when he beheld his son beloved : Sustaining his unworthy fate—beneath the toils of the cruel Eurystheus.”

“ THUS I felt, o’er my grieving soul : When great Hector, resistless in fight,—laid the Argives low in their blood,—at the high sterns of their hollow ships. Yet could I not forget, in my heart,—the fell rage, which had seized me whole. But since I have erred, in my wrath : Since Jove himself distracted my soul : Again I wish to appease thy rage,—with unnumbered gifts to  
repair

repair thy wrongs. But rise THOU to battle, O chief !  
 Rouze the troops and lead them to war. The gifts, I  
 myself will send to thy ships : All that, yesterday, Ulysses  
 divine,—promised, in my name, in thy tents. Or, if  
 thou WILT, receive them now : Though impatient, for  
 the fight, is thy soul. My followers shall bring them,  
 with speed : That thine eyes may behold and approve,—  
 what I give to appease thy rage.”

To the king great Achilles replied : “ Son of Atreus,  
 first in renown ! Agamemnon, leader of armies ! To be-  
 stow, as is meet, the gifts,—or to retain them, depends on  
 THEE. But straight let us think of battle : This instant,  
 let us rush to the field. It becomes us not, thus, to de-  
 lay : To waste the time, in idle words : For great the  
 task, which remains undone ! Let every warrior, who  
 sees Achilles,—destroying the Trojan ranks, with his  
 spear : Let each follow my example in fight—and do  
 what is done by this arm.”

BUT to HIM, the prudent Ulysses began : “ Impel not,  
 the Argives, Achilles ! Though great thou art and like  
 a god : Impel them not fasting to war,—to roll battle  
 to Ilium’s walls. Not small is the portion of time,—to  
 be, in dreadful fight, employed : When once the foes  
 shock together in arms : When a god awakes their souls,

on each side. Command the Argives to take the repast. O'er their ships, let the warriors spread. Let them partake the food and wine. For this is strength and valour in war! Nor can a man, throughout the day: From early morn to the setting sun,—without food, urge the battle, on foes. Though eager his soul, for the fight: His body keeps not pace, with his mind. Thirst and hunger load his limbs, with fatigue. O'er his joints cold languor creeps: And toil unbraces his knees, as he moves. But HE, that is filled with wine: Whose sinews are strengthened with food,—will, unceasing, through the day urge the fight: And roll, with vigour, destruction on foes. Undaunted is his soul, in his breast: Unfatigued remain his stout limbs,—till all retreat from the field of renown."

"BUT, now, dismiss from council, the army. Command them to prepare the repast: Whilst the king of men, Agamemnon,—presents his gifts, before the whole host: That all the Argives may behold,—that THY soul may rejoice, in thy breast. But let him, rising amid the Argives,—swear a solemn oath to the gods: That he never ascended HER bed: never mixed in love with her charms. Then let thy soul be appeased: Let it settle, within thy breast. The feast let Agamemnon spread: And conciliate, with the banquet, thy mind: That  
justice

justice may, in all, be performed. But, son of Atreus, for the future, be just. A monarch must not bear it ill,—to right a subject, whom first he has wronged.”

To HIM replied the king of men : “ I rejoice in thy words, Ulysses : Fraught with wisdom they come to mine ear. All, with prudence, thou hast touched, in thy speech. My soul bids me to take that oath : Nor perjured shall I be to the gods. But let Achilles, for a moment remain,—though impatient is the hero, for war. Remain, all convened, in this place : Till the presents are brought from my tents : Till the compact is confirmed by the gods. THEE, also, I command, O Ulysses ! I intreat, that with chosen chiefs,—THOU repair to our hollow ships,—and bring hither the splendid gifts. Bring the wealth, which we promised to give : Bring the damfels, in all their charms. But let Talthybius repair, with speed : Let him search, o’er the camp, for a boar : A victim to high-thundering Jove,—to the sun, that rolls his fire round the world.”

To him great Achilles replied : “ Son of Atreus, first in renown ! Agamemnon, leader of armies ! For this, some other time may be found : Some hour of respite and cessation, from war : When less powerful burns the ardor of Mars,—within this flaming breast of mine. But,

now, lie transfix'd in their blood,—those whom Hector subdued, with his spear : When Jove conferred, on the warrior, renown. But hasten ye to partake the repast. Yet I would exhort the Argives,—without the banquet to enter the fight : And, when the flaming sun descends,—When our spears have revenged our disgrace : Then to dress the mighty feast : With the banquet to cheer our souls. But as for ME, no strengthening food,—no cheering draught, shall be poured through my lips. Cold lies, in death, my friend beloved. Transfix'd with steel, in my tent, he lies : In the porch, with his feet to the door. Deep-sighing his friends mourn around. Other things command not aught of my care. In nothing my soul delights—but in slaughter, in blood, in death,—in the deep groans of departing heroes.”

To the chief began the prudent Ulysses : “ O Achilles ! Son of Peleus ! By far the bravest of the warriors of Argos ! Greater than ME thou art at the spear : Not a little thou excell’st me, in fight. But THEE, in wisdom, I excel : And in counsel, o’er thee, I ascend. Long before thee I saw the light. I boast the experience of years. Let, therefore, thy mighty soul—submit itself to the words of thy friend. Soon fated with combat are men : Even where thickest fall the slain, on the field :

I

When,

When, like straw, they are shorn, with the steel. But small is the harvest, when awful Jove has his balance inclined: The great disposer of battle to men!"

"BUT the Argives, O descendant of Jove! Must not mourn, with fasting, their dead. Many and valiant the chiefs,—who daily fall, in the combat of spears! Where, therefore, could an end be to grief? When a respite, or cessation from wo? The rites of funeral belong to the dead. These, with patience of soul, we must pay: And give one day to our tears, for our friends. But those who the battle escape: Who survive the horrid tumult of arms,—must remember their food and their wine. Thus, with more fury and force,—we shall roll the ceaseless fight, on the foe: Glad in all the blazing strength of our arms. Nor let a warrior remain in his tent,—expecting second orders to march. Such summons will bear ruin along,—to him, who lingers, at the navy of Argos. But let us all issue forth, from the camp. Let us rouse dreadful battle again: And roll it large, on the car-ruling Trojans."

HE spoke: His associates he chose: The two sons of Nestor divine. Meges, the great son of Phyleus: Thöas, Meriones brave. Lycomedes, the offspring of Creon: Melanippus, in battle renowned. They moved forward  
to

to the tent of Atrides : Nor quicker the command than the deed ! Seven tripods they brought from the tent : Twenty caldrons of burnished brass : and twelve coursers, unmatched, in the race. Straight they brought bright-blushing maids : In form graceful, and expert at their works : Seven in number, they came : The eighth was the blooming Briseïs. Ulysses preceding the chiefs,—bore himself ten talents of gold. Behind, in long order came—bearing gifts the young chiefs of the Argives. In the midst, the whole treasure is placed.

THEN rose the great Agamemnon. Talthybius, endued with voice divine—held the victim-boar, in his hands. Near the shepherd of his people he stood. Atrides drew forth, with his hands, the knife : Which always hung, by the large sheath of his deadly sword. He cut the bristles from the head of the boar. With hands uplifted to Jove, he prayed. All the Argives sit, in silence, around : As is meet, they attend to the king. Beginning his prayer, he spoke : Eying the spacious face of the sky :

“ BEAR witness, O father Jove ! O best and greatest of gods ! Hear, earth ! O sun attend ! Ye furies, that dwell under the ground,—and punish perjured mortals in death ! That I laid not my hand in force,—on the charms of the stately Briseïs : That I ascended not, by persuasion,



her bed. Untouched she remained in my tents: Unful-  
 lied o'er her beauties divine. If Atrides swears falsely in  
 ought,—may the gods heap on him, the woes: Which,  
 many and heavy, o'erwhelm the perjured in foul.”—He  
 spoke: And slew the boar, with the steel. Talthybius  
 threw the victim, with speed,—in the vast stream of the  
 hoary main. But Achilles, arose amid the Argives:  
 And thus the hero began aloud:

“ O father Jove! From THEE are derived—the mighty  
 woes of mortal men! Nor had the son of warlike Atreus,—  
 ever moved my wrathful heart, with his words: Nor had  
 he torn, from my side, the maid: Forming mischief for  
 Achilles in foul: But that Jove ordained it all. He de-  
 creed, by his councils divine: To urge so many sons of  
 Argos,—to the goal of destructive death. But haste.  
 Partake the strengthening repast: That, sudden, we may  
 issue to war.”

HE spoke: And the council dismissed. They dis-  
 persed: Each to his own hollow ship. But the magna-  
 nymous troops of Achilles,—took in charge the rich trea-  
 sure bestowed. The wealth they placed, in the hero's  
 tents. They conducted the maids to their place: The  
 couriers to the stud of his steeds. Then the long haired  
 Briseis, in glowing charms like golden Venus: When  
 she

she saw the hapless Patroclus,—lying mangled, transfixed with steel : She threw herself on the clay-cold chief. Shrill rose the loud voice of her wo. She tore her snow-white, heaving breast : Her tender neck and her features divine. In her form, like the daughters of heaven,—thus, aloud, she spoke in her tears :

“ O PATROCLUS !” She said : “ Friend, most beloved, by my hapless soul ! THEE alive I left, in these tents : When, by force, I was torn away. But, returning, I find thee dead, ill-fated leader of armies ! Ah me ! From ill to ill I pass : Driven, onward, through successions of wo. The husband, whom my parents gave : Whom my father and my mother revered—appointed the spouse of Briseïs : HIM I saw slain, in his blood,—before the walls of our lofty town : Three loved brothers were also mine : Whom the same mother produced to the light. In one fatal day, they sunk to death, from the spear. But THOU would’st nor permit me to weep : When mighty Achilles slew my spouse : When he levelled with earth,—the sacred city of great Mynētes. THOU promised’st to make me the spouse : The youthful consort of Achilles divine. THOU promised’st to bear me to Phthia : To spread the nuptial feast, in his native land. THEE, therefore, I mourn, in my tears : O ever gentle and kind in soul !”

THUS

THUS weeping, spoke the graceful Briseïs: The hapless maids joined their sighs to her wo. In appearance Patroclus they mourned: Their own misfortunes only clouded their souls. But around the mighty Achilles,—the chiefs of Argos were all convened. They prayed him to take the repast. He refused their request, with groans. “ I beseech you, your intreaties forbear: If, in ought, my loved friends, will obey. Bid me not to partake the repast: To regale my mournful soul with wine: For heavy grief lies, deep, at my heart. I will wait to the setting sun: Thus fasting, indulge my woes.”

HE spoke: And dismissed the rest of the kings. But the two sons of Atreus remained: With Ulysses divine, the aged Nestor,—Idomeneus and steed-ruling Phænix. THEY soothed, with words, the mournful chief: But no comfort his soul could receive,—before he entered the bloody contest of sounding arms. Across his memory rushed darkly his friend. Unceasing, he groaned, from his inmost soul:

“ THOU also!” He sighing said: “ O most hapless, most beloved of my friends! THOU, heretofore, in my tents—wert wont to spread the pleasing repast: When hastened the sons of the Argives—to roll mournful battle, to the car-ruling foe. But now thou liest transfixed and pale!

And for the loss of thee I fast : Though plenteous, within,  
are my stores. Nor other evil worse than this could befall :  
Not the death of my father beloved,—had it come, o'er  
the main, to mine ears. Yet he, perhaps, in distant  
Phthia,—pours the tender tear, o'er his aged cheeks : In  
mournful regret for such a son ! But I—remote in a fo-  
reign land,—for hated Helen fight with Troy ! Nor yet  
the death of my son beloved : Who grows into manhood  
at Scyros : If still my son beholds the light : Neoptole-  
mus in form like the gods.”

“ MUCH I hoped, heretofore, in my soul,—that I,  
alone, was destined to fall : Far from Argos, the mother  
of steeds ! Here, before the walls of Troy ! But that thou  
shouldst to Phthia return : And bear, in thy swift-sailing  
ship, o'er the main,—my son,—my only son from Scyros :  
That thou shouldst shew him all his wealth : My wide  
possessions, my servants all,—my high-roofed dome, my  
spacious halls. For, now, I deem—my soul forebodes,—  
that godlike Peleus is no more : Or that, now, scarce  
living, he is saddened in mournful age : Expecting,  
darkly from day to day,—the fatal news of the death of his  
son : Of my fall, by the hands of the foe !”

Thus, weeping, the hero spoke. The leaders of the  
Argives sighed. They all remembered their native homes :  
And

And all that was left, in their lofty halls. The son of Saturn beheld the chiefs. He pitied their mournful groans. Straight he addressed his words to Pallas: "Daughter beloved!" The god began: "Thou quite forsak'st this gallant chief. Hast thou deserted him in all? Commands not Achilles a thought of thy soul? Lo! Before the high-sterned ships,—he sits, deploring his friend beloved. The rest partake the grateful repast: Unfed and fasting the hero remains. Descend. Infil into his breast—ambrosia and nectar divine: Lest want of food should unbrace his strength."

He spoke: And urged her already prompt. Like a shrill-voiced, broad-winged harpy, she flew: Through the winds, from the starry sky. She poured in the breast of Achilles,—ambrosia and nectar divine: Lest want of food should unbrace his limbs. Again she returned to the heavenly halls—of her all-powerful fire. The Argives poured, from their ships, on the plain: As when the flaky snow descends,—from the mansions of storm-ruling Jove. Thick it flies before the force—of the sky-clearing blast of the northern wind. So thick descend, from the ships,—the brightly-beaming helms of men: The bossy orbs of rattling shields: The firm breast-plates, the ashen spears. The dazzling gleam ascends to heaven: The whole earth is lightened,—with the bright-flashing beams

of the brass. The crash of touching arms is heard. The ground hoarsely groans, as the warriors move.

IN the midst of the martial host,—divine Achilles arms his limbs. He grinds his teeth, in his dreadful rage. His eyes flash, like two flames of fire. Relentless wrath is mixed with his soul: And grief, resistless, pervades his heart. In his fury, against the Trojans,—he puts on the gift of the god: The splendid works of the artist divine! First, the beauteous greaves, on his legs he drew: Fastened, before, with silver clasps. The breast-plate, on his breast he placed. Round his shoulders, he threw his sword: Beaming forth, with its studs of gold. Before him he reared his all-covering shield: Large, solid and strong, o'er its round. It sent its bright beams, afar: Like the broad orb of the nightly moon.

As when o'er the wave-covered deep,—to mariners, by night, appears—the awful flame of a distant fire. Wide-rising, in a lonely place,—it wraps, aloft, the mountain's brow. But THEM unwilling, the dusky blast—bears, o'er the broad back of the main: Far, from their friends and native home! Thus, from the beauteous, high-wrought shield of Achilles,—beams forth a dazzling light to the skies. He placed, then, his strong helm, on his head. Like a comet it shone amain. Dreadful nodded the plumes  
of

of gold : Which the god had poured thick, on the crest. Divine Achilles tried himself, in his arms : Whether they fitted his body aloft : Or lay, with ease, on his manly limbs. Like wings they bore along the chief : They seemed to raise the shepherd of his people, from earth.

HE took, from its place, his father's spear : The long, heavy, strong javelin of Peleus : Which none of all the Argives could wield. None but Achilles could wield in fight,—the Pelion ash : Which Chiron gave to his fire : Cut from the brows of Pelion : A destruction to heroes in war ! Automedon and Alcimus brave—joined the deathless steeds to the car. Beautefully flow the traces amain. The studded bridles are placed, in their mouths. The reins extend, behind, to the well compacted seat of the car. Seizing the bright whip, in his hand,—Automedon leapt, at once, on the car. Behind bounded aloft great Achilles, ready for war. Bright in his arms he stood,—like the beams of the high-rolling sun. Dreadful rose his voice, from the car,—to the steeds of his god-like fire.

“ O XANTHUS ! O Balius ! Race renowned of the swift Podargè ! Now, in some other manner, resolve,—to bring back your driver from war : To bring him  
safe

safe to the line of the Argives : When we are glutted, with slaughter and blood. Nor leave him, like the hapless Patroclus : Stretched in blood, in yonder field.”—To HIM, from his yoke, replied—the swiftly bounding strength of Xanthus. Straight he inclined, back, his head. His whole mane forms a bright circle—as it flows on the yoke : And touches the ground below. The white-armed Juno, by her power divine,—gave speech to the bounding steed :

“ AND WE shall bring thee safely back,—this once, at least, O resistless Achilles ! Yet thy fatal day is near : Nor WE are, in ought, to blame. A mighty god is only to blame : The dire decree of relentless fate. Nor through our sloth or want of speed,—the Trojans stript the fallen Patroclus. The most powerful of the gods was the cause : HE whom the long-haired Latona bore. He slew Patroclus in the front of the line : And gave the glory to Hector divine. But WE can contend, in the race,—with the blasts of the western wind ; Which fly, they say, the swiftest, o’er heaven : Yet we cannot bear thee, from fate away. Thou art doomed to fall, in thy blood : Beneath a god and a valiant man.”

WHILST, thus, he spoke, the furies ended his voice. Much enraged the great Achilles replied : “ Why, Xanthus,

2

thus,



thus, foretell'st thou my death? Why the fates, that  
 impend o'er thy lord? Well I know, within my soul:  
 That I am destined to perish here: Far from my father  
 beloved,—from my mother, my native home. But I will  
 not forego the fight: Before the Trojans are fated with  
 war." He said, and shouting aloud,—he drove his steeds  
 to the front of the line.

THE  
I L I A D  
OF  
H O M E R.  
B O O K XX.

**T**HUS THEY, at the hollow ships,—assume, with speed, their burnished arms: Thus, around THEE, O son of Peleus, pour the Argives, never fated with war. The sons of Troy, on the other side,—form, darkly, on the rising ground. Jove commands the splendid Themis, —to call to council the deathless gods: To call them, o'er the tops of Olympus,—divided, with a thousand deep vales. To every side, the goddesses moved,—commanding all to the halls of Jove.

NOR any power, who presides in the floods,—remained absent, but father Ocean. The river-gods came, from all their streams: The bright Nymphs, that sojourn in the groves:

groves: Those, who dwell in the sources of rivers:  
 Or gently glide along the meads. When, in long  
 order, they had come,—to the halls of the storm-ruling  
 Jove,—THEY sat, on the columned thrones: Which  
 Vulcan made for the father of gods: The work rising  
 to the thoughts of his soul. Thus, they came to the  
 halls of Jove: Nor Neptune himself disobeyed. He  
 rose, with force, from his troubled main. In the midst  
 he sat, in his strength: And questioned, thus, the de-  
 signs of Jove:

“WHY, thou that launchest the flaming bolt! Why  
 call’st thou to council, the gods? Deliberat’st thou con-  
 cerning the Trojans? Concerning the Argives in arms?  
 On either side they form amain. Soon battle shall burn,  
 o’er their lines.” To HIM the high ruler of storms:  
 “To THEE, O earth’s-surrounding king! already are  
 known the designs of Jove: The cause of convening the  
 gods. Though they perish, my cares they employ. But  
 I will, sitting here, remain,—on the brows of the cloud-  
 wrapt Olympus: Indulging my soul, with the sight. But  
 you, the rest, descend to earth: To the Trojans and  
 Argives, descend. Bear aid to both armies in fight: Each  
 following the bent of his soul. Should great Achilles  
 urge, alone,—the dismal battle, on gathered Troy: Not,  
 VOL. II. M m even

even for a little, could THEY sustain—the dreadful charge of the swift son of Peleus. Heretofore they fled amain, from his fight: But, now, that rages his flaming soul,—for his friend beloved laid low in his blood: I fear that Ilium shall fall, by his hand,—against the firm decrees of fate.”

THUS spoke the great son of Saturn. He waked inevitable war. They descended, at once, to the fight: Swelling strife, in their jarring souls. Juno to the fleet repairs: Blue-eyed Pallas bends thither her flight: And Neptune, who furrounds the world: Hermes, author of useful arts: Adorned with each perfection of soul. Vulcan thither turned his course: Sternly rolling his flaming eyes. Halting, though he eagerly moves: His feeble feet scarce supporting his weight, along. To the Trojans descended Mars, shaking, aloft, his flaming helm: The next was Phœbus, with locks unshorn: Diana, who delights in the bow: Latona, deep-refounding Xanthus; Venus, queen of charming smiles!

WHILST the gods remained apart, from the fight: Whilst yet they mixed not, with mortal men: The Argives moved, exulting, along—as great Achilles appeared in their front: For long from battle had the hero abstained. But panic seized the sons of Troy: Cold fear crept

crept through all their joints. Shuddering they beheld afar,—the mighty son of the steed-ruling Peleus: They saw him, flaming in all his arms, like Mars, the destroyer of armies. But when the deathless dwellers of high Olympus—had mixed with the armies of men: Dreadful tumult was roused, on each side. Discord rose, the stirrer of nations. The awful voice of Minerva is heard. Now at the trench profound she stood: Now, on the shore of the echoing main. Loud-swelled the shout of destructive Mars. Like a whirlwind obscure he moved. Now from their citadel the Trojans he urged: Now, darkly-rushing o'er Callicolönè,—he reared his voice by resounding Simois.

THUS the gods who forever live—poured, forward, on each other, the hosts: And kindled destructive discord, o'er all their lines. Dreadful thundered, from above,—the father of men and of gods. Beneath, Neptune struck the mighty earth, with his waves: The mountains all shook their lofty heads. Streamy Ida trembled, down to its base: Its cloudy summits nodded, on high. Troy tottered o'er all her walls: The navy shook, on the rocking shore. Struck with fear was the king of the dead! He roared, with terror, as he leapt from his throne: Left Neptune, as he shook the huge world,—should burst the earth, o'er his regions profound: And

lay open to gods and to men,—the secrets of his dreadful halls: Baleful, horrid to the sight: Which the gods themselves are afraid to behold. So terrible was the sound, o'er the world: When the gods contended, in fight.

AGAINST Neptune, awful king of the main—stood Phœbus Apollo in arms: Bearing, forward, his feathered shafts. Opposed to destructive Mars,—blue-eyed Pallas appeared, in the strife. Against Juno arose, with her bow,—bright Diana, who delights in the chase: The queen, that glories, in her shafts,—the sister of far-shooting Phœbus. On Vulcan rushed, in all his strength,—the deep-resounding, gulphy stream: Called Xanthus, by the deathless gods: By mortal men, the roaring Scamander. Thus, god was engaged with god. But Achilles wished, to burst the firm ranks—to engage Hector, the son of Priam. Much desired his mighty soul,—to glut, with his flowing blood,—fierce Mars, unconquered in arms.

BUT the stirrer of armies, Apollo—rouzed Æneas, on the great son of Peleus: Pouring daring force, in his breast. The god assumed the voice of a youth; of Lycæon, the son of Priam. In his form, he advanced to the chief: And, thus, began the bright offspring of Jove: “Æneas! valiant leader of Troy! Whither vanished

nished are all thy threats ? Whither is the promise fled,—made, by THEE, at the feast, to the chiefs ? That THOU would'st meet, in dreadful fight,—the mighty son of the speed-ruling Peleus ?”

To him the godlike Æneas : “ Why, son of Priam renowned !—Why would'st thou urge my unwilling arm,—to lift the spear on the great son of Peleus : Who, above measure, is brave ? Nor I the first will presume to stand : Opposed, in battle, to mighty Achilles. Not unfelt is the force of his arm. Heretofore, I fled, from his lance. He drove me from Ida of Streams : When descended the chief, on our herds : When he levelled the high-built Lyrnessus : And Pedasus smoaked, on the ground. But Jove preserved me from death : He poured strength, o'er my finewy limbs. Else I had fallen, subdued, beneath the hands of Achilles and Pallas. Before him moving, SHE victory gave. SHE bade him to slay, amain, the Leleges and the Trojans renowned. No mortal, therefore, can engage with Achilles : For, always, one, at least, of the deathless gods,—wards destruction away from his life. Nor ever flies, in vain, from HIS hand, the spear. It ever rushes, through the bodies of men. But should some god, with his power divine,—weigh between us, the advantage of fight : Not with ease  
he

he would vanquish Æneas;—though of brass were his body whole.”

TO HIM replied the awful king,—Apollo the offspring of Jove. “O hero! Pray THOU to the gods. Raise thy voice to the deathless powers. Men report thee, O chief, o’er the world,—as born of Venus the daughter of Jove. But HE derives his birth from a goddess—far inferior to THY mother divine. THIS the daughter of thundering Jove: THAT of Nereus, aged dweller of waves. Bear forward thy invincible steel. Let him not turn THEE, away with words. Yield not to his vauntings the field.”

HE spoke: And poured spirit divine,—in the breast of the leader of armies. Along the front of the battle, he moved: Covered whole with his burnished steel. Nor unobserved, by the white-armed Juno,—moved the son of the great Anchises: When he urged through the battle his way,—to meet the daring son of Peleus. She called, together, the deathless gods: And thus began the queen of heaven:

“CONSIDER well, O Neptune and Pallas! Revolve, with care, the state of things, in your souls. Æneas advances, in fight,—covered whole in his burnished steel. To meet the daring son of Peleus,—Phœbus Apollo urges the chief.



Or, let us turn his steps away : Or let some power descend to Achilles : And pour mighty force, in the hero's breast. That his soul may not fail him, in ought : That the hero may learn and confide : That the most powerful of the immortals—love his valour and defend him, in war : That feeble and vain is the force—of the gods, who turn battle from Troy. To be present, to aid him in fight,—we descended, from our starry abodes : For THIS day to defend him, from Troy. Hereafter, let him suffer those ills,—which the fates, at his birth, have decreed : When he sprung, from a mother divine. But should Achilles not learn this of the powers : He will shudder, though mighty in arms ; when, through battle advances a god : For terrible are the forms of the gods : When confessed they appear to mankind.”

To her the god, who furrounds the world : “ Juno, rage not thus, in thy soul : It becomes not awful Juno to rage. Nor I wish, that the deathless gods—should, now, in fierce battle engage : As much greater we are in power. But let us hence to the rising ground. Let us sit and view the tumult afar : Leave battle to the care of mankind. But should Mars contend in the field : Should Phœbus Apollo engage. Should both stop the course of Achilles : And turn, his firm valour from war. Then to us shall fierce battle arise. The dreadful conflict shall rage amain.  
Soon,

Soon, I deem, from decided fight—THEY shall rise to Olympus, on winds: To the bright assembly of gods: From the force of our deathless hands: Through necessity broken, subdued.”

HE spoke: And preceded the powers. His blue hair floating, as he moved, on the winds. To the lofty wall they retired,—which for Hercules equal to gods,—the Trojans and Pallas had raised: That, behind it, the hero might shun—the sea-monster, that, rushing amain, pursued his flight from the echoing shore. There Neptune sat in his might: There reclined the rest of the gods. Around their shoulders, they poured a cloud,—deep, gloomy, impervious to light.

THE guardian gods of high-built Troy,—sat, on lofty Callicolone: Around THEE, O bow-bearing Phœbus! Around Mars, the destroyer of towns. Thus, the gods sat on either side: In council divine employed. Loth to engage in dreadful battle, all sat. Great Jove aloft on Olympus reclined, issued forth to the powers his commands. The whole field is filled, with the foes: And shines wide, with the splendor of steel: From warriors, and from harnessed steeds. The trembling earth resounds beneath: As meet in horrid shock, the lines. But two heroes before the rest,—the first in valour as in renown,—

known,—rush, on each other, in all their rage: Burning, o'er their mighty souls, for the fight: Æneas the son of Anchises—and Achilles, in form like the gods.

ÆNEAS strides forward, the first. Threatening is the gait of the godlike chief. High nods, his plumed helm in the winds: He shakes, before his ample breast, his broad shield. Dreadful shines the bossy orb. The quivering spear gleams bright, in his hand. The great son of Peleus, comes forward, in all his rage. Like a destructive lion,—whom men wish, with ardor, to slay. The whole people pour around him, in arms. HE, despising their rage, moves slow: But, when some martial youth, with his spear,—inflicts a wound: Wide-opening his jaws, he turns. White swells the foam, around his teeth. His stout heart growls inly, with rage. He beats his heaving sides, with his tail. He rouses himself to the fight. Sternly-looking, he furiously bounds: Resolving to slay or be slain.

THUS his force drove forward Achilles: Thus his mighty soul urged him on,—to meet, in combat, the illustrious Æneas. When near to each other, the chiefs approached: Bending forward to mutual wounds: To the chief of the car-borne Trojans,—thus spoke Achilles divine: “ Æneas, why measur'st THOU thus,—such a

length of ground to my spear? Commands his courage the warrior to fight? Or rises, from ambition, his rage? Hop'st thou, for engaging Achilles,—to share, with Priam, the throne of Troy? O'er the car-ruling Trojans to reign? But should'st thou vanquish ME in fight,—Priam would not reward THEE so high. The king is blest with gallant sons: Nor is he feeble and inconstant in soul. Or have the Trojans gained thy valour, with gifts? With ample forests? With vine-covered plains? Have they promised thee fields for the plough: Should'st thou slay Achilles, in fight? A task, I deem, too hard for thy lance!"

"NOR TO THEE is Achilles unknown. Heretofore thou fled'st from THIS spear. Recall'st thou not ought of the past. When I met thee, alone, with the herds: And drove thee, from wood-covered Ida? Not once, thou presumed'st to look back: To lofty Lyrnessus, thou fled'st amain. Lyrnessus I levelled with earth: By the aid of Pallas and father Jove. Many captive maids I took. I brought them, hither, in all their charms. But THEE Jove preserved, with his power. The gods were kind and aided thy speed. But again they shall not preserve: Though this the hope which has kindled thy soul. But THEE I advise to retreat: To mix again, with the lines of thy friends. Oppose not thy spear to Achilles.

Left

Left evil should come,—retire: Even fools are by facts rendered wise.”

To him great Æneas replied: “Son of Peleus! Hope not with words,—to frighten ME like a timid boy. I also might utter reproach. I might pour empty vaunts, in thine ear. But WE know each other’s descent: Our parents beloved we know. The voice of others brought the tale to our ears. We received the report of mankind. Nor thou, MY parents hast seen: Nor have THINE been beheld, by these eyes. Godlike Peleus, they say, is thy fire: Thy mother the bright-moving Thetis: The long-haired daughter of aged Nereus. But I glory in the blood of Anchises: In Venus a mother divine. To-day, one or other shall mourn her son: One shall roll her bright eyes, in her tears: For, I deem not that childish words,—shall end a contest, which death must decide.

“BUT if this thou would’st also learn. If THOU my high lineage would’st hear: Which to many of mankind is known. The storm-compelling Jove begot—great Dardanus, the first of our race. HE built the beauteous Dardania: Nor sacred Ilium yet rose, on the plain: Ilium with heaven-reared walls,—the high dwelling of warlike men! As yet the infant state was spread,—along the sides of the streamy Ida. Great Dardanus begat a son—Erich-

thonius, the sovereign of men. HE was the wealthiest, by far,—of mortal men, who THEN trod the earth. Three thousand high-maned mares of HIS,—o'er the fenny pastures fed: Each exulting, with a colt by her side. Of these, even Boreas himself—became enamoured, as they pastured at large. Assuming the form of an azure-maned steed—he mixed in love, with the beauteous train. Pregnant they became, by the god. Twelve female colts they bore, on the plain. THESE, when they bounded, in youthful play,—along the smooth face of the bounteous earth: O'er the yellow ears of the standing corn,—they ran, nor bent them, as they glided amain. But when they bounded, in youthful play, on the broad back of the hoary sea: O'er the surface, they flew with such speed,—that scarcely marked, with their feet, was the wave.”

“ BUT Erichthonius begot a son,—Tros, o'er the Trojans to reign. Of Tros three gallant sons were born: Ilus, Assaracus brave—and Ganymedes in form like the god. HE, in matchless beauty rose—o'er all the race of mortal men. The powers divine bore the youth to their sky,—to pour the nectar to thundering Jove. For his beauty they seized the youth: Fit only, to dwell, with the gods. To Ilus was born a son: Laomedon, faultless in form. Laomedon begot Tithonus and Priam, the sovereign of Troy. Lampus and Clytius he also begot: And Hicetäon,

täon, a branch of Mars. From Assaracus, Capys sprung :  
From Capys, the great Anchises. Anchises is my godlike  
fire. Priam begot Hector divine."

" SUCH is my race, son of Peleus ! Such the blood,  
which Æneas boasts : But Jove lessens or, increases, at  
will,—the worth, the valour, of mortal men. For HE,  
by far, is the greatest in power ! But advance. Let us end  
our discourse : No longer, like boys, let us stand,—pour-  
ing forth reproaches, in the center of war. THESE we  
both might urge, with ease : We might encrease them to  
such a size : That even a ship, with her hundred oars,—  
could scarce waft them, across the main. Voluble are the  
tongues of mankind : Replete with speeches and full of  
noise. Wide is the field of discourse : Words arrayed pre-  
sent themselves, on each side. From side to side, they wildly  
fly. Such as thou utter'st, may be turned on thine ear."

" BUT what avails this broil of words ? What need  
have we of reproaches and noise ? Why contend we with  
language vile,—like women, who issuing forth, in their  
rage,—bandy reproaches, with eager souls ? When, in  
the public way, they stand,—and utter many truths,  
mixed with lies ? But rage inflames THEIR feeble souls.  
But THOU shalt not avert my soul,—from her valour, by  
vile reproach : For steel and NOT words must decide.  
Advance, with speed, son of Peleus ! The contest now,  
is devolved, on our spears."

HE spoke: And launched, with mighty force,—his brazen lance against the shield. The dreadful, the far-beaming shield—deep resounds to the eager point. The son of Peleus held distant the orb: He held it—struck, with anxious fears. He thought that the long, heavy spear,—launched from the sinewy arm of the daring Æneas—would pierce, with ease, the solid shield. Vain were the hero's fears! He considered not, in his mighty soul: That, not with ease, the splendid gifts of the gods,—yield, in ought, to the force of mankind. Nor, now, did the rapid lance,—launched amain by the illustrious Æneas,—pierce, through and through, the shield divine. The golden plate warded off the keen point. Through two plates passed the eager steel: But three still remained, unpierced. The god had formed of five plates the orb: Two of brass, two of ductile tin. The center plate was framed of gold: And obstructed the bright-pointed lance.

ACHILLES, next, with all his force—launched amain his heavy spear. He struck the solid shield of Æneas: On the utmost verge—where thinnest ran the brazen plates: Where the bull-hide more slightly was spread. Through and through, rushed the Pelian ash. The shield resounds, beneath the blow. Æneas contracts his body behind: And, frightened, holds distant the shield.

Above



Above his shoulder passed the lance: It sunk in earth,—eager farther to urge its point. Both the circles round the buckler are broke. HE, having shunned the long spear, as it flew,—stood astonished and struck with fear. A sudden tremor invaded his limbs: And darkness involved his eyes. But Achilles, possessing his soul, advanced. He drew the mighty blade, from his side—and dreadful-shouting, rushed, with force, on the foe. But Æneas seized a huge stone, in his hand: A rocky fragment, enormous in weight: Which two warriors could not raise, from the ground;—such, as earth, now, produces mankind. But HE lifted the weight with ease: With ease poised it aloft, in the air.

THEN had the daring Æneas—struck with the stone, as he rushed amain—the helm or the shield of great Achilles,—which would turn death, from the godlike man: But the son of ear-ruling Peleus—would, hand to hand, have slain the chief: Had not Neptune perceived the strife,—as he sat, with the deathless gods. To them the earth-shaking power,—with winged words began: “O gods! now sorrow invades my soul,—for the fate of the daring Æneas. Subdued by the son of Peleus,—he quickly must descend to the dead: In his folly persuaded to fight, by Apollo, who shoots, from afar! Nor turns the god, from the chief, whom he urged

urged—the dismal fate, which impends o’er his head. But why should a blameless man—suffer evil, for the crimes of the state? Why should he suffer the woes,—which ought, on the guilty to fall? Grateful, ever, his offerings have been—to all the powers, who broad heaven possess.”

“BUT arise, O immortals, and save. Let us, now, remove Æneas from death: Lest the dreadful wrath of Jove should ascend: If, by Achilles, the hero should fall. The fates fore-ordained his escape. They forbid to extinguish, at once,—the race of Dardanus divine: Whom, above all his sons,—the offspring of Saturn loved from his soul. He loved him the most of all his race,—born of the bright daughters of men. Long, the family of Priam—have been odious to high-thundering Jove! But, now, the strength of the daring Æneas—shall o’er the nations of Ilium reign: The sons of his sons shall reign—a long succession descending, through time.”

TO HIM the awful Juno replied: “O thou that shak’st the solid earth! Weigh the whole in thy own mighty soul: Whether to remove Æneas, from death: Or to lay him subdued in his blood—beneath the sword of the great son of Peleus. Often have we, amid the gods—I myself and blue-eyed Pallas,—often have we sworn  
to

to the powers—that never, by our aid divine—the evil day should be turned, from the Trojans: Not even, when Troy, o’er her bounds,—shall be wrapt in destructive flame: When proud Ilium shall smok amain—beneath the hands of the warlike Argives.”

WHEN Neptune heard her words, he moved. Right forward rushed the earth-shaking power: Through the battle, the tumult of arms,—the clamours of men and the crashing of spears. He came to the daring Æneas,—to Achilles above mortals in fame. Straight he poured thick darkness amain—before the eyes of the son of Peleus. He drew the steel-pointed spear—from the shield of the daring foe: And laid it bright before the feet of Achilles. He pushed from him, with force, Æneas: Raised aloft from the ground, by his power. O’er many ranks of bright-mailed men: O’er steeds arranged in deep array; flew, at one bound, the valiant chief: Receiving motion, from the hand of the god. He came to the farthest verge—to the rear of the furious fight: Where the Caucons formed their lines—and armed themselves, for battle and blood.

NEAR him stood the earth-shaking power: “Æneas! Who of all the gods—incited THEE, in thy madness of soul,—to meet, in battle, the great Achilles? To contend,

in arms, with the son of Peleus? At once, more powerful in fight? And more beloved of the gods? But retire. Whenever thou meet'st him—retire: Lest, against the will of fate,—thou should'st descend to the halls of death. But when death shall cover Achilles. When fate shall darken that flame, in war: With boldness, fight, in the foremost ranks: Urge the battle, hand to hand, on the foe. THEE none of the Argives shall slay. Thy fate protects thee against them all.”

Thus speaking, departed the power. Straight, from the eyes of Achilles,—the god the thick darkness removed. The whole field rose, in light, to his view. Deep-fighting, from his manly breast—he spoke, thus, to his own mighty soul: “O gods! What prodigy is here? What fight? What new wonder ascends to my view? Here lies my pointed spear on the earth: But the chief, on whom I launched it, is gone. Escaped from his death is the man: Whom I wished to transfix, in his blood. Sure, beloved by the gods is Æneas: Though I deemed, that he vaunted in vain. But let him live! Scarce, hereafter, his daring soul,—will prompt the chief to engage ME, in fight. Even, now, not unwilling, he flies, from his death. But, exhorting to battle the Argives,—to other Trojans my javelin I turn.”

THUS saying, he bounds through the line: And, thus, exhorts each warrior, with words: "No longer, O Argives divine! Stand distant, from the Trojans in fight. Advance. Let man engage his man. Let all urge, with fury, the war. Hard the task for Achilles: Though brave, he is, and unyielding in force! Hard it is for me alone: To follow many,—with ALL to engage. Nor Mars himself, a deathless god! Nor the stirrer of armies Minerva,—could break the lines of so mighty a field: Could contend, with success, alone. But in proportion to the force of mine arm,—my speed of feet and mine ardor of soul,—I will pierce the deep ranks of the foe: Nor, deem I, any warrior of Troy—will rejoice, that approaches my spear."

THUS Achilles, inciting, spoke: But illustrious Hector, aloud,—chides the Trojans and rouses the war: Affirming that HE, in arms,—will issue forth, on the mighty Achilles: "O Trojans, daring in soul! Fear not the stout son of Peleus. Even I myself, with vaunting words—could contend with the deathless gods: But hard it were to contend with their force,—for THEY are far greater in power! Nor Achilles shall ever perform,—the lofty boasts, which he pours, on the winds. In one thing, the chief may succeed: In another, his efforts must fail. But on his course, I will issue in arms: Were his hands,

like the force of destructive flame : Like flame destructive were his hands : And his heart unyielding as steel."

Thus, inciting, the hero spoke. The Trojans raise, at once, their spears. They pour their mighty force, in one place. Wild clamour ascends to the skies. But, standing near Hector divine, thus Phœbus Apollo spoke : " O Hector ! " began the god : " Now, meet not singly the strength of Achilles. Deep-immersed in the line remain. Receive him mid'st the clamour of armies : Lest he pierce thee, with the javelin, afar : Or wound thee, hand to hand, with the sword." He spoke, and the hero obeyed. At the voice of the god he retired : Deep-immersed in the squadrons of men.

BUT Achilles bounded on Troy : His soul cloathed, in resistless force. Terrible rose the shout of the king. He first slew Iphition, in fight : The gallant son of the godlike Otrynteus,—who led many squadrons to war. HIM the white-bosomed Nais bore,—to Otrynteus, the destroyer of towns : The Nymph yielding to a hero her charms,—beneath the snow-clad summits of Tmolus. Fair from THEIR loves arose the youth : In the wealthy state of beauteous Hyda. HIM rushing forward in fight,—the great Achilles struck, with his spear. On his forehead descended the lance. The whole head is divided in twain.

twain. Resounding, he fell to the earth: And, thus, Achilles insulted the slain. "Thou liest in death, O son of Otrynteus! Thou most dreadful of mortal men! HERE is thy fate to fall. Thy blood thou deriv'st, from afar: From the beauteous lake of Gyges: Where spread thy paternal domains: Near the banks of the fishy Hyllus, —and the gulphy streams of resounding Hermus."

THUS gloried the chief, o'er the slain. Endless darkness o'er-shadowed HIS eyes. HIM the wheels of the car-born Argives—mangled, as they rolled o'er the field. The hero flew then, in his strength,—Demoleon the son of Antenor: The stout repeller of bloody war! On the helmed temple descended the lance. Nor stopt the brazen head-piece its course. Through the helm passed the eager point,—and broke the crashing skull behind. The whole brain is discomposed, within. He falls, subdued, though furious in fight. The hero flew the stout Hippodamus: As, descending from his chariot he fled. Through his back passed the deadly spear,—as, amain, he urged his flight. Deep-groaning he breathes forth his soul: As roars a bull, when dragged by force,—to the fane of the Heliconian king: When the youths drag the victim along: Their toil gladdens the earth-shaking power. Thus groaning deep, as it went,—his mighty soul left his limbs, on the plain.

BUT,

BUT, now, the hero rushed, with his spear,—on Polydorus in form like the gods: The youthful son of aged Priam. HIM his father detained, from the fight: Because, of all his gallant sons,—he was the youngest and most beloved. Graceful rose his stature to view: In the swiftness of his feet, he excelled. HE, in the folly of youthful play,—in his vanity, displaying his speed,—rushed along the front of battle: And left his hapless soul, in the race. HIM the lance of Achilles divine—struck behind, as, rushing, he passed. On the golden clasp of the belt fell the spear: Where, doubled, the cuirass opposed. Near his navel appeared, before,—the bloody point of the eager steel. On his knees, shrill-shrieking, he fell. A dark cloud arose on his eyes: Yet he gathered, with his hand, as he lay,—his bloody entrails, that issued amain.

BUT when the mighty Hector beheld,—his brother Polydorus in blood: Holding his entrails in his hands: And writhing himself, on the ground: A sudden darkness arose, on his eyes. No longer could he, distant, remain. Straight forward he came, on Achilles. He shook, aloft, his sharp-pointed spear: Himself like a flame of fire! Achilles bounds, with dismal joy, at the sight. HE, glorying, these words began: “Near is the hated man, who pierced my inmost soul with wo:  
Who



Who slew my friend most beloved. Nor longer shun we one another in fight,—through the paths of devouring war.”—Then sternly, thus, to Hector divine: “Advance, quickly, advance: And reach the goal of destructive death.”

To him, undaunted in soul,—thus, illustrious Hector replied: “Son of Peleus! Hope not with words,—to frighten me, like a timid boy. I also might utter reproach. I might pour empty vaunts, in thine ear. Well I know, that valiant thou art: That far superior thou art to Hector, in fight. But success depends on the gods: It rests in THEIR bosoms divine;—whether, though inferior in force, I may not reach, thy life, with this spear. Often, bearing death it has rushed. My javelin also, is eager for blood.”

He spoke: And lanced his long-quivering lance: But Pallas, with her breath divine,—stopt the point, from illustrious Achilles. Back it flew, from the hero. It fell, again, at the feet of Hector. But Achilles, all furious, advanced: Madly eager to slay the foe. With dreadful shouts, he advanced. But Apollo bore Hector away. With ease, the power removed the chief. With thick darkness he involved him, around. Thrice, with his mighty lance,—rushed forward Achilles divine: Thrice he drove  
his

his blazing point, through the bosom of the darkness profound. But when, a fourth time, he bounded amain,—bearing forward the force of a god: dreadful-threatening the chief began, with winged words, like these:

“AGAIN, wretch, thou hast escaped, from thy death! Surely, near thee advanced was thy fate. But THEE Phœbus Apollo has saved. To HIM thou ever raisest thy vows: When thou issuest to the clangor of spears. But THEE, hereafter, this spear shall transfix;—when first, in combat, thou stand’st opposed: If some god shall descend to mine aid,—to guide forward my deadly spear. But, now, I rush on the Trojans: And, lay in death, their hapless chiefs, as they fly.”

Thus, as the hero spoke: On the neck he struck Dryops renowned. Before the feet of Achilles he fell. HIM he left rolling large, in his blood. On Demuchus, the son of Philetor—brave in battle and large in size,—the hero rushed, as he fled. He pierced his knee, and restrained his flight. He struck him, with broad-beaming sword: And gave his mighty soul to the winds. Assailing both, he threw, with force, from their car,—Laogonus, and Dardanus brave,—the two sons of Bias renowned. The one he slew afar, with the spear: The other, hand to hand, with the sword.

HE

HE flew Tros, the youthful son of Alastor. Right forward HE came, to Achilles. Vainly hoping, that, by seizing his knees—he could appease the fierce soul of the chief: That, through intreaty his life he might spare: That the foe might pity his tender years. Fool that he was, in his hopes! He knew not THIS—that he could not persuade. Not gentle and mild was the man! But revengeful, unyielding and fierce. He seized the dreadful knees of the chief: With eager desire to entreat. But in his liver he plunged his sword. The liver started, at once, from the wound. His whole bosom is filled, with his blood. Darkness covered his languid eyes: As he poured forth his imprudent soul.

ACHILLES, hand to hand, struck Mulius. At one ear entered the spear: And, through the other, displayed its point. He flew Echeclus, the son of Agenor. On his forehead fell the large-hilted sword. The whole blade is rendered warm, with his blood. Dark fate involved him round: And on his eyes, at once, arose—the purple shadows of ruthless death. He next struck the warlike Deucalion,—where the sinews braced his elbow with strength. Through his arm passed wholly the point. With his hand weighed down with the lance,—the warrior stood, well-foreseeing his death. HIM he struck, on the neck, with his sword. Wide flew the head, with

its beaming helm. The spinal marrow burst forth,  
with the blood.

BUT, now, the hero rushes amain,—on Rhigmus, the  
brave son of Pireus. HE, from fertile Thrace had come,—  
to urge battle, on the Argives, at Troy. Him he struck  
in the waist, with his lance. The brazen point, in his  
belly is fixed. Doubled, he fell from his car. The hero  
wounds his driver behind: Areïthous as his coursers he  
turned. On his back fell the sharp-pointed spear. He  
tumbled in death, from his car: The steeds start, at his  
founding fall.

As when furious and resounding on high,—the wide-  
destroying fire is borne,—through the hollow vales of the  
arid hills. The deep forest is burning amain. To every  
side the veering winds bend alternate, the raging flame.  
Thus all-furious to every side,—HE is borne, like a god,  
with his spear. He flew the flying, as they fled. The  
dark earth floated round, with their blood. As when the  
hind submits to the yoke,—the broad-fronted strength of  
his bulls: To tread out the yellow barley amain,—on the  
sacred floor of the golden Ceres. With ease is trodden the  
grain,—by the feet of the loud-lowing bulls: So urged  
forward, by the mighty Achilles,—his deathless steeds,  
as they bounded along,—trod the dead, the shield and  
helms.

helms. The whole axle is stained with blood : The feat itself is drenched with gore ; as sprinkled it bursts on each side,—from the feet of the coursers divine : From the steel-surrounded orbs of the wheels. Aloft sat the son of Peleus : Eager to acquire renown. His invincible hands,—as he stretches them forth to deaths,—are stained, with dust, with clotty blood.

THE  
I L I A D  
OF  
H O M E R.

B O O K XXI.

WHEN they came, in their rapid flight,—to the clear-rushing course of the stream: To gulphy Xanthus,—descended of deathless Jove. THERE divided, in two parties, they fled. ONE the hero pursued on the plain. To the city they bent their way: O'er the self-same space, where the Argives—fled amain, the preceding day: When raged Hector divine, with his spear. These were poured along, in their trembling flight. Awful Juno their steps to impede,—spread before them impervious night. But half the army were rolled amain,—in the deeply-rushing course of the gulphy stream. They plunged in the river, with mighty noise. The broad  
bosom

bosom of the current resounds : And, o'er their windings,  
hoarsely groan the high banks. Loud-roaring, they swim,  
to and fro,—borne along the gulphy stream.

As when driven, by the force of the flame—swarms of  
locusts quit the field,—and plunge amain, in the river's  
stream. Scorched by the ceaseless fire,—which suddenly  
has reared its beam : Struck with terror they rise,—and  
fly, for safety, to the flood. Thus before the great Achil-  
les,—the deep stream of resounding Xanthus,—is filled,  
from bank to bank, with men, with floating cars and  
snorting steeds. But the hero divine,—on the bank,—  
left leaning, on a tamarisk, his spear. Like a god, he  
plunged amain, in the stream : Holding only his sword,  
in his hand : But brewing many dismal deeds, in his soul.  
On every side, he dealt his blows. The mournful groans  
of death ascend. Blood bursts around his deadly blade.  
The whole river is reddened with gore.

As when, for fear of the mighty dolphin,—the smaller  
fry dart impetuous along. To the inmost recess of the  
roads,—of the harbours, unexposed to the winds, they fly  
in terror. He hangs on their rear : Devouring all, that  
his speed can seize. So the Trojans, o'er the swift-rushing  
stream,—hid themselves beneath the banks. But the  
hero, when his hands were fatigued,—with conquest, with  
slaughter,

slaughter, with death,—seized twelve chosen youths, in the flood : Living offerings to the fallen Patroclus. These, struck dumb with their mighty fears,—he brought, like trembling fawns, to land. He bound their hands, behind, with thongs : Thongs beautifully wrought, which hung,—on bright rings, by their own hapless sides. He gave them bound to his faithful friends,—to be led to the ships of the Argives.

BUT again he plunged large, in the stream : Eager to destroy and slay. He came forward, on the flight of a youth : The graceful son of Dardanian Priam : On Lycæon, as he fled from the river. HE, whom formerly the hero had seized. HIM he seized, issuing forth through the bosom of night : And brought him captive, from the fields of his fire. The youth was then employed at the ax, cutting the wild fig-tree's tender boughs,—to form the round of the chariot-wheel. An evil unforeseen came Achilles. He seized and sold the princely slave : He sold him, to be borne o'er the main—to Lemnos well-peopled isle. The son of Jason gave the price. But the friendly host of his father,—Imbrian Eëtion redeemed the youth : And sent him to Arisbè divine. From Arisbè he secretly fled : And came to his paternal halls. Eleven days, from Lemnos arrived,—he delighted his soul, with his friends. On the twelfth, some deathless power, in his wrath,—threw him,



him, headlong, in the hands of Achilles: To be sent to the regions of death: Thence never again to return!

Now, when illustrious Achilles—perceived him bare, without helmet or shield,—without a bright-beaming spear in his hand: For ALL he had thrown, on the ground: Sweat covered the youth, as he fled: Fatigue had quite subdued his limbs. Wrathful, the hero perceived: And, thus, spoke to his own mighty soul: “Gods! What new wonder ascends to my view! Again the daring Trojans,—who tumbled in death from my lance! Again they will rise, on the field: Bursting the thick veil of infernal night! As this Trojan has returned o’er the deep,—escaping the evil day: Though sold to sacred Lemnos a slave. Nor HIM has the hoary main detained: That many unwilling detains. But now this active prince shall taste,—the deadly point of the Pelian ash,—that my soul, by experience may learn,—whether thus he again shall return: Whether earth shall the youth confine: The bounteous earth, which restrains the brave!”

REVOLVING this, in his soul, he stood. Struck with terror the youth approached: Eager to embrace his knees. Much he wished, in his troubled soul,—destructive death to avoid,—and the fate, which was hovering near. In act, Achilles divine—had raised his deadly lance to strike. Beneath

neath it, rushed the hapless Lycaon : And prone on earth, embraced his knees. O'er his back, stood in earth the spear : Eager to drench itself in blood. But the suppliant youth seized his knees, with one hand : With the other, held the pointed spear : And graspt it, with all his force. His supplicating voice he raised : And poured these winged words, in his ruthless ears :

“ I SEIZE thee by the knees, Achilles ! O regard me ! Pity me,—hear ! Before thee a sacred suppliant I am, O race of hospitable Jove ! With THEE I first, tasted food,—the fruits of the golden Ceres ; on that day, that fatal day ! When, seized in the well-cultured field,—thou fold’st me to sacred Lemnos,—far, far from my father and friends. The price of a hundred oxen I brought,—now thrice their value shall, for mercy, be told. This is the twelfth fatal morn,—since Ilium received me returned. Much have I suffered, O chief ! To crown misfortune, pernicious fate—has thrown me in thy mighty hands. Odious to the gods I am ! Too much detested by father Jove,—who delivers me again to thee.”

“ ME short of life my mother bore ! Laothoë brought me forth to the light : The daughter of aged Altes : Altes, who extended his sway,—o’er the Leleges in battle renowned. In lofty Pedasus he dwelt—near Satnio’s beautiful

teous streams. Priam HIS daughter possessed : With many other lovely dames. Of her, WE BOTH, her sons, were born : Both destined to fall, by thy hand : HIM, whom on foot thou subdued'st,—Polydorus in form like the gods. HE has poured his soul, round thy spear. HERE fate hovers dark, o'er MY head. I shall never, I deem, escape : As a god has brought me, thus, to thy spear. But another thing I will tell : And weigh it, hero, in thy soul. The mother of Hector is not MINE : Of Hector, who slew thy godlike friend,—full of pity as valiant in arms !”

THUS spoke the hapless son of Priam. Mournful rose his suppliant words. But stern and unrelenting was the voice, which he heard : “ Talk not, fool, of ransoms to ME. Number no gifts, for thy wretched life. Before Patroclus fell subdued : Ere fate had covered the first of my friends : Then it pleased my soul to spare,—somewhat to spare the children of Troy. Many I took alive, in the field : Many captives I sold afar. Now, none shall from death escape : None whom god, before high Ilium, —shall throw, in my deadly hands : None of ALL the Trojan race : And, least of ALL, the children of Priam !”

“ DIE THOU also, my friend ! Why lamentest thou thus in vain ! Fallen is the mighty Patroclus : A greater far  
VOL. II. Q q than

than THEE lies slain. ME survey. Roll o'er me thine eyes : Yet great as I am,—though mighty in battle and graceful in form : Though sprung from a hero divine ; Though of an awful goddess born : Yet near me is destructive death. Fate closes her cloud o'er my head. On some morning, or mid-day bright,—or when the doubtful twilight descends,—I myself am doomed to fall. Some foe shall deprive me of life : Or launching forward his deadly spear : Or dismissing a shaft, from the string."

HE spoke : The stripling shrunk from his words. His heart failed. His limbs were unbraced. His hand fell, relaxed, from the spear. He sat, with arms out-stretched. Achilles, with his deadly sword,—struck the tender neck of the youth. Wholly buried, in the wound, is the blade. Prone on earth, extended he lay. The dark blood flowed and drenched the ground. Achilles seized the slain, by the foot. He threw him to be borne, on the river's stream : And glorying o'er him, with winged words, he began :

"LIE there, among the fish, in death. Let the finny tribe surround thy corse, as it floats,—and drink securely thy flowing blood. Nor mother shall bewail thee, stretched on a bier : But THEE gulph'd Scamander shall bear, on his course,—to the wide back of the hoary main.

THERE

THERE some bounding fish shall come. He shall drag thee, beneath the dark surface of ocean: And glut himself, with the fat of Lycaon. But perish all the perjured race: Till sacred Ilium shall fall, by our hands: You, thus, flying along the plain: I, hovering with death, on your rear. Nor your own native river avails. His silver current rolls in vain. Unrepaid all your offerings remain: The many bulls, which his altar have stained: The living courfers, which ye threw, in his gulphy streams. But, thus, shall ye sink in dismal death: Till ye all shall atone, with your blood,—for the fall of the mighty Patroclus: For the slaughter of all the Argives,—whom ye slew in my absence from war.”

HÉ spoke: The river swelled to wrath, at his words. Much the god revolved in his mind,—how he should turn from destructive fight—the deadly hand of Achilles divine: How he could obstruct the chief,—and turn ruin and death, from Troy. Mean time, the daring son of Peleus, — stretching forward his long-pointed spear, — bounds on the mighty Asteropæus,—eager to give, to death,—the son of Pelagon renowned. HÍM the wide-flowing Axius begot,—and Peribæa, like a goddess in form: The eldest of the lovely daughters—of Acestæus divine. On the warrior rushed great Achilles. Issu-

ing forth from the river, he strode. He stood opposed to the son of Peleus : Shaking two long spears in his hands. Xanthus poured valour, in his breast : For much he raged, for the slaughtered youths,—whom Achilles laid, in blood, in his stream : Whom, without pity, he flew.

WHEN near each other the heroes advanced : Rushing forward to mutual wounds : To his foe, with winged words,—first began Achilles divine : “ Who of mortal men art thou ? Who presumes to oppose me in arms ? The children of unhappy parents,—come forward to my javelin in war.”—“ Daring son of godlike Peleus !” Replied Pelagon’s illustrious son : “ Why enquir’st thou, concerning my race ? I came from a land remote : From Pæonia’s beauteous domains : And, o’er the spear-armed Pæonians—I extend my high command. This to me is the eleventh morn,—before Ilium exposed to the winds. But I derive my race divine,—from the wide-spreading stream of Axius : Axius, whose beauteous waters—are diffused, o’er all the land. He begot Pelagon renowned : Pelagon, they say, is my sire. But no more ! Let us fight, illustrious Achilles !”

THUS threatening the hero spoke. Achilles raised the Pelian ash. At once flew both the spears from the foe : For the hero, Afteropæus—could launch the javelin,

with either hand. With one he struck the shield divine : Nor, through and through, passed the eager point. The gold prevented—the gift of the god ! The other lightly touched the arm of the chief. Near his right elbow it passed. Forth-issued the sable blood. The spear is fixed, in the earth behind : Though eager to pierce the foe.

NEXT, Achilles urged his straight-rushing spear,—against the breast of Asteropæus : Eager to lay him, in death. From the hero, it strayed, as it flew. But it struck the lofty bank of the stream. Half-immersed in earth, is the ash. The son of Peleus drew his sword, from his thigh : And bounded forward, with furious mien. But the foe, with his sinewy arm—could not extract, from the earth,—the heavy ash of the great Achilles. Thrice he tugged it, with all his force. Thrice, in the effort, he failed. But when, a fourth-time, he prepared in his soul,—to break the bending ash, in the ground : Achilles advanced, hand to hand : And deprived him of life, with his sword. Through the navel passed the point of the blade. His whole entrails are poured, on the ground. Sudden darkness arose, on his eyes,—as gasping, he breathed his soul. Achilles rushed on the breast of the slain. He stript him of all his arms : And, thus, glorying, the hero began :

“ LIE,

“LIE, thus, in thy flowing blood. Hard the task it is for THEE,—to contend, in combat, with the race,—the matchless race of all-powerful Jove. Hard the task it is for THEE ! Though deriving from a river thy birth. Thou hast boasted thy race divine,—from the god of a wide-spreading stream : But I glory to derive my descent,—from the blood of the storm-ruling Jove. A godlike hero is my sire : Who, o’er the warlike Myrmidons reigns : Peleus, the son of Æacus : But Æacus himself was of Jove.”

“MORE powerful is thundering Jove,—than his rivers, that flow to the main. More powerful is the race of high Jove,—than the sons of a rushing stream. Near thee, flows a mighty river : If in ought he could avail, in his might. But HE knows, that he must not contend,—nor urge war, against the great son of Saturn. Nor Archelōius himself,—the king of Rivers ! can compare with the god : No ; nor the mighty strength—of the deep-rushing stream of the ocean : From whom the roaring rivers flow,—the spreading arms of the foamy main : The springs, that gush amain from the hills : The wells that sink deep in the ground : Even HE dreads the bolt of great Jove : The awful thunder, that rolls on high : When he covers all the heavens, with his founding storms.”

HE



HE spoke : And drew his brazen spear, from the bank.  
 He, there, left the warrior, in blood. Breathless he left  
 him, THERE : Stretched large, on the yellow sand. The  
 sable stream rushed, o'er his corse : And tinged itself,  
 with blood, as it flowed. The curling eels, the finny  
 tribe—became busy around the dead. Gliding, they  
 enter the gaping wound—and, nibbling, eat the fat,  
 which covers his reins. But the hero advanced, in wrath,  
 —against the ranks of the car-borne Pæonians. THEY,  
 on the river's banks,—now turned to flight, o'er all their  
 line : When they saw, by far, their bravest in fight—  
 lying slain, in the bloody field : Subdued, by the hands  
 of Achilles,—by his deadly sword transfixed. Then he  
 slew the valiant Therfilochus : Then Mydon, and Afty-  
 pylus bold. Mnefus, godlike Thraſius fell : Ænius and  
 brave Opheleſtes.

Now, many more of the car-borne Pæonians—had  
 fallen by the hands of the great Achilles : But incensed  
 at the slaughter,—began the awful river, with gulphs  
 profound. The voice of man the god assumed. He spoke  
 from his own deep-rushing streams : “ O Achilles ! ”  
 began the god : “ In valour thou all mortals excell'ſt :—  
 But in fierceneſs, thou ALL transcend'ſt. Dreadful are  
 the deeds of thy hand ! The gods themſelves ever aid  
 thee,

thee, in fight ! But if the mighty son of Saturn,—have given THEE to destroy all the foe. Drive them, at least, from MY course : And execute his high commands, o'er the field. Choaked up with slain are my fair-flowing streams : Nor can I pour, as heretofore,—my rolling waves to the spacious main. Cramped with bodies I struggle in vain. None escapes from thy deadly spear. But thou, desist, O leader of armies ! Struck with wonder, thy deeds I behold."

To the god great Achilles replied : " Thy high commands shall be obeyed, O Scamander, descended from Jove ! But, I will not cease to pursue,—to slay the treaty-breaking Trojans : Till I close them, in their own lofty town : Till I try, whether Hector divine—shall ME subdue, in dreadful strife. Or he himself fall transfixed, by my spear." Thus saying, with the force of a god,—he bounded, on the Trojans, amain. Then to far-shooting Phœbus—began the River with gulphs profound : " Ha ! Bearer of the silver bow ! Apollo, deathless offspring of Jove ! Forgotten by thy soul, are the resolves,—the high commands of the son of Saturn. He bade thee, in many words, to aid,—to stand present with the warriors of Troy : Till late the evening sun shall descend : And darkness o'er-shadow the world."

HE

HE spoke: From the lofty bank,—Achilles bounded, with his spear, in the stream. Rouzed to wrath is the mighty god. Furious, he rears his high-swoln waves. Troubled, he rolls all his streams. From his channel, he throws, amain, the dead: The bodies mangled, by the steel of Achilles. These he threw, as he roared, ashore: Loud-bellowing like a hundred bulls. The living he saved, with his beauteous streams,—forming, round them, a watery wall. But dreadful, round the mighty Achilles,—the troubled water swelled and foamed. Leaning forward on his broad shield,—he turned the current, with the orb. But upborn are his feet, with the stream. He seized a branchy elm, in his hands: An elm, which flourished large, by the river's side. Torn amain, from its roots,—it drew the whole bank along: Repressing the roaring stream,—as fell, at once, its heavy boughs.

THE hero, issuing, from the channel, with force,—in terror, urged his flying steps, o'er the plain. Nor yet desisted the mighty god. He reared his current o'er his banks. Darkening its surface, his flood arose. HE resolved to turn Achilles from fight: To save the Trojans, from ruin and death. High-bounding fled the son of Peleus. As far, as a spear can fly,—the hero sprung at every bound. He bore in his course, the force of an eagle:

A dark eagle, that descends on his prey : The strongest, the swiftest of birds ! With such force, resounding he moved. Around his breast his armour rung. He urged obliquely his devious flight. Behind him, rushing, roared the stream.

As when, on the hill's sloping side,—the peasant, from the dark-flowing spring—leads the bubbling course of a stream,—to his garden and fading plants. The huge mattock he holds, in his hand : And, from the furrow, removes the clods. In this channel descends the rill,—rolling the sounding pebbles along. Murmuring, it flows, down the steep,—and frequently its leader outruns. Thus ceaseless, though swift was the chief,—the River's stream pursued Achilles : For more powerful than men are the gods ! But as often, as Achilles divine,—stood opposed to the echoing stream : To know whether all the deathless powers,—who possess the spacious halls of the sky,—hung forward, with their force, on his flight : So often the mighty wave—of the River descended of Jove,—rose foaming o'er his shoulders broad. He, sad in soul, high-bounded away. The River subdued his limbs beneath. Roaring, rapid, obliquely-borne,—the stream removed the sliding earth from his feet. The son of Peleus deeply-groaned, from his soul : Eying the spacious face of the sky.

“ O FATHER

“ O FATHER Jove !” The hero said : “ Will none of the immortal gods,—aid me, in my sore distress ? Or save me from this dreadful stream ? Prevent this shameful fate, O Jove ! Pour, in some other form, thy wrath. But none of all the deathless gods—I blame, so much, as my mother divine. SHE deceived her hapless son. SHE foretold, that I was destined to fall—before the walls of the bright-mailed Trojans : That my hovering fate was due,—to the shafts of the bowyer Phœbus. O would ! That I lay slain by Hector : The bravest chief whom Troy has reared ! Then had a mighty hero fallen : A mighty hero had spoiled the dead. But now ingloriously I fall. I am hurried away, by a stream : In a mighty river inclosed I shall lie. Like a vile swine-herd, o’erwhelmed and lost ! Whom, on a rainy day, as he tempts the ford,—the headlong torrent bears drowned to the main.”

HE spoke : And quickly, by his side,—rose Neptune and blue-eyed Minerva. Near the hero, confessed, they stood : Assuming, each, a human form. They seized his hand, in their hands. They confirmed him with words divine : And, thus, began the earth-shaking power : “ Son of Peleus, thy terror cease. Remove the cloud, from thy troubled soul : Such the aid thou deriv’st from the gods ! By Jove’s consent we both are come : I and blue-eyed Pallas attend. It is not in the fates, for Achilles—to

perish by a river's rage. Soon shall HE, from his fury  
 desist. Be patient, and thine eyes shall behold ! But thou,  
 obey our will divine : Obey, in all, what the gods sug-  
 gest. Restrain not thy hand from battle,—from the strife  
 of all-equalling war : Till THOU hast the Trojans in-  
 closed,—all those, who shall escape from thy lance—  
 within the walls of the sacred Ilium. THOU, depriving  
 Hector of life—shalt return to the hollow ships. With  
 THAT glory, we shall cover thine arms.”

THUS speaking, they flew, on the winds. Rouzed,  
 by the high commands of the gods : He rushed forward,  
 along the field. The field was covered, with the floods.  
 Many were the splendid arms—many the bodies of war-  
 riors slain,—that floated amain, on the stream ! High-  
 bounding the hero rushed : Against the river's course, he  
 strode. The wide-flowing stream restrained not his speed :  
 Such vigour Pallas had breathed on his limbs. Nor yet  
 Scamander abated his rage. Redoubled rose the dreadful  
 wrath of the god. He swelled the waves of all his streams.  
 He rolled them, roaring, o'er the plain : And, thus, the  
 streamy Simois he urged :

“ BROTHER beloved !” Began the god : “ We both,  
 with joint force, may restrain,—the strength and valour  
 of ONE gallant chief. Else HE soon shall level with  
 earth,—

earth,—the sacred city of godlike Priam. The Trojans have ceased, from the fight. ALL yield to HIS resistless spear. But thou, quickly rush to mine aid. From thy fountains replenish thy rills. Rouze all thy roaring streams, at once. Swell, o'er thy banks, thy mighty wave. Roll together, tumultuous and loud,—trunks of trees and broken rocks. Let us,—resounding amain,—repress this great, destructive man : Who victoriously strides in his might : Who equals the gods in his deeds. But, neither his mighty force shall avail : Nor yet that awful form divine : No : Nor that dazzling splendor of all his arms : All THESE, beneath our streams, o'erwhelmed,—shall lie concealed in heaps of slime. With sand I shall involve him round : And pile mountains of earth on his corse. Nor can the Argives, in all their zeal,—collect his snow-white bones in a tomb,—such a mound shall I rear, o'er his head. I shall his obsequies perform : His sepulchre my streams shall rear. Nor the warrior interment shall need,—when Greece shall pay funeral rites to her hero."

HE spoke : And poured his whole force, on Achilles : Raging amain, o'er his troubled streams. Loud-murmuring, he roared along,—with foam, with blood, with heroes slain. The purple wave of the Jove-descended stream,—swelled aloft and fell whole, on the offspring of Peleus.

Awful

Awful rose the loud voice of Juno. Much she feared for Achilles divine : Left the mighty River, in rage, should bear him to his gulphs profound. Straight the Vulcan addressed. Thus, rose her voice to her son beloved : “ Arise to battle ! My son, Arise ! To THEE, as equal, is opposed in the strife,—gulphy Xanthus, with all his streams. Arise. Bring quickly aid, my son ! Rouze all thy sounding flames to the fight. But I myself will awake o’er the main, the rushing blasts of two powerful winds : The Zephyr, darkening, as he flies,—the rapid force of the southern wind. THEY, bearing forward dreadful flame—shall burn the arms and the Trojans slain. But THOU, on the banks of Xanthus,—wrap all his crackling trees, with fire. Throw fire in his very stream. Nor soothing words must quell thy rage : Nor be thou turned from thy purpose, with threats. Restrain not, in aught, the wasteful force : Till I, aloud, the signal give : THEN repress the devouring fire.”

SHE spoke : And Vulcan launched his fires. Dreadful-sparkling, they rushed from his hands. First kindled, on the field, were the flames. The god, first burnt the Trojans slain : Who many and mangled, in blood,—lay amain, by the hero’s arm. The whole field is dried o’er its bounds. The lessened deluge shrinks from the plain. As when, in autumn, the northern wind—dries  
the



BOOK XXI. THE ILIAD OF HOMER. 311

the watered garden with ease: And o'er his soul, exults the swain. So dried, o'er its bounds, is the field: When blaze the plain, in the heaven-sent fire.

ON the river, the god turned his arms. He launched into the stream the fire. The lofty elms, the willows blaze! The low tamarisk, the lotus, the reeds,—which flourished amain, on the banks,—and o'er the streamy river waved. The writhing eels, the fishes gasp: To and fro, they fly from the flame,—and deeply dive, beneath the clear-rushing streams. Much they labour for life, in the heat—which the artist divine had raised. The whole strength of the river burns. Vanquish'd Xanthus, thus, addresses the gods:

“O VULCAN! Surely none of the gods,—can meet thy force, in equal fight. Nor I with thee, in such battle, will strive: Repress, O power, thy dreadful flames. Desist, in pity, from the fight. Straight let Achilles divine,—expel the Trojans and level their town. What have I to do with strife? What with aid, to wretched men?” He spoke, burning in the flames of the god. O'er their breadth his waters boiled. As swells the huge caldron within, when round it flames the mighty fire: When melting the fat of a high-fed boar. The bubbles rise, on every side: Wide-blazes, beneath, the wood.  
Thus

Thus bubbled the River's beauteous streams : Thus boiled his troubled waters, amain. : Restrained, was his course, from the main : O'er it spread a cloud of smoke : Beneath the force of the artist divine. Oppressed with heat, the suppliant god,—thus addressed his prayers to Juno.

“ O JUNO ! Why has thy son—descended, in his wrath, on my stream ? Why ME more than others infest ? Nor yet so much to blame, is Xanthus,—as other powers, who the Trojans assist. Yet I will cease to aid thy foes : If such are thy mighty commands. But let THIS power restrain his rage : And I will plight my faith, with an oath : That never shall mine aid ward away—the evil day, from devoted Troy : Not when sacred Ilium itself,—involved in flame, shall fall to the earth,—beneath the hands of the warlike Argives.”

WHEN white-armed Juno heard the god,—she spoke, straight, to her son beloved : “ Vulcan, restrain thy rage ! Cease thy fury, my son renowned ! Unjust it is to torment a god,—for wretched man, devoted to death.” She spoke : And the artist divine—extinguished his wide-flaming fire. The beauteous waters to their channel returned : And rolled their wonted course to the main. But after the strength of Xanthus—lay subdued by Vulcan divine : Both the gods resigned the fight : Restrained by Juno, though still she raged.

BUT

BUT on the other deathless powers,—dreadful contest and battle descend. Their heavenly souls were divided to all. They favoured different sides, in the war. With mighty tumult, on each other, they rushed. The spacious earth groans amain, at the strife : And huge heaven resounds, o'er its spheres. Jove heard the tremendous noise : As on snow-clad Olympus he sat. Joy opened o'er the heart of the god : As HE beheld the contending powers. Nor THEY long apart remained on the field. Mars began, the dreadful breaker of shields ! HE first rushed on blue-eyed Pallas. Holding his brazen spear in his hand : He, thus, began with reproachful words :

“ WHY, most audacious of all the gods ! Why excit'st thou the powers to engage ? Endued thou art with matchless pride. Thy daring soul bears thee forward to strife. Remember'st thou not, faithless power ! Or slip thy crimes, from thy haughty soul ?—When Diomedes was urged, by thy words,—to wound, in battle, this deathless form ? With thy hand, thou guided'st the shining lance : Right forward it came, by thy power,—and mixed its point, with the blood of a god. But now vengeance pursues thee, I deem : And THOU shalt feel, for my former woes.”

HE spoke : And struck, with his mighty spear,—the dreadful orb of the tasselled Ægis : Which even the flam-

ing bolt of Jove—could not subdue, in its rage. This the power with slaughter stained—struck amain, with his dreadful spear. But SHE, retiring back apace,—graspt a stone, in her mighty hand: A stone, which lay on the field,—dark, rugged, enormous in size! Which men, in the days of old,—placed to mark the limits of lands. With this, she struck impetuous Mars. On his neck fell the weight. His huge limbs were unbraced. He sunk. O'er seven acres extended he lay. His locks divine were soiled with dust. His arms resounded round the god. Blue-eyed Pallas smiled, at his fall: And glorying o'er the vanquished power,—thus with winged words she began:

“IMPETUOUS and unthinking god! Perceiv'st thou not yet, in thy soul: That NOT vain is the boast of Pallas,—who glories to excel THEE, in force? Perceiv'st thou not my superior strength,—when thus thou ventur'st to oppose me, in arms? Thy wrathful mother's furies pursue—and lay thee, on earth, by my hand. The evils, contrived for THEE, are come: As thou hast deserted the Argives: As thou aid'st the treaty-breaking warriors of Troy.”

THUS saying, she turned away—the awful splendour of her eyes. The daughter of Jove, the golden Venus,  
raised

raised the fallen power, by the hand. She led him slowly from the field. Scarce breathes with pain, the gasping god : Scarce yet he collected his wandering soul. The white-armed Juno beheld them both : With winged words, she to Pallas began : " O gods ! Behold that sight of shame ! Invincible daughter of Ægis-bearing Jove ! Behold again that audacious power ! How she leads, through the wide-flaming war,—impetuous Mars, the destroyer of men ! But thou, pursue, with vengeance, her steps."

SHE spoke : The goddess heard her with joy. With hasty stride she rushed on the queen. She struck her, on the white-heaving breast,—with the force of her mighty hand. Her beauteous limbs were unbraced, as she sunk. Darkness rose, on her labouring soul. Side by side, the vanquished powers—lay stretched, on the fruitful earth. O'er them gloried blue-eyed Pallas : And thus, with winged words, she began : " Thus vanquished may all lie disgraced,—who aid the faithless Trojans, in war,—against the force of the bright-mailed Argives ! Thus subdued, lie vanquished the powers : Who, like Venus, gives aid to Mars—opposed to the strength of Minerva ! Then shall the immortal gods,—cease from battle and shameful strife : When the high-built city of sacred Ilium,—shall lie levelled with earth, in its smok."

SHE spoke: And Juno, with smiles, approved. But the king, who shakes the solid earth,—thus spoke to the far-shooting Phœbus: “Phœbus! Why stand we apart, in the strife? It becomes not—when the gods are engaged. Disgrace shall cover us both: Should we, without battle return,—to Olympus with summits of snow,—to the brazen halls of high-thundering Jove. Begin: For thou art younger in years. It becomes not ME to begin: As long before thee, I was born: And more knowledge has enlightened my mind. Unthinking god! What folly has veiled thy soul? Forgotten, by THEE are our wrongs! Remember’st thou not in ought,—the evils, which we suffered at Troy? When we alone of all the gods,—descending from the mansions of Jove: Served the haughty Laomedon,—a whole year, for a stated hire? Their city rose to the Trojan powers,—their lofty wall, from these hands divine: Their thick, their solid, beautiful walls—to render Ilium impregnably strong. To feed his lowing herds were thy care: In the deep vales of the wood-covered Ida.”

“BUT when the revolving seasons came—with the time for discharging our hire: Then the unjust Laomedon,—by force defrauded us both of the whole. He dismissed us, with disgrace, from his presence: And added threats to injustice and shame. He threatened to fetter thy feet  
and

and hands: To sell thee, as an abject slave,—to islands remote in the main. To us both he affirmed, in his scorn: That, with steel, he would shorten our ears. Straight we rose to the mansions of Jove. Wrath darkly swelled, on our souls: For the hire, which he promised we raged: For his threats and his broken faith. And is it for this thou favour'st his race? For this, thou opposest our will:—That Ilium's deep foundations may fall: That the treaty-breaking Trojans may perish: With their children and tender wives?"

To Neptune replied, in his turn—the long-haired king, that shoots from afar: "O thou, that surroundest the world! Not prudent I ought to be called,—should I rashly engage with THEE: For mortals, a wretched race! Like the frail successions of leaves,—men descend on the tide of time. Now they blossom, in all their bloom: Deriving vigour from the fruits of the earth: Now, they wither, as they lie on the ground. Then let us abstain from the fight: Let those, who perish, in battle engage."

Thus speaking, he backward retired. Much he feared in his deathless breast,—to mix his hands with the brother of Jove. HIM his sister upbraided aloud: Bright Diana, who delights in the chace! The goddess of desarts began. She spoke reproachful words, like these: "Fly'st thou  
then,

then, THOU that shoot'st, from afar? Resign'st thou to Neptune the field? With such ease, hast thou given him renown? Vain god! Why this martial parade? That useless bow, which resounds, as thou strid'st? Henceforth thine empty vaunts forbear. Boast no longer, in the mansions of Jove: As heretofore, in the ears of the gods: That thou could'st contend, in dreadful strife,—with Neptune, who rules the main."

SHE spoke: Nor in ought replied,—bright Apollo, who shoots from afar. Rage seized the awful spouse of Jove. She upbraided the shaft-loving queen: And thus began, with reproachful words: "How presum'st thou, audacious power! To stand opposed to me in arms? Hard shall I prove for Diana in force: Though laden, with her quiver and bow! Jove ordained thee a plague to thy sex: Among women THEE a lion he made,—to slay, whom thou wilt, with thy shafts. More easy it is o'er the wilds,—to lay the savage race, in their blood: O'er the desert, the hind to pursue: Than with thy betters to combat in war. But if a trial Diana would make: Let her rise. In thy woes thou shalt find,—how superior is Juno in force."

SHE spoke: Both her wrists she eagerly seized. Her left hand graspt them both amain: With her right, from her shoulders divine,—she tore the quiver replete with  
 shafts.



shafts. Round the huntress, alternately urged,—on either side, the quiver flew. The goddess winds her fair form; from the blows. The winged arrows are strewed, on the ground. Bursting into tears, she rose,—like a dove, on the veering winds: A dove, that from the falcon flies—to the dark cleft of the hollow rock: her wonted retreat, from the foe: Not yet destined by fate to fall. Thus bursting into tears she flew. Her bright quiver remained behind.

BUT to the long-haired Latona,—winged Hermes these words began: “Nor I, Latona, with THEE will contend. Hard the task it is to contend—with the awful wives of the storm-ruling Jove! Boast freely, O long-haired queen! Go. Triumph, among the gods. Declare to all,—that by THEE subdued,—I resigned the renown of the fight.” Thus he spoke: Nor replied Latona. SHE collected the shafts and the bow: Which lay strewed, o’er the dusty field. With these, the goddess rose, on the winds. She followed her daughter beloved.

To broad Olympus Diana came: To the bright, brazen mansions of Jove. The lovely daughter dissolved in tears—sat silent. Round her trembled her robe divine. The son of Saturn embraced her, with smiles: And thus questioned the shaft-bearing queen: “Who hath done  
this:

this mischief?" He said. "Who, daughter beloved, of the gods? Who has rashly stretched forth his hand: As if THOU wert guilty of crimes?" To him replied, in her grief,—the crescent-crowned huntress of hinds: "ME thy spouse has covered with woes: The white-armed comfort of thundering Jove! She the ceaseless author of strife! Of dire contention, among the gods!"

THUS THEY spoke, in the mansions of Jove: But Phœbus Apollo ascended to Troy: To sacred Ilium exposed to the winds. HIS was the care of the lofty wall: The defence of the high-built town. Left the Argives, opposed to the fates—should, on that day, level Ilium with earth. To Olympus retired the gods: The ever-living returned to their fire. Some sat, moping, in silent wrath: But others exulted in fame. In the halls of their father, they sat: Near the ruler of darkening storms.

BUT Achilles hung forward on Troy: He slew the people, he slew the steeds. As when a dreadful smoke ascends,—covering the azure face of the sky: When hostile flames inwrap a town: When, from the wrath of the gods it descends. To all it toil and labour brings: To many destruction and death. Thus Achilles poured, on Troy,—toil, trouble, destruction, and death. In the lofty tower of the Scæan gate;—the aged Priam trembling stood.

stood. He saw the large form of the mighty Achilles :  
And before him the flying Trojans. Broken, scattered  
they fled o'er the plain : No force, no vigour remained !  
Loud-wailing their sovereign descends—to issue orders,  
behind the wall,—to the valiant guards of the gates.

“ HOLD wide-open the gates in your hands. Receive  
the flying troops, from the field. Near is destroying  
Achilles. He scatters, he slays the rear. Near is the  
ruthless chief : And I forbode the worst in my soul.  
But when the army is all inclosed : When, here, they  
shall breathe from their toil : Again shut the portals with  
speed. Shut out Achilles and death. Much I fear that  
this dreadful chief,—will burst his way through our sacred  
walls.”

THEY opened the wide portals with speed. They threw  
back the heavy bars, with their hands. The gates re-  
ceived to safety the host. Apollo bounded forth, in his  
strength : To turn destruction, from the warriors of Troy.  
Right to the city their way they held : Parched with heat  
and whitened with dust. From the field they rushed  
again, to the wall. HE pursued, with his deadly spear.  
Dismal rage possessed wholly his heart : And, he furiously  
followed renown. Then had the sons of the Argives,—  
seized Troy, through her lofty gates : Had not Phœbus  
VOL. II. T t Apollo—

Apollo—rouzed the soul of Agēnor divine : A hero born,  
 the son of Antēnor ; brave in battle and high in renown.  
 He poured valour in the soul of the chief. Near the hero  
 stood the god : To turn away death's dreadful hands.  
 Against the beech of Jove, he stood : Covered over, with  
 thickest night.

BUT when Agēnor beheld Achilles,—he stood. Much  
 revolved his darkening soul in his breast : When he waited  
 the destroyer of towns. Deeply-sighing the hero began :  
 Thus addressing his own mighty soul : “ Ah me ! What  
 resource now remains ! Should I fly from the mighty Achil-  
 les,—along the path, by which others fly ! Soon his speed  
 would o’ertake my steps : Like a coward I should fall by  
 his hands. But should I desert my friends : And leave  
 them thus dispersed and o’erwhelmed,—by the deadly  
 spear of the son of Peleus : Should I turn my flying steps  
 from the walls,—and urge my course o’er the Trojan  
 plain : Entering the shadowing groves,—the shrubby sides  
 of the sacred Ida. So may I plunge in the river’s stream,—  
 wash the dust, from my wearied limbs : And under the  
 dewy wing of the eve,—return to the high-walled Troy.

“ BUT why debates my dubious soul with herself?  
 Should HE behold my departure. My flight from the  
 town, o’er the field.—Soon would he gain, on my steps,—  
 urging

urging forward, his rapid strides. No hopes of escape should remain : No refuge from instant death : For much he transcends in speed : In valour the human race. But should I advance, on his course : Before the city, encounter his lance : HE also is pervious to steel : HIS body is subject to wounds. He has but one soul, in his breast : Men affirm, that HE a mortal was born. But the gods give success to his arms : The son of Saturn has clothed him, with fame."

THUS speaking, he turned his steps. He awaited the approach of Achilles. His heart heaves high with valiant joy,—to encounter so mighty a foe. As the Panther when he issues, amain,—from the deep thicket, in rage,—against the hunter and all his shafts. HE turns not to flight, from his steel. He hears, unstartled, his clamorous hounds. Though wounded, at hand, by the lance,—or afar by the barbed dart : He desists not, though transfixed, from the fight. He slays his foe, or himself lies slain. Thus the son of Antenor renowned,—Agēnor of form divine,—disdained to retreat from the fight : To leave the force of Achilles untried. He stood collected behind his broad shield. He held forward on the hero his spear : And thus to Achilles aloud :

“ GREAT were thy hopes, illustrious Achilles ! That, on this fatal day, thy spear,—was destined to level with  
T t 2 earth,—

earth,—the city of the Trojans renowned. Mistaken man ! Many woes and disasters remain to THEE—ere yet we shall yield to thine arm. In Troy we are many and brave,—still ready to contend with the foe : To guard Ilium, for our parents beloved,—for our children and tender wives. But even THEE—though dreadful thou art, though a warrior of matchless renown,—shall fate cover here from the light.”

HE spoke : And, from his finewy arm,—dismissed the pointed spear, on the foe. Nor strayed the gleaming lance from the mark. He struck the hero below the knee. The greaves of tin lately-laboured with art—resounded harshly to the spear. The steel, unpiercing, resulted amain : Stopt short by the gift of the god. The son of Peleus next assailed—Agenor of form divine. But Apollo prevented his fame. He bore the gallant foe away : Involving him in darkness around.

THE god, deluding great Achilles—turned the hero, from the people of Troy. The far-shooting king assumed the form—the manly port of the great Agenor. Before his steps, confessed, he stood. With rapid strides, he pursued him amain. Whilst HE, o’er the wheat-bearing field,—extended his steps in pursuit : Toward the river turned the god : To loud Scamander, with gulphs profound.

found. Small the space he flew before. Apollo allured the hero's steps. He ever hoped to outstrip, in the race, —the awful god, in human form.

MEANTIME, the flying warriors, of Troy—crowded with joy through the gates. They breathed, within their walls, from toil. The whole city is filled, with the host. Nor THEY sustained, without the wall: Without the gates of sacred Troy,—to wait, each, for their flying friends: To know the detail of the troops: And who escaped, or fell in war. With eager speed they poured through their gates: Each, whom his active limbs, had borne—from danger and the tempest of arms.

THE  
I L I A D  
OF  
H O M E R.

B O O K XXII.

**T**HUS, like timid fawns, the Trojans—disperfed,  
panting, o'er all their town. They wiped the  
dust from their weary limbs: And cheered, with cooling  
draughts, their souls. Their beauteous battlements they  
manned: Leaning forward, with their steel, to the foe.  
But the deep line of the Argive powers—approached,  
slowly, the walls of Troy: Inclining on their shoulders  
their shields. Hector alone remained,—chained down,  
by destructive fate: Before the heaven-built towers of  
Ilium,—before the lofty Scæan gate.

BUT the far-shooting Phœbus—undeceiving Achilles  
spoke: “ Why purfueft thou ME, fon of Peleus? Why  
urge



urge thy rapid steps, on my flight? Thou only a mortal man! But I an immortal god! Nor to THEE was given to discern—the power divine in human form. Ceaseless fury has distracted thy soul. Nor longer battle commands thy care: Nor all thy warlike toil with Troy. The enemy is lost to thy spear. Safe-inclosed is the foe in his walls: Whilst THOU, in idle pursuit hast hither diverted thy speed. Nor ME thy deadly spear can slay: Nor subject to death are the gods!”

TO HIM in wrath, the mighty Achilles: “Thou hast injured my fame, Apollo! Thou most pernicious of all the gods! Thou hast robbed me of half my renown,—by turning my steps, from the wall. Else many had bit the ground in death: Ere they yet had ascended to Troy. Now my glory thou hast torn, from my hands: With ease, thou hast saved the foe,—from future vengeance secure! Thy want of fear, has suggested the wrong. But were the means of vengeance mine,—this injury should not pass unreturned.”

HE spoke: And elated in soul,—toward the city strode amain: Forceful-rushing, like a steed,—when victorious in the race, with his car: With mighty effort he scours along,—refounding as the plain he devours. Thus rapidly moved Achilles: Stretching forward his mighty limbs.

limbs. HIM Priam, first beheld, with his aged eyes :  
 Blazing forth, like a dreadful star,—as bright he strode  
 along the plain : Like the star, which in autumn ascends.  
 Brightly-beaming stream its rays,—o'er the stillest hour of  
 night. The other stars shrink pale from its awful blaze !  
 Mortals call it the dog of Orion. The most splendid of  
 all heaven's host. But hung aloft a dire portent : Pour-  
 ing heat and fell disease,—on the nations of hapless men.

THUS, round the breast of the rushing chief,—shone  
 afar the brafs divine. Loud-rose the mournful voice of  
 the aged. He struck his head, with uplifted hands. He  
 shrilly-reared his wailing voice. He intreated his son be-  
 loved. But his son stood darkly at the gate. Much burnt  
 his eager soul within : To mix in fight, with Achilles  
 divine. Mournfully the aged spoke : Stretching forth his  
 withered hands :

“ O HECTOR, stay not, son beloved ! Stay not, unsup-  
 ported alone ! Meet not this warrior in fight : Let not  
 these eyes behold THEE slain ! Subdued by the son of  
 Peleus : Who, in force, excels thee far ! Destructive  
 chief ! O would that he were—as little loved by the gods  
 as by Priam : Soon bloody hounds his corse should tear,—  
 and vultures flap, round him, their wings. A gleam of  
 joy would arise, on my heart : Bitter sorrow would half-  
 quit

quit my foul. Of many fons he ME deprived. Of many gallant fons: Or flain,—or fold captives, to diftant ifles.”

“ Two meet not, now, mine aged eyes: Lycaon and young Polydorus. Two I perceive not, amid the hoft. From Laothoë they fprung: Laothoë, among women divine. But, if they breathe, in yonder camp—much of gold, and of burnifhed brafs,—fhall be paid, for their freedom and life. Much, ftill, within my halls remains: The wealth of Altes afar-renowned: Which he gave to his daughter beloved. But if, in battle, both are flain: If wander their fouls, in the regions of death. Then forrow fhall lie deep, on my heart. Much their haplefs mother fhall mourn.”

“ BUT for THEE, a whole people fhall mourn. The Trojans defencelefs and loft! Should’ft thou, yield thyfelf to death,—fubdued by the fon of Peleus. But enter thou the wall, my fon. Save the Trojans, the Trojan dames. Save thine own important life. Give not to Achilles renown. Pity ME worn down with ills. Pity, while yet my fenfes remain. Pity an unhappy king,—whom Jove, on the laft limits of age,—has doomed to fortune’s bittereft woes. Many evils have I yet to behold: My valiant fons in battle flain! My daughters ravifhed, in my fight!

My bridal chambers disclosed to the foe ! My infant offspring dashed on earth : My people floating in their blood ! The wives of sons to slavery led,—by the destructive hands of the Argives !”

“ THEN shall come the completion of woes ! Priam shall fall the last of his race. In the gates of my own lofty dome,—ME, perhaps, shall dogs devour : When some foe—or with shaft or with spear,—shall have deprived this feeble body of life. ME, perhaps, shall dogs devour : Those whom I reared in my splendid halls, the attendants of my table ! The faithful guardians of my gates ! These shall drink their master’s blood : And growing furious from the draught,—shall lie, with lolling tongues, in the ample porch. But graceful lie the young, in their blood. Their wounds become them,—when torn with steel. Nor, in ought, is disgusting the sight. Beauteous, even in death, they appear. But when the head whitened with years,—the hoary beard, the shrivelled form,—the furrowed features of the aged are torn,—at once the sport and prey of dogs : Then misery ascends to her height ! The last measure of misfortune is full.”

THUS the aged spoke, in his grief. He tore his hoary hair, with his hands. His hoary hair he tore amain. But he changed not Hector’s mighty soul. His mother reared her

her parent voice : Loud-wailing and drowned in her tears. With ONE hand, she laid her bosom bare : With the other, her breast exposed. Thick-descend the warm tears, on her cheek. With winged words she addressed her son :

“ O HECTOR ! O my son beloved ! Revere THESE, and pity me. If ever, with this parent breast, I settled thine infant cries. Remember THESE, my son beloved ! Repel the ruthless, cruel foe. Oppose these lofty walls to his rage. Enter the gate, too-daring chief ! Stand not to contend, in arms. Alas ! Should’st thou fall, by his hand : Never shall these parent eyes,—drench thee, with tears, on the mournful bier. Unwept by her, who bore thee, Hector ! Unwept, by thy high-born spouse. Far, ah ! far remote from us,—thee hostile dogs shall tear amain : At the ships of the Argive powers.”

THUS THEY addressed the voice of wo,—their suppliant voice to their son beloved ! Nor bent they Hector’s daring soul. Resolved he stands firm in his place. He waits the near approach of the mighty Achilles. As when a dreadful snake, in his brake,—hears the tread of the coming swain. High-fed with poisonous herbs, he swells : Dire rage pervades his whole frame. Horrid glare his fiery eyes. He rolls his glittering length, round his den : So Hector kindling, in his breast,—the unextinguishable force of his

foul,—retreated not, as the foe approached. Against a tower the hero leaned;—on the bright orb of his spacious shield. Indignant rolled his thoughts within: And thus he spoke to his mighty soul:

“AH me! What course shall I take? Shall I enter this gate and these walls? Polydamas will be the first—to load me, with bitter reproach. HE, on that destructive night,—when great Achilles rose in arms,—HE advised to lead off the Trojans: To shelter in Ilium the troops. Yet I obeyed not the warrior in ought: Though to obey were better far! But, now, that through my fatal folly I lost—my people, my honour, my friends: I dread the reproach of the Trojans,—the Trojan dames with sweeping robes: I dread the voice of cowardly men: Thus, perhaps, they will speak, in mine ear: “Hector trusting to his strength,—lost his people and his country destroyed.”—Thus they will speak aloud. For me it then were better far: Or to return, having slain Achilles: Or, for the city, to fall by his hands.”

“WHAT, if laying down this shield: This bossy orb, that shines so bright: The helm that glitters to the sun? What, if leaning this spear on the wall: I should advance to the mighty Achilles: And promise Helen to restore? The treasure, which she brought, from afar? The wealth,

which in his hollow ships,—ill-fated Paris brought to Troy? What if I should promise all that roused this war around our walls:—All that assembled Greece demands,—to be borne away by the sons of Atreus? If I should pledge my faith to divide—with the other warriors of Argos,—the hidden wealth of high-walled Troy? That I shall exact of the Trojans—a solemn oath to disclose their stores? To give the half to the warlike Argives—of all, that this beauteous town contains?”

“ BUT why debates with herself my soul? Will suppliant Hector move the chief? Will he pity my abject state? Will HE my person revere, in ought? He will rather slay me unarmed,—like a woman, without peril or strife. This is no season to talk with Achilles: As when beneath an oak or a rock—a youth and virgin talk at ease: A youth and virgin, meeting by chance, converse. Hence all thoughts, but those of blood! It is better, at once, to engage: To know with speed, whose martial arm—is destined, by Jove, for renown.”

WHILST this he revolved in his soul: Near him approached the mighty Achilles: Like warrior Mars, shaking high his bright helm. O'er his right shoulder the chief—shook aloft the Pelian ash. Dreadful gleamed the brazen point. All his dazzling arms shot flame: Like  
the

the lightening of father Jove: Like fire, that burns with ceaseless rage: Like the beams of the rising sun! Mighty Hector struck, with fear, at the sight,—sustained not the hero's approach. He left the lofty gates behind. He scoured, frightened, around the wall. The son of Peleus rushed amain—trusting to the speed of his limbs.

As a falcon on his native hills,—the swiftest bird, that flies on the wind,—shoots forward with all his force,—on the course of the timid dove. SHE obliquely shuns the foe. Resounding, on his pinions, HE flies—darting, frequent, on the wing. Eager burns his soul for the prey. Thus burns the mighty Achilles,—darting forward, with eager speed. Hector fled amain, from the chief. Around the walls of the Trojans he held:—Quick-moving his active limbs.

BEYOND the high watch-tower they passed: Beyond the fig-trees, that resound in the winds. They came to the river's beauteous source,—to the two fountains of gulphy Scamander: ONE, hot, issues forth to the light,—smoking as it rolls along. The OTHER, even in summer, flows,—cold as hail or driven snow,—or water congealed into ice. In ample cisterns, falls each of the streams: Beauteous, wide, of marble formed: Where the dames of the warlike Trojans: Where their daughters of splendid charms,—



charms,—washed their beauteous robes, in the stream,—in the quiet season of peace. Ere yet came the Argives to Troy. Beyond these the heroes bounded amain. One fled, the other hung, on his flight. Valiant was the chief, who fled; but more valiant the chief, who pursued. Nor for the victim, nor for its extensive hide,—nor for any wanted prize of the race,—the heroes urged their rapid steps. They ran for the gallant soul—of Hector, the breaker of steeds.

As when coursers, who had oft won the prize,—turn with sounding speed the goal. Eager they devour the plain: For great is the prize proposed: Or tripod or white-bosomed maid;—in honour of the mighty dead. Thus, thrice the chiefs round the city of Priam,—urged the circling race, along. The deathless powers beheld the whole: And, thus, with winged words began,—the awful father of men and of gods:

“ UNPLEASING is the sight, ye gods! Which now presents itself to mine eyes! A hero beloved of Jove,—driven round his native walls! My very soul grieves for Hector divine. Many were his offerings to ME: Many oxen have smoaked, from his hand—on the summits of streamy Ida. Oft the favour of his victims arose,—from the highest towers of Troy. But, now, Achilles divine,—hangs forward, with swift steps, on his flight,—round the city of  
godlike

godlike Priam. Quick, deliberate, all ye gods ! Consult, among yourselves, with speed : Whether to save the hero from death,—or subdue him, though virtuous and good,—beneath the lance of the son of Peleus.”

“ O FATHER !” blue-eyed Pallas replied : “ Why these words, O storm-ruling Jove ? Why deliver, from dismal death,—a mortal man, long destined to fate ? Do. But we the other gods—shall never approve of the deed.” To her replied the storm-ruling Jove : “ Confide in thy soul, Tritonia ! Daughter beloved, confide. Not determined, I spoke, from my soul. To Pallas I wish to be mild. Do, as seems good to thy mind. Accomplish thy purpose and will.”

HE spoke : And urged her already prompt. She threw herself, with force, on the winds : And descended, from the brows of Olympus. Unceasing the swift Achilles,—pursued Hector divine, round the wall. As a hound, on the echoing hills,—pursues the fawn of a bounding hind : Rouzed suddenly from her retreat. Through deep vales, through the brushwood she flies : And should she cower in the thickest copse : He gathers her footsteps, on wind : Till he finds and devours the prey. Thus Hector could not evade—the eager speed of the great son of Peleus.

As

As often as he turned his long strides,—to the lofty Dardanian gates: When right-forward he urged his course,—to the well-built, Ilian towers: That his townsmen aloft from the walls,—might pour their flying darts, on the foe: So often the great son of Peleus,—rushed between, and drove him a-field. But HE turned ever his steps,—near the walls of his much-beloved town. As when a man, involved in dreams,—in vain pursues another that seems to fly: Nor THIS can escape with his speed: Nor THAT is able to overtake. Thus Achilles failed to o’ertake: Thus Hector to escape from his foe.

By what means, could the godlike Hector,—thus long have escaped his fate: Had not Phœbus advanced, on his course,—and poured strength on his sinewy limbs? But Achilles divine, as he strode—gave a sign to his warlike troops. He suffered them not to launch—their pointed darts, on the flying chief. Lest another should share the renown—which the hero would wholly enjoy. But when, a fourth time they came,—to the springs of the sacred Scamander: Then the father lifted high, in his hands,—the golden balance, that shews the fates. In this he placed, on either side,—the two fates of long-sleeping death: In THAT the fate of godlike Achilles,—in THIS that of Hector divine. By the middle he raised them, aloft: The fatal day of Hector inclined,—and sunk to the regions of death.

Straight Apollo forsook the chief: But blue-eyed Pallas approached, with speed,—to the side of the great son of Peleus. Near the hero, the goddess stood: And, thus, with winged words began:

“Now, beloved of Jove!” She said: “Illustrious Achilles, I deem: That we shall bear back great renown,—to the hollow ships of the Argive powers: By slaying Hector, in dismal fight—though insatiable is the hero in war! Nor longer shall the warrior escape: Should far-shooting Phœbus, with all his prayers,—roll himself, at the feet of his father,—intreating Ægis-bearing Jove. But thou, stop and breathe, from the race. I will approach the foe: And persuade him to meet thee, in fight.”

Thus she spoke: And the hero obeyed. Gladness rose, a light, on his soul. Leaning, he stood on his ashen spear. SHE, leaving the chief, advanced: She came up with Hector divine. She assumed the form of Deiphobus,—the hero’s unwearied voice! Near the hapless chief, she stood,—and thus addressed him, with winged words: “O brother beloved and revered! Much thou art pressed, by the mighty Achilles! Pursuing thee, thus, amain,—round the city of godlike Priam. But stop: Let us stand to the foe: Here remaining, his force repel.”

To

To her, godlike Hector, replied,—waving, aloft, his various helm: “Deiphobus!” The hero said: “O ever most-beloved, by my soul,—of all the sons, whom Hecuba bore to Priam! But now I add honour to love,—as thou hast sustained, for my sake—oppressed as I am, by the foe,—to issue forth from the sacred Ilium: While others cower behind her walls.”

To him the blue-eyed Pallas replied: “O brother beloved and revered! Much my father, much my mother in tears,—low-bending, embracing my knees: Much my kinsmen, my friends beloved,—much the people entreated my stay: For dreadful panic has seized them all. But my soul was transfixed with my grief: I could not behold thee and stay. But, now, let us urge the furious fight. Let the spears fly amain, from our hands. Let us try, whether mighty Achilles,—slaying both, shall return to the ships;—bearing aloft our bloody spoils: Or, whether, subdued by thy spear,—the hero shall breathe his last.”

Thus deceiving, the goddess spoke. Right-onward she led the way. When, near each other, the heroes came,—bending forward, with all their arms: Hector, first, began to the foe: Waving aloft his various helm: “No more, son of godlike Peleus! I fly thy steps or decline the

fight. Thrice round the lofty city of Priam—have I fled : Nor sustained I thy rage. But, now, his soul bids Hector to stop. I, now, oppose thee, chief, in arms : Determined to slay or be slain. But let us call to witness the gods : THEY the best witnesses are : THEY are guardians of oaths and of leagues. Thy corse I shall not dishonour in ought : Should Jove grant success to my spear : And call forth thy soul, round my steel. Stripping THEE of thy beauteous arms,—I shall restore thy corse to the Argives. This also, do thou, Achilles !”

STERNLY turning his eyes on the chief,—the mighty Achilles replied : “ Hector, most detested of men ! Speak not of leagues to ME. As faithful treaties can never subsist,—between mankind and lions of prey : As the wolf and timid lamb,—can never in ought agree : They always burn with ceaseless rancor and mutual hate : So no friendship, no compact, no league,—can ever subsist between Hector and ME. One or other, this instant, shall die : Shall glut with his flowing blood—fierce Mars, the invincible god ! Rouze, then, all thy knowledge in fight. It much behoves thee to wield thy spear : To shew thyself dauntless and firm : A warrior unyielding and strong ! No farther escape is for thee ! Straight Pallas shall lay thee in blood,—beneath the eager point of my spear. At once,

thou shalt pay, with thy life,—for all the woes of my friends beloved : For all whom thy lance has slain.”

HE spoke : And threw his forceful lance. Illustrious Hector beheld—and shunned the gleaming point, as it came. Stooping forward, he avoided the death. Above, flew resounding the spear : And quivered, as it sunk in the ground. Minerva drew the lance from the earth. She restored it to mighty Achilles : Unknown to illustrious Hector,—the shepherd of his people in war. The chief, elated into hope,—addressed his words to the great son of Peleus :

“ THOU hast wandered, from thine aim, great Achilles ! Nor from Jove hast thou learned my fate. What thou said’st, was wholly thine own. But thou art boastful and artful in speech : Thou hoped’st to unman my soul : To render me forgetful of war. Yet THOU shalt not, as Hector flies,—fix, behind, with thy spear, a wound : But as I rush onward in fight—drive thy lance, through this daring breast : If a god shall give renown to thine arms. Now, THOU, in thy turn avoid—the brazen point of my deadly spear. Would ! It whole were received in thy breast : Then lighter the war would become,—to the Trojans, to Troy, to her king : For pernicious art THOU, to them all !”

HE spoke: And threw his mighty lance. Nor strayed the bright point, from the aim. He struck the shield of the great Achilles. Resulting flew the lance, from the orb. Rage darkened, the soul of the chief: As the spear rushed in vain, from his sinewy arm. HE, dejected in countenance stood. Nor other spear remained, now, to the chief. He called his brother with lofty voice: HE the shielded Deiphobus called. He demanded a steel-pointed lance: Nor brother, nor lance is near. The chief perceived the whole in his soul: And, thus, desponding, he spoke:

“ALAS! The hour of Hector is nigh. The gods surely have called me to death. I deemed that the hero Deiphobus,—was near, in his brother’s aid. But HE within the wall, remains. ME, Pallas, throughout, has deceived. Near me hovers destructive fate. No resource, and no hope of escape! This, has long been determined by Jove—by Jove’s son, who shoots from afar! Heretofore they extended their arms: They delivered, from perils, my life: Now fate, has demanded my soul. But, inglorious, I shall not depart. Some mighty deeds shall adorn my name: And send me renowned to future times.”

THIS saying, his sword he unsheathed: His mighty, his heavy sword,—which hung loose, by the hero’s side.



High-bounding, he rushed on the foe : As the high-flying eagle of heaven,—when, resounding, he descends, through the clouds,—to seize the tender lamb, on the field : Or timid hare, in her lonely feat. Thus Hector bounded forward, with force : High-raising his beamy sword. Achilles all-furious advanced. He filled his soul, with savage rage. He stretched, before his ample breast,—his beautiful, high-wrought, solid shield. His four-coned helm, with awful gleam—nodded high, on the brows of the king. The golden plumes are ruffled, aloft,—and flow, in bright streams, from his awful crest : The plumes, which labouring Vulcan,—poured around the gleaming cone of the helm.

As descending, bright, in the west,—in the still season of placid night,—the evening star exerts her beams : By far, the fairest of heaven's host : So beamed forth the dazzling light,—from the sharp point of the mighty spear : Which Achilles shook aloft in his hand,—forming evil for Hector divine. Eager wandered his eyes o'er the man : In search of a place, for the wound. His beautiful body impervious remained : Covered whole, with the brazen arms : Which he tore, from the strength of the fallen Patroclus. A place at last appeared to the chief : Where the shoulder joins the neck, near the throat : Where death enters, with fatal ease. Through this—  
all-furious,

all-furious, Achilles divine—drove, with mighty force, his spear. Through and through the tender neck,—passed the eager point of the deadly lance. But the ashen spear, heavy with steel—divided not the wind-pipe in twain. The power of speech still remained to the unhappy chief. He fell, resounding, to earth. Achilles gloried o'er the slain :

“ HECTOR ! in vain thou deemed'st,—when spoiling the fallen Patroclus, that in safety, thyself should remain. I came not across thy fears,—HIS absent avenger, in arms. Imprudent man ! Though, apart, I remained,—left, in wrath, at the ships of the Argives : His avenger, at length, I come ! More valiant, by far, than thee : And, now, in death I thy limbs have unbraced. But THEE, shall dogs and birds of prey,—tear amain, dishonoured and lost : But HIM shall the sons of the Argives—with solemn rites, resign to the tomb.”

To him, now languid and faint,—the hapless Hector, thus, replied : “ I intreat thee, by thy own great soul,—by thy knees, by thy parents beloved : Not to leave me, a prey to dogs,—at the ships of the Argive powers. But THOU, receive rich stores of brass : Thou, receive high-valued gold : Which my father shall lay, at thy feet,—which my mother, now mournful in years. Restore thou  
my

my corse to my house: That the Trojans and Trojan  
dames,—may lay me in death, on the pyre.”

To him sternly replied Achilles: “Intreat me not,  
wretch, by these knees: By my parents revered and  
beloved. Would! that my fury and rage—could stimulate  
my heart so far,—as piece-meal to devour thee all:  
Such the woes, thou hast thrown on my soul! But, now,  
none shall drive, from thy corse,—the hungry dogs or  
birds of prey. No. Should they lay, at my feet,—ten,  
twenty-fold the wealthy stores—which Troy contains,  
within her walls: And to their presents add the promise  
of more. No. Should Dardanian Priam—weigh thy  
body against his gold: Not, for all, should thy mother  
revered,—the aged queen, who brought thee forth—  
weep o’er thee laid in death, on thy lofty bier. But  
THEE wholly shall the birds of prey—and hungry dogs  
devour on the plain.”

“WELL I knew thee!” dying Hector replied: “Deaf  
to pity, implacable, fierce! Nor thee I ever hoped to  
bend: Wholly steel is thy savage heart. But thou take  
heed, unyielding chief! For me the wrath of a god may  
arise. On that day, shall MY wrongs be repaid,—when  
Paris and far-shooting Phœbus—shall slay thee mighty as  
thou art,—before these very Scæan gates.”—Thus, as he

faintly spoke,—the shades of death arose, on the chief. His soul, leaving his graceful limbs—descended to the regions below : Mourning his untimely fate,—his vigour, his valour, his youth.

To him, whilst even in death he lay—spoke thus Achilles divine. “ Die thou ! But I shall receive my fate : Whenever it shall please the storm-ruling Jove ;—and the other immortal gods.” He spoke : And withdrew, from the slain, his spear. Apart he placed the bloody lance : And from his shoulders loosed his arms. The rushing Argives poured, around him, amain. With wonder they surveyed the form—the awful beauty of Hector divine. Nor stood an Argive, near the chief—who inflicted not a wound, on the dead. “ Surely now,”—thus the warriors spoke : “ More easy of access is Hector : Than when he launched on the hollow ships,—the flaming brands of devouring fire.” Thus, as some Argive spoke,—he added a wound to his words. But when Achilles divine had spoiled the dead of all his arms : Standing, in the midst of the Argives,—the hero thus began :

“ O FRIENDS ! O leaders of Argos ! Princes of the nations in arms ! Now, as the gods have subdued,—this man, beneath my deadly spear : This man more destructive

tive to Greece,—than all the sons of Troy combined. Now let us haste in our arms : Let us, at once, assail the town : That we may learn the state of the Trojans,—their present disposition of soul : Whether, as slain lies their hero—they will desert their lofty town : Or whether they still will remain : Though Hector has ceased to live.”

“ BUT why debates my soul with herself? At the ships lies the mangled Patroclus : Unwept, unmourned, unburied he lies ! HIM I shall never neglect,—while present with the living I dwell,—while life informs, with motion, my limbs. If, in the regions of death,—oblivion darkly whelms the dead : Yet even THERE my regard shall survive : I, THERE, shall remember my friend beloved. But, now, singing Pæans aloud,—O youths of assembled Achaia ! Let us all return to our ships : Let us drag the slain along. WE are covered, with mighty renown : WE have slain Hector divine ! To whom the Trojans, o’er all their state,—paid, as to a present god, their vows.”

HE spoke : And formed in his wrathful soul,—a deed unworthy of Hector divine. He bored his finewy ancles behind : And through them, inserted a thong. To the car he bound them aloft. His head is dragged, along the ground. Placing the arms, in the seat : The hero

ascended the car. He lashed his deathless couriers to speed : Not unwilling, they flew o'er the plain. The dust rose in clouds, round the dead. His dark-brown locks, were trailed, on the ground. His whole head, so graceful before,—now lay involved and soiled with dust. Great Jove had abandoned the chief. He gave him to the insults of foes : A sight of woe, in his native land.

Thus soiled with earth, lay his graceful head. His mother tore her hoary hair, from the roots. She threw afar her splendid veil. Loud rose the screaming voice of her grief : When thus, she beheld her son. Deeply-groaned his father beloved. The whole people raised, one cry of woe. O'er the town spreads one general lament. Not greater could their sorrow have been,—had lofty Ilium, wrapt wholly in flame, sunk down to its base, in their fight. His whole people, scarce restrained the aged,—now raving, now mad, with his grief : Wildly eager to burst through the gates. Much he implored them all : Rolling, before their feet, in the mire. He called each, by his name, and prayed :

“ PERMIT me, my friends beloved ! Suffer ME alone to go ! Though anxious all, O let me pass ! Let me go, to the navy of Argos ! I will intreat this ruthless man : This chief, of unbridled rage. He, perhaps, will reverse my  
years :

years : He will pity my feeble old age. He has also a father like me : Peleus, who begot and who reared—this dire destruction to Troy. But ME, above all, he destroys : ME chiefly he covers, with woes. So many he has slain of my sons ! So many in the flower of their years ! But not for ALL so much I mourn : Though sorrow o'erwhelms me for all : Not so much as for this ONE,—for Hector !—This latter grief—shall bear me hence to the regions of death. O would ! that he had breathed his last—within these aged, withered arms ! Then had we glutted ourselves, with grief : With loud laments, with falling tears ! The hapless mother, who bore the chief,—and I, his wretched, feeble sire !”

THUS, weeping, the aged spoke. The whole city joined their cries to his groans. Then amid the Trojan dames,—thus Hecuba lamented aloud : “ My son !—Alas ! why breathe I still ? Why live I oppressed thus with woe ? Why lingers, thus, my parting soul,—since departed, THOU art, my son ? THOU, who, day and night, wert my pride,—my glory, my renown in the state. THOU wert thy mother's pride, my son ! Thou the defence of all ! Of Troy, of all her sons and dames ! They received thee, like a returning god. THOU, whilst alive, wert their boast : But fate and death lie heavy, on THEE, my son !”

THUS

THUS weeping the mother spoke : Nor as yet heard his high-born spouse—ought certain of Hector divine. No messenger had brought to her ears : That HE had remained, without the wall. In the inmost recess of the lofty dome,—her beauteous hands ran o'er the web. The double splendid web she wove : Many figures rose bright, on its face. To her long-haired maids, throughout her halls,—the queen had issued her high commands,—to surround a huge tripod with fire : To form the tepid bath for Hector,—returning from the fields of renown. Unhappy woman ! she knew not—that far from the tepid bath,—blue-eyed Pallas her spouse had subdued,—beneath the hands of the mighty Achilles. But when she heard the people's woe,—the loud laments in the lofty tower : A sudden tremor invaded her knees. The shuttle fell from her trembling hand. Straight she spoke to her beauteous maids :

“ AH me ! let two attend my steps : That I may learn the cause of woe. My mother's voice revered I hear. My heart bounds, with unwonted throes. Terror creeps cold through my limbs. Some evil has fallen on Priam's sons. Much I fear,—would that vain were my fears ! Much I dread that Achilles divine—pursues the mighty Hector amain, alone, shut out, by the wall, from his friends. This very instant, perhaps he falls : By his own  
daring



daring courage subdued. HE never in the crowd remained. HE far-advanced beyond the rest : To none yielding in vigour of soul."

THUS speaking, she rushed through the hall. Distracted were her looks and her gait : Her bounding heart beating high, in her breast. The damsels followed her rapid steps : But when she came to the tower : To the mournful troop of her friends : She stood wildly eying the field. She beheld him dragged, before the wall. Swiftly bounded the steeds,—that trailed him to the ships of the Argives. A sudden night obscured her soul. Backward-falling, she breathed forth her soul. Wide poured, from her graceful head—the beauteous braids, which bound her hair : The fillet, the net, the woven wreath : The veil which shaded her beauty divine. The veil, which golden Venus gave,—on the day, that illustrious Hector, brought her, blushing, from the halls of Eëtion : Giving many nuptial gifts to her fire. Around her stood her sisters, in tears. They held her, raving, in their hands : And eager for death, through wo. But when her wandering thoughts returned. When her soul was collected within. Pouring groan on groan, she wept : And spoke, thus, midst the Trojan dames :

“ O HECTOR ! Ah ! Wretched ME ! Both born to the same dismal fate ! Thou here at Troy, in Priam’s halls !  
I, in

I, in the wood-surrounded Thebè,—in the house of the mighty Eëtion! To grief, he reared me in his halls: A hapless father—a wretched child! Would! I had never seen the light!—THOU, now, departest to the dead: To the dark regions, beneath the earth. Thou hast left me to ceaseless woe: An early widow in thy halls. Thy hapless son, an infant still: Of parents more unhappy born. Nor, now, shall Hector help his son: Nor the son shall the father defend. THOU art sunk among the dead: But he is destined to grief.”

“ SHOULD HE escape the bloody hands,—the mournful war of the Argive powers: Sorrow shall not part, from his side: His future portion is certain woe. Others, changing the bounds of his field,—shall all his rich possessions seize. The day, that makes an infant an orphan—deprives him of his father’s friends. Ever dejected are his looks: His cheeks are ever wet with tears. In wretched want he slowly moves—to his father’s companions and friends. One he seizes, by the robe: One, by the skirt of his garment. Some one, more feeling than the rest—reaches a wretched cup to his hand. The scanty draught his lips bedews: His thirst is never allayed.”

“ To add to his increasing woes;—Some youth of living parents proud;—shall drive him away, from the  
 2 feast :

feast: Adding reproach to blows: "Go and perish!" he will say: "THY father feasts not, in our halls." Bursting into tears, the boy,—shall to his widowed mother return. Aftyanax to ME will return: HE, that on his father's knees,—fed on dainties, shall weep in want! Sleepless shall HE pass the night,—who, once, when sleep invaded his lids: When ceasing, from his youthful play,—lay in the lofty bed,—in the arms of his beauteous nurse. In the chamber garnished, with care: With his soul replete with delights. Now, much will he suffer in soul,—deprived of his father beloved. Aftyanax will suffer much: The grateful Trojans gave the name: For thou alone, O hapless Hector! defended'st their gates and their walls."

"BUT, thou liest, at the ships of the foe: Far from thy parents and friends beloved: THEE lazy-rolling worms shall devour: When dogs shall cease from their prey. Exposed thy beauteous body lies. But many garments lie, in store, in thy halls: Beauteous, wrought by female hands. But, as THOU shalt never return: These I shall burn, in the flame. Useless to thee, they are in death: Hector never shall lie, in their folds! THEM I shall consign to the flame. With some

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honour, they will furnish thy shade : Before the Trojans  
and Trojan dames."

Thus weeping, Andromachè spoke. The beauteous  
dames deep-fighed around.

# H O M E R.

“ O MY car-ruling Myrmidons ! My companions and friends beloved ! Let us not dismiss, from the yoke,—the lofty necks of our bounding steeds. On our cars, let us all advance,—and mourn aloud for the fallen Patroclus. Let us surround our friend, in our tears: These the  
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honours,

honours, which belong to the dead ! When our souls shall be glutted with wo : We shall unloose the steeds from the cars,—and take the repast, o'er our lines."

HE spoke : They lamented aloud. Great Achilles led the wo. Thrice around the corse of their friend beloved,—they slowly drove their steeds along. Thetis, o'er their mournful souls,—waked all the regret of grief. The yellow sands were drenched with tears : With tears the bright armour of men : So deep was their sorrow,—for the author of flight to the foe. Deep-sighing, the great son of Peleus,—to his people began the wo : Laying his slaughtering hands,—on the breast of his friend beloved :

" HAIL, O Patroclus beloved ! Even, in the regions of Pluto, hail ! All that I promised, heretofore,—I, now, shall perform, for my friend. Hector, dragged hither in death,—lies here exposed, the prey of dogs. Twelve youths I will also slay—a bloody offering at thy pyre : Twelve Trojans, from parents renowned ! Such the wrath, which invades my soul !"

HE spoke : And formed, in his wrathful soul—a deed unworthy of Hector divine. He extended him prone, in the dust,—before the bier of the son of Menætiüs. They stript themselves of their beauteous arms,—and laid them  
beaming,

beaming, in their place. They loosed their bounding steeds from the yoke. All convened around the ship—of the godlike son of Peleus. He furnished the splendid, funeral feast,—in honour of his friend beloved. Many snow-white, fatted beeves,—are stretched, on earth, by the force of the steel: Many sheep are laid in death: Many screaming goats are slain. Many boars, with snow-white tusks,—high-fed and abounding with fat,—are extended, on spits—before Vulcan's resounding flame. On every side of the corse of Patroclus,—the blood of victims flowed amain.

BUT the king, the offspring of Peleus,—is led away, by the leaders of Argos,—to Agamemnon the divine. Scarce persuaded he moved along,—still raging in his soul, for his friend: When they came to the lofty tent of Agamemnon, the sovereign of all: The king commanded the loud-voiced heralds—to surround a mighty tripod with flame: And to intreat the great son of Peleus,—to wash the gore of foes, from his hands. Inflexible, the chief refused: And added a binding oath:

“ No. By almighty Jove,—the greatest and best of the gods! I shall not approach the bath. No water shall be poured, on my hands: Till I place, on the pyre, Patroclus: Till I roll the gathered earth, on his tomb:  
Till

Till I strew these locks, on the dead. When these rites shall be all performed,—grief shall lessen its weight, on my heart: Whilst I, with the living, sojourn. Yet, now, though reluctant and sad,—the feast I will share, with the kings. But thou, with early morn, command,—O Agamemnon, sovereign of men! Command the host to bring the wood: To rear aloft the mighty pile: Such, as is meet to send the dead,—to the dark regions of mournful death: That the flame of unwearied fire,—may burn him, straight, from my tearful eyes: That, the army again may return—to the works of all-equalling war.”

He spoke: With attention, they heard. They obeyed the awful leader of armies. Their hands they extend to the ready repast: Nor wanting to the souls of the chiefs,—is the joy of the equal feast. Now, when hunger and thirst were both removed,—the other heroes retired to repose: Each to his own lofty tent. But the son of the mighty Peleus—on the echoing shore of the roaring main,—lay, deep-groaning, on earth. The Myrmidons lay, distant, around. On the sand, he stretched his huge form: Where rolled the heavy wave, on the beach. When sleep invaded his weary lids,—softly pouring itself, on his soul,—and doing away his cares: For much  
fatigued



fatigued were his beauteous limbs,—in pursuing Hector divine,—round Ilium exposed to the winds. Pale-bending, o'er the mighty chief,—came the ghost of the hapless Patroclus : In shape, in manly stature the same,—in voice, in bright-rolling eyes. The same flowed his airy robe,—round the empty shade of the chief. He stood, by the hero's head,—and, thus, with feeble voice, began :

“ SLEEPS the son of mighty Peleus ? Am I, then, forgot, by Achilles ? When alive, I commanded thy care. But, neglected, I wander in death. Straight commit my bones to the earth : That I may enter the regions below. The souls drive me far away : The empty forms of the mighty dead,—permit me not to mix, with the crowd,—to pass the course of the fatal stream. Sad, I wander around the gates,—the ample portals of the dark house of death. O give thy right hand to my grasp ! Never, I shall never return : After thou shalt give to my corse,—to partake of the funeral flame. Hereafter, we shall not retire,—from our friends most revered and beloved,—to hold sweet converse of soul alone. My destructive fate has involved : The fate appointed, at my birth. Even o'er THEE hovers fate,—O Achilles equal to gods ! Thou art destined to fall, in death,—before the walls of the high-born Trojans.”

"BUT I give thee another charge. I adjure thee, obey my request. Place not my bones apart,—from thy own, O Achilles beloved! Bred together, in thy lofty halls,—let us rest together, in death. Never parted we were, till now;—from the day, that the great Menætiüs, —brought me, still a child, from Opuntia. He brought me to the halls of Peleus,—of dismal homicide accused: When I slew Amphidamas' son,—imprudent, unwilling, enraged,—at the youth, when engaged in play. Me, received in his lofty hall,—the car-ruling Peleus reared: And called me, early, thy companion and friend. Thus together as both we lived,—let our bones lie together in death: In that golden urn disposed,—which thy mother divine bestowed."

To the shade replied the mighty Achilles: "Why com'st thou, most beloved of mankind? Why com'st thou, thus, to mine eyes? Why giv'st thou these charges to me? But all I will, with care, perform. In all I will observe thy commands. Yet nearer approach, O beloved! One little embrace bestow. A moment, give thyself to mine arms. Let us indulge ourselves with wo."

HE spoke: And stretched forth his eager arms. But the shade eluded his grasp. The soul streamed, like  
I
smoak,

smoak, from his sight : And shrilly-shrieking disappeared in the ground. Astonished Achilles arose. He struck against each other his hands : And thus he reared his mournful voice. “ Then it is true, ye gods ! In the halls of relentless death,—some spirit, some image remains,—but all knowledge departs, from the dead. In the still season of gloomy night,—the shade of the hapless Patroclus,—stood o’er me, plaintive in tears. All his wishes he gave in command ! Alas ! how like my friend, was the empty shade ! ”

He spoke : And awaked, o’er his troops,—the deep regret of tearful wo. To THEM, bewailing their friend beloved,—the rosy-fingered Aurora appeared. Around the hapless dead, they bend. But Agamemnon, the sovereign of men,—rouzed the woodmen with all their mules. From their tents, they assembled, with speed : To bring the wood, from the lofty groves. To command them, a valiant hero arose : Meriones the faithful friend—of Idomeneus, of valour approved. They bore aloft, in their hands,—the bright axes to fell the groves : The well-twisted ropes to sling the loads. Before them moved forward the mules. O’er rocky heights, rugged steeps, abrupt ascents,—o’er deep vallies, harshly-grating, they passed.

BUT when they came to the echoing groves,—of Ida, the mother of streams. The mighty oaks, with heads unshorn,—bend, groaning, beneath the steel. Hoarse-responding they roll, down the steep. The sons of Argos clave the timber amain : They loaded the tardy mules : Who raised their slow steps to return. To the plain, they wished to descend : Down the shrub-covered side of the mountain. All the woodmen bore, each, a huge trunk : So commanded Meriones,—the faithful friend of the great Idomeneus. The whole they arranged, on the shore : Where Achilles marked the ground,—to raise the mighty tomb for his friend,—and for himself, soon destined to fall.

BUT when the huge pile they had reared : In order they sat, gathered, around. Achilles commanded all his troops,—his Myrmidons in battle approved : To cover themselves with bright arms : To join each his bounding steeds to the car. Obedient, at once they arose. They cloathed themselves in burnished steel. They mounted their chariots, with speed : Both, the warriors and the drivers ascend. The cars moved slowly before : Behind a cloud of infantry moved. In the midst his most beloved friends—bore the corse of the hapless Patroclus. With their shorn locks, they covered the dead. Last of all came  
Achilles

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Achilles divine,—in sadness bearing the head of his friend.

WHEN they came to the destined place: The place appointed by the mighty Achilles: THERE they laid the corse of Patroclus,—and heaped largely around him, the wood. Then the great son of Peleus—conceived another thought in his soul. Apart from the pile he stood,—and cut his yellow locks amain: His golden locks, which he nourished, with care,—for Sperchius' sacred stream. Deeply groaning, the hero spoke,—turning on dark ocean his eyes:

“SPERCHIUS! In vain, my father,—the anxious soul of the car-ruling Peleus—vowed to THEE ON MY return, to the loved shore of my native land,—to cut these locks to thy roaring stream: A sacred Hecatomb to flay. With fifty rams, from his pastures and meads,—to tinge, with their blood, thy bright source: Near which, lies thy holy ground,—thine altar, that breathes perfume. So vowed the aged to THEE: But THOU perform'st not his anxious request. Now, destined never to return,—to the loved shore of my native land: THESE locks I will give to the hero Patroclus,—to bear them to the regions of death.”

HE spoke : And placed his heavy locks,—in the hand of his friend beloved. O'er the host, the hero raised—deep regret and dismal wo : And, now, on their mighty grief,—had descended the light of the sun : Had not the great Achilles—spoke, thus, to the king of men : “ O son of Atreus ! To thy commands,—chiefly listen the warriors of Argos. Hereafter, THEY may glut their souls,—with sorrow for the mighty dead. Dismiss, now, the host, from the pile : Command them to prepare the repast. This office WE shall chiefly perform. WE to whom the dead belong. Dismiss the host, son of Atreus : But let the leaders remain, at the pyre.”

THE king of men, at the hero's voice,—straight dismissed the warriors of Argos. O'er their ships they dispersed, with speed. Those appointed to burn the slain—remained and reared aloft the wood. A hundred feet spread the pile, on each side. High on the top they laid the dead : Grieving, in their souls, for their friend. Many fatted sheep were slain : Many beeves lay, in death, at the pyre. Stript of their hides they lay. Achilles wraps, with their fat, the dead. From head to foot, involved he lay : The fleaed carcases ranged on each side. He placed jars of honey and oil,—low-bending o'er the lofty bier. Four high-necked steeds he threw, in the pile :  
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Of nine dogs, that belonged to the chief,—two he flew to attend their lord. Twelve youths he transfix'd with steel,—a bloody offering to the slain : Twelve Trojans from parents renowned. So dreadful was the wrath of his soul !

BENEATH the pile the hero laid—the invincible force of devouring fire. He groan'd from his inmost soul,—and called by name his hapless friend : “ Hail, O Patroclus beloved ! Even, in the regions of Pluto, hail ! All that I promis'd, heretofore,—I, now, perform, for my hapless friend. Twelve young Trojans, from parents renowned : THESE all, with THREE, shall the flames consume. But Hector the son of Priam—I shall not resign to flames. Fire shall not devour thy foe : The destined prey of hungry dogs.”

THUS threatening the hero spoke. Round HIM were no dogs employ'd, Jove's daughter, the golden Venus—drove them, night and day, from the slain. With oil of roses of fragrance divine—she anointed the mighty dead : To preserve the corse of Hector, from wounds,—when dragg'd amain by the ruthless foe. Apollo pour'd an azure cloud,—which extended from heaven to the ground. It spread o'er the whole space,—which the corse of the hero possess'd : Left the force of the high-flaming

flaming sun—should scorch the sinews and shrivel the corse:

NOR burnt the pyre of the hapless Patroclus. Achilles formed another thought, in his soul. Standing apart from the pyre,—to two winds he addressed his vows: To the northern and western winds. He promised beauteous offerings to both: Pouring libations amain,—from a bowl of high-valued gold. With frequent prayers both the powers he addressed. He intreated them to come, in their strength: To burn the pyre, to consume the dead. Iris heard the vows of the chief: She bore his request to the winds. In the halls of resounding Zephyr,—the blustering winds were all convened, at the feast. On the marble threshold stood various Iris. When they beheld the power, with their eyes: All at once, arose from their thrones: Each called her, with friendly voice. But she refused to delay. She, thus, sent her voice to their ears:

“THIS is no time for rest! I fly again to the ocean’s streams: To the far-famed land of the Æthiopians: Where rise the fumes of Hecatombs—to all the immortal gods. Thither I bend mine airy flight,—to partake of the offerings divine. But Achilles, fierce Boreas calls: He prays resounding Zephyr to rush amain. He promises offerings to both: If both shall wake the pyre to flame:

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The pyre, on which, is extended aloft,—the steel-pierced corse of the great Patroclus,—for whom Achaia groans, o'er her lines."

Thus speaking, she faded from sight. Resounding arose the winds—bearing forward the streaming clouds. Straight they descended, on ocean. The huge-heaving billows are rolled,—beneath the force of the roaring blast. They came to the high-walled Troy: Incumbent they bore on the pile. With mighty noise ascended, at once,—the invincible force of devouring fire. All night, the blustering winds resound: They bear the flame, through all the pyre,—shrilly-hissing, with ceaseless force. All night, Achilles divine,—drew the wine from a golden urn,—and, holding a cup in his hand—poured libations, on the face of the ground. The whole earth is drenched around. Ceaseless, he called, through the night,—the hapless soul of the fallen Patroclus.

As a father laments his son,—when burning his bones, on the pyre: His only son, in marriage, betrothed: Whose untimely death has involved—his hapless parents, in ceaseless grief. So Achilles lamented his friend,—when burning his bones, on the pyre. On earth he groveled near the flame. Frequent burst the deep groans from his soul. When the star of the morning arose—the

messenger of light to the world: When Aurora, in saffron-robe,—spread the main, with her sacred beam. Then the pile shrunk, consumed with fire: The flame languished o'er all its breadth. The roaring winds returned to their place. O'er the Thracian ocean they fled. The main groaned, beneath their dark course,—and raged, with heaving waves.

THEN retired the great son of Peleus,—apart, from the languid pile. Fatigued, he lay stretched, on the ground. Pleasing slumbers straight invaded his eyes. Around the son of mighty Atreus,—the frequent host are poured amain. Their tumult and sounding tread,—soon roused Achilles divine. He arose, with speed, in the midst: And thus addressed the leaders of Argos:

“ SONS of Atreus renowned! Warlike leaders of all the Argives! Extinguish, with sable wine,—the whole pyre, o'er its glowing round. Extinguish, O chiefs, that part,—which the strength of the flame has seized. Then shall we collect the bones—of the hapless son of Menætiüs. Easy-discerned are his bones. He lies, in the heart of the pyre. Promiscuous, along the verge—were all the steeds and men consumed. In a golden vase, let us place them, with care: Involved in a double caul of fat. In the vase let the hero repose,—till I myself shall depart to  
the

the dead. No mighty tomb I mean to rear. A simple mound shall bear his name. Hereafter, sons of the war-like Argives! Ye shall make it ample and high: Ye, who, after I am gone,—shall survive, at these hollow ships.”

HE spoke. They listened and obeyed. With fable wine, they extinguished the pyre: What part was pervaded by flame. The deep ashes subsided amain. Dissolved in tears, they collected the snow-white bones—of their friend ever gentle and mild! They placed them, in a golden vase,—involved, in double cauls of fat. In the tent they disposed them, with care: Covered with fine linen, from view. The broad circle they described for the tomb: They rolled the earth, on the half-burnt pyre. The soft mould they poured, on the mound. The tomb finished, they all returned.

BUT Achilles detained the host: And formed the broad assembly round. From his navy the hero produced—splendid prizes to honour his friend. Bright caldrons and tripods of brass: Steeds, mules, the strong heads of bees: Women graceful, in flowing robes,—a huge store of refulgent steel. First, to the swift charioteers,—the chief appointed the splendid prize. A woman, deep-bosomed and fair: Well-skilled in the female arts: A

tripod, with handles bright—of twenty measures its ample size. These formed the splendid prize of the first. To the second, the hero assigned,—a mare six years old and unbroke : Bearing a young mule in her womb. For the third the son of Peleus appoints—a beauteous caldron ; four measures its size. Refulgent and fair to the eye. For the fourth, he placed two talents of gold : For the fifth, a large double vase, as yet untouched by the flame and bright. The hero arose, in the midst—and thus addressed the warlike Argives :

“ SONS of Atreus renowned ! O, nations of assembled Achaia ! These prizes, which flame, in the midst,—await the chiefs, who shall strive, in the chariot-race. Contended, now, the warriors of Argos,—round some other hero’s tomb : Then I myself, in triumph, should bear—the first prize, to my lofty tent. To all is known how much, in speed,—my steeds surpass the courfers of all : Descended of immortal blood,—the gift of Neptune to Peleus my sire : Who placed them, in the hands of his son. But I will, now, the race forgoe ; My high-maned steeds shall abstain from the field. Lost to THEM, for ever lost—is the strength of their mild charioteer ! HE, who poured the fragrant oil,—on the bright length of their flowing manes ; when washed, in the clear-rushing stream.

HIM standing desolate they mourn. Their bright manes are poured amain on the ground. They grieve from their deathless souls. But you, the rest, arise, o'er the host. Let each Argive that confides in his steeds,—in his well-compacted chariot, arise."

THUS spoke the mighty son of Peleus. The charioteers arose, with speed. Far the first arose to the race—the graceful king of men, Eumelus: The son beloved of the mighty Admetus,—much skilled to drive the flying car. Next arose the son of Tydeus,—Diomedes matchless in arms. Beneath the yoke, the hero placed—his generous steeds of the breed of Tros: The steeds, which he took from Æneas,—when Apollo saved the chief from his spear. The son of Atreus, the third, arose,—Menelaus, with long yellow hair. He harnessed his bounding steeds: The Agamemnonian Æthè—and his own unequalled Podargus. Æthè to great Agamemnon—was the gift of the son of Anchises: Of Echepolus, to excuse him from war,—from following Argos to Ilium of winds: To permit him, at home, to remain,—in Sicyon's extensive domains: To enjoy all the pleasures of wealth,—for great the wealth, which Jove had bestowed. HER the hero joined to the car. Eager SHE to commence the race!

ANTILOCHUS, the fourth, arose—and harnessed his high-maned steeds: The famed son of illustrious Nestor!

In Pylos, were the coursers bred—and taught to drive the car, round the goal. His father approaching the youth, poured, thus, his advice, in his ear : Though prudent, of himself, was the son : “ Antilochus ! ” the aged said : “ THEE, though small is thy number of years,—great Jove and Neptune have loved, from their souls—and taught thee, in each art of the race. Thee the gods have loved, my son : Nor much thou need’st the advice of thy fire. To thee is well-known the art,—of bending the rapid steeds round the goal. But thy coursers are slow, in the race : I, therefore, dread the disastrous event. Far more fleet are THEIR bounding steeds : But thee the drivers excel not in skill.”

“ BUT thou, my son beloved, attend. Weigh my counsels. Lay them up, in thy soul. Supply the want of speed with art. Leave not THOU to fortune the prize. By art and not by headlong force,—the woodman the forest subdues. By art, the pilot on the dark-heaving deep,—directs the vessel, when tossed by the winds. By art the charioteer outstrips—his rival, when they stretch in the race. But he that trusts the whole to his steeds—to the well-turned orbs of his rapid wheels,—imprudently bends to and fro,—doubly-measures the field as he flies. His horses wander o’er all the course. He  
holds

holds no command of the rein. But he who knows to guide the car,—though urging worse steeds in the race—ever holds the marked goal in his eyes. He bends near it; he knows to contract,—to loose amain the floating length of his reins. Undevious he holds the right course,—observing still the foremost, with care.”

“ BUT thou observe, my son, the goal. It is easy to be discerned. There stands a piece of arid wood,—arising, an ell, o’er the ground: A fable oak or hardy pine,—which moulders not to the driving rains. On either side of the aged trunk—two white stones aloft are reared. On either side, these narrow the way. A circle bends around for the cars. The tomb of some long-departed chief: Or a goal, in the days of old. This, now, has Achilles divine—appointed the mark, for the cars. Near this, drive thou, my son,—thy high-maned steeds and thy polished car.”

“ BUT thou incline thyself to the left—from the well compacted seat of thy car. But with the lash, with thy loud threatening voice,—urge onward the right-hand steed,—give him all the rein, from thy hands. But keep the left horse near the goal: Let the nave of the high-wrought wheel—seem to touch it, as it rolls, by its side. But avoid to touch the rough stone: To lame thy

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thy steeds, to break thy car. To others a subject of sport! A dire disgrace to thyself! But thou, beloved, observe my words. Add caution to the arts of the race. If thus thou the goal shalt approach: He that swiftest pursues shall not pass. No. Should he drive in his car,—the matchless speed of Arion divine: The bounding steed of the great Adraftus,—deriving his race from a god: Nor yet the breed of the great Laomedon,—the fleetest steeds reared in Ilïum of winds.”

THUS spoke Nestor, the son of Neleus. Again the hero retired to his place: Having given each charge to his son. Meriones the fifth arose—and harnessed his long-maned steeds. The heroes bounded to their seats. The lots, in a helmet, they threw. Achilles shook it and forth flew the lot,—of Antilochus the son of Nestor. The next in order was the hero Eumelus: The third, Menelaus, renowned at the spear.

MERIONES, the fourth, advanced. Last of all came the greatest in fight,—the son of Tydeus to urge his bright car. In a row, the heroes stood. Achilles points to the goal with his hand. Far-distant it stood, on the plain. Near it, he placed godlike Phœnix,—the bearer of the arms of his fire: To mark the course, with attentive mind,—to bring the whole truth to his ear.

THEY



THEY together, o'er the steeds,—raise, at once, their whips aloft. At once, resounding they fall: At once, ascends their urging voice. Fleetly they dart through the plain,—and leave the navy far behind. Beneath their breasts the dust is roused,—as when a whirlwind sweeps the plain. Their floating manes are tossed above,—by the blasts of the rushing wind. Now the cars seem to touch the ground—now to bound aloft, on the air. But firm the heroes held their seats. Their eager hearts beat high to their sides. Each, for victory, burns o'er his soul: And urges his steeds by name. THEY obeyed the voice of their lords,—and rushed, wrapt in clouds, o'er the plain.

BUT when around the farthest goal of the race,—the rapid coursers had wound their way: When they turned to the hoary main,—then the skill of each driver appeared: Then the speed of their high-bounding steeds. Before the others drove amain,—the swift-footed mares of Eumelus. Next these and before the rest—the steeds of Tros bore great Diomedes. Nor distant from the foremost they drove. They seemed, as if ascending the car. The back, the broad shoulders of the mighty Eumelus—feel their sultry breath, from behind: For o'er him hung their heads, as they flew.

THEN.

THEN had they the hero outstript,—or left doubtful, at least, the prize: But in wrath against the son of Tydeus—Apollo struck his splendid whip from his hand. The big tears burst, in rage, from his eyes,—at seeing the steeds of Eumelus,—now more quickly devouring the plain: When his own abating their speed—without command held forward their way. Nor unobserved was the fraud of Phæbus,—by the blue-eyed daughter of Jove. To the shepherd of his people she came,—and restored his bright whip to his hand. She restored it, with speed, to his hand: And poured force, on the limbs of his steeds. In her wrath, the goddess advanced—to the gallant son of Admetus. She broke the beauteous gears of his steeds. Both, devious, depart from the path. The pole drops at once to the ground. The chief is rolled, from his seat, by the wheel. His elbows, his mouth, his nose—his forehead, his brows are torn. His bright eyes are filled both, with his tears. His voice is lost in his crowded rage. The son of Tydeus, out-stripping the chief,—drove forward his high-maned steeds: Shining forth before others, in fame. Pallas poured force, on his steeds,—and covered the chief, with renown.

NEXT to HIM the brave son of Atreus—urged forward his bounding car. But Antilochus prompted, aloud,—  
the

the high-necked steeds of his aged fire : “ Stretch forward, with all your speed. Exert your force. Devour the way. Nor I command you to contend,—with the steeds of the brave Diomedes : Whom Pallas has, with spirit, inspired—and covered their lord, with renown. But overtake the steeds of Atrides. O leave them behind, in the field. Let not Æthè cover both, with disgrace. Yield not to a female the prize. Why fail ye, O generous steeds ! For this to both I foretel,—and what I foretel shall be performed : Nor, hereafter, shall your food be prepared—by Nestor, the leader of armies. Straight he both will transfix with steel,—if remiss, in the rapid race,—you remain, with the vilest prize. Pursue, hasten, with all your speed. A thought already ascends in my soul. I will try, in this narrow path—to pass with art. Nor the scheme will deceive.”

THE hero spoke. They dread the threats of their lord. More eager they urge their speed. But Antilochus quickly perceived—the narrow pass of the hollow way : A cleft in earth, which the wintry rains—collected to a torrent, had formed. Profound and steep was the gulph, in the road. Right to THIS, Menelaus advanced,—avoiding to shock with his rival’s car. Antilochus bending inward his steeds—urged sidelong, from the line of his

courſe: And ſlightly-flanting purſued amain. The ſon of Atreus in terror beheld: And thus to Antilochus aloud: “ Antilochus too raſhly thou driv’ſt. Refrain, warrior, refrain thy ſteeds. The way is narrow. Soon widening, the ſpace—ſhall give thee ſcope to ruſh, with freedom, along. Forbear to hurt both, forbear: Nor let car ſhock with car, as they bound.”

He ſpoke. The youth adds to his ſpeed: Hanging forward, with his whip, o’er the ſteeds. Like one that heard not he thundered along. Far as flies the diſk, from the arm robuſt,—of a youth, who exerts all his force: So far he ſhot before him, with ſpeed. Backward ſtarted the ſteeds of Atrides. The hero forbore to drive: Left the courſers ſhould ſhock, in the paſs, overturn the compacted cars,—and roll the drivers themſelves in the duſt—contending for the prize of renown.

THE yellow-haired Menelaus aloud,—thus upbraided the ſon of Neſtor: “ Antilochus! None of mankind—is more miſchievous, more pernicious than THEE. Farewell. Miſtaken are the Argives,—who call thee prudent and count thee wiſe! But thou never, without an oath,—ſhalt carry this prize away.” Thus ſpeaking, he rouzed his ſteeds. “ Abate not, in ought, your ſpeed. Stand  
not,

not, grieving in heart, for the past. Soon THESE shall fail, in the race. Their feeble knees shall yield to your speed : For both are oppressed with years."

HE spoke. They dread the voice of the king. More eager they thunder along : And soon approach the bounding steeds, that had passed. The deep circle of the Argive powers—beheld the steeds advancing amain : As they darted, through the cloud, which they raised. Idomeneus, the sovereign of Crete—knew the steeds, as they came afar. Aloft, on a rising ground—the hero sat and beheld the plain. He knew the first driver afar : His urging voice he heard and knew. The marked steed, which led the race, he perceived. Brightly-red was his body all o'er : In his forehead a white circle displayed—like the full orb of the nightly moon. Aloft, the hero arose—and to the Argives his words addressed :

" O FRIENDS ! Leaders, princes of Argos ! Discern I alone the steeds ? Or come they, perceived, to your eyes ? Another driver and other steeds—seem now to lead,—than those lately the first in the field. Disabled, somewhere, on the course,—the swiftest steeds distant remain. I beheld them first doubling the goal,—but, now, they meet, no-where, my sight : Though mine eyes I have rolled, around—along the breadth of the

Trojan field. The reins, perhaps deserted the driver's hand: Nor could he restrain the steeds,—nor turn, with success the goal. There, I deem, the warrior fell,—there he broke his compacted car. His courfers, devious, have turned from the course: After fury had seized their souls. But arise and you, also, behold: Not distinct comes the first to my fight. He seems an Ætolian by birth. Among the Argives, he bears command: The son of the steed-ruling Tydeus—Diomedes renowned in arms.”

THE younger Ajax upbraided the chief. He thus began, with reproachful words. “Why prates Idomeneus thus? The high-bounding mares of the great Eumelus,—still possess the ample field, as they fly. Nor the youngest of the Argives art THOU: Nor look forth the sharpest eyes from thy head. But in words thou yieldest to none. Yet ill it becomes thee to prate,—in the presence of better men. Still foremost are the mares of Eumelus: He still holds the reins, as he drives along.”

To him, in wrath, the leader of Cretans: “Ajax! in squabbling expert! In vile reproaches, the first of the Argives! But in merit, thou yieldest to all,—harsh, ungente and haughty of soul. But let us contend, with a stake,—

stake,—a bright tripod, a caldron of brass. Let the king be the umpire to both : Whether these thy favoured mares are the foremost. In thy loss thou shalt feel thy mistake.”

HE spoke : Straight arose, in his wrath,—the swift-footed son of Oileus : Ready to pour forth the reproach. Then farther had extended the strife. But Achilles himself arose : “ Contend, with bitter words, no more. Ajax, Idomeneus, cease. It suits not your rank and your deeds : It suits not this presence and time. Others guilty, like you, ye would blame. Act not then, what you would disapprove. Retire. Sit down. Await the steeds. Their coming the whole will decide. Then shall each more certainly know : Which of the steeds of the Argives are first—which the last, in the rapid race !”

HE spoke : Tydides came driving amain. Ceaseless refounded his falling lash. High-bounding his coursers flew—and threw back the receding plain. The dust ascended to the high charioteer : The car high-laboured with gold—shot bright, through the moving cloud. Scarce the viewless orbs of the wheels—impressed the sand, so rapid they flew. In the middle the hero stood. Copious flowed the sweat, from his steeds : Down their necks, it fell as it streamed,—and wandered amain, on their breasts.

He

He bounded to earth, from his shining seat. His whip he reclined, on the yoke. Nor delayed the gallant Sthenelus—to take the first prize, for his friend. He gave to his partners in arms—to be borne to the tents of their lord—the beauteous damsel and the tripod of brass. He himself loosed the steeds, from the car.

NEXT the youthful Antilochus—drove amain to the circle his steeds: By art, and not by speed in the race—the chief had outstript Menelaus. Yet, even thus, the great Menelaus—hung close on his rear, with his steeds. Near as is the steed to the wheel—who bears, on the car, his lord,—quickly-moving, along the plain. The farthest hairs of his tail behind,—touch the orb of the wheel, as it rolls. Near it paces the eager steed: Small the space, between the wheel and his heels,—as he urges his steps, o'er the field: Such the distance of great Menelaus,—from Antilochus, in battle renowned: Though late, as far as flies a disk,—the hero was left behind. But he soon gathered ground, on the youth. The mighty force of the high-maned *Æthè*—increased, as she flew, o'er the field. If farther had extended the course,—soon Antilochus she had passed, in her strength,—nor had left him a doubtful prize.

BUT Meriones came behind—the gallant friend of the great Idomeneus: Behind Menelaus he came,—far, as flies the  
the



the quivering lance, from the hand. Slow were his high-maned steeds—and he himself, the least skilled, in the race : Whether the courser to guide—or to poise the flying car, as it rolls. But, last of all, advanced, o'er the plain—the gallant son of the great Admetus : Dragging onward his broken car—driving slowly his restive steeds. While Achilles beheld his plight,—he pitied the chief, from his soul : And thus addressed his winged words to the Argives : “ The most-skilled drives his coursers the last ! But let us give him the second prize. His merit claims it. Let the great son of Tydeus—bear away the first prize to his tents.”

THE hero spoke : And the Argives approved. He then had given to the hero the mare,—but Antilochus dissented aloud—the prudent son of magnanimous Nestor. Justly warmed he arose and replied—to Achilles, the great son of Peleus : “ O Achilles, much my wrath shall arise : If thou thy design shalt perform. ME of my prize thou dépriv’st—moved by THIS, that the gods have o’erthrown—his crashing car and have frightened his steeds. Though skilled he is, he ought to offer his prayers,—to make vows to the deathless powers : THEN had he not come the last,—urging slowly his restive steeds. But if thou pitiest the chief, Achilles ! If to be generous determines thy soul :  
Much

Much gold lies stowed in thy ships—cattle, brass, and deep-bosomed maids. Many high-bounding couriers are thine : Of these for him chuse, hereafter, a prize—of higher value. Or bestow it just now—and obtain the applause of the Argives. I shall not depart, from THIS prize. The mare is mine : And HE of mankind—who dares to dispute my right,—means to meet me, in the contest of arms.”

HE spoke : And Achilles divine—gently smiled, at the warmth of the youth. He approved of the words of Antilochus—his gallant friend and companion beloved. To him, with winged words, he began : “ Antilochus ! if such thy commands,—I will perform them, for the godlike Eumelus. I will give him the breast-plate of brass—of which I stript the brave Asteropæus. Round the margin is poured the bright tin. High-valued is the prize I bestow.”—He spoke : And commanded Automedon—to bring the splendid gift, from his tent. The hero went, and soon returned, with the prize. He placed it, in the hands of Eumelus. He received it, rejoicing in soul.

IN the midst arose great Menelaus. The hero, grieving in heart, arose. Much he raged against Nestor’s son. The herald, in his hand, placed the scepter : And commanded, to silence, the Argives. In the midst spoke the

godlike man: "Antilochus! once for prudence renowned! Why, with folly, hast thou tarnished that fame? Thou, at once, hast my knowledge disgraced,—and dishonoured my bounding steeds: By driving before me thy steeds—much inferior to mine, in the race."

"BUT to you, O leaders of Argos! To her princes, Menelaus appeals! Decide between us, in this strife. Dismiss all favour for me, from your thoughts. Left any of the bright-mailed Argives—should, hereafter, affirm with words:—"Menelaus, by oppression, obtained—and bore away Antilochus' prize. More sluggish were his steeds, in the race,—though greater his own force and his power."—But why should I appeal to the chiefs? I myself will decide the cause. Nor deem I that any Argive—will blame my conduct, in ought: For just the judgment, which I determine to give. Antilochus, advance with speed. Descendant of Jove advance! Stand before thy steeds and thy car. Hold the very whip in thy hand—with which thou hast urged thy steeds. Touch the coursers, with thy whip. Swear by him, who surrounds the world. By Neptune, swear an awful oath,—that THOU, nor by art nor deceit—obstructed my car, in the course."

To him the prudent Antilochus: "Bear, with patience, this once, O king! I am much younger than thee, Menelaus! In merit, as in years, thou excel'st. Thou hast known the headlong errors of youth: Rash in action, in judgment but weak! Bear, therefore, with patience of soul. I myself will restore the mare. The prize, which I took, I return: Or if ought more pleasing to thee is mine—this instant, I the gift will bestow: Ere to thee, O descendant of Jove! I become odious, expelled from thy soul:—Or forsworn to the deathless gods."

Thus spoke the son of magnanimous Nestor. He placed the mare in the hands of the king. Sudden joy is poured on his soul,—like the dew on the growing corn—when all the fields are waving, with green. Thus to thee, Menelaus renowned! Thy soul is freshened o'er with joy. Rearing his loud voice, he replied:

"ANTILOCHUS! Though great was my rage,—to thee I will yield, in my turn: As not of wavering soul thou hast been,—nor inconstant and flight of mind. To thee I yield, my friend beloved. Thy youth has subdued my heart. It were better and wiser far—to avoid to deceive the mild: Nor with ease had any Argive but thou,—bent my soul to forgive such wrongs. But much hast thou borne, in my cause: Much thy valour

has performed. Much I owe to thy father revered,—to thy brother renowned in arms. I, therefore, yield my soul to thy prayers. Take the mare, though mine is the prize: That these may own that Menelaus—is never haughty nor ungente of soul.”

HE spoke: And to the friend of Antilochus,—to Noëmon returned the mare. He himself received, for his prize—the splendid caldron, that shone, on the ground. Meriones, the fourth in the race—received the two talents of gold. The fifth prize, undemanded, remains: A double bowl, that beamed to the fight. The bowl Achilles bore, through the crowd,—and gave to Nestor the splendid prize.

“ TAKE this!” the hero began: “ Be this, O aged, thy splendid prize: The memorial of the hapless Patroclus. Him, hereafter, thou shalt never behold—among the nations of Achaia in arms. Without contest, be this thy prize. Nor thou shalt, at the cæstus, strive: Nor launch the javelin, nor contend, in the race. The vigour of thy years is past. Heavy age fits cold, on thy limbs.”

HE spoke, and placed, in his hand, the bowl. With joy, the hero received the prize: And, thus, with

winged words replied : “ True are thy words, my son ! Replete, with judgment, are the thoughts of thy soul. No longer firm is my strength. My limbs fail, in the feats of renown. Nor move my feet, with wonted speed ; Nor active arise my hands. Would I glowed, in the vigour of youth ! That my force had firm remained,—as when the warlike Epëi—burnt the corse of Amarynaces, their king. In Buprasium they burnt the hero. His sons produced the prizes to view. Nor my equal was then, in the field. Nor of the Epëi nor warlike Pylians—nor the Ætolians renowned in arms.”

“ AT the cæstus I subdued Clytomedes : In wrestling I Ancæus o’erthrew : The son of Enops, from beauteous Pleuron,—who arose to contend, with my force. Iphiclus I outstript in the race : Unmatched, before, at the speed of his feet : In launching the javelin afar—Phyleus and great Polydorus. I failed, only, at the race of the cars : The two sons of Actor prevailed. By their numbers, the youths overcame. They envied to Nestor the prize : The most-valued, for that contest remained. A twin-monster were Actor’s sons : THIS guided the bounding steeds : The bounding steeds THIS guided with care : THAT roused them, with the whip, to their speed.”

“ SUCH have I been, heretofore. Now let younger men contend—and succeed to such tasks of renown. I  
obey

obey the mournful summons of age : Though then I excelled, among heroes. But thou return, my son ! Pay the honours due to the mighty dead. But THIS I, willingly, receive. A gleam of joy lightens over my heart : As thou remember'st thy friend in years : As it has not escaped thy soul—to place ME, in becoming renown,—among the chiefs of the Argive powers. May the gods reward thee, my son ! And return thee the favour, thou so wisely bestow'st."

HE spoke : The son of Peleus returned,—through the crowded lines of the Argive powers : Having listened to all the praise—of Nestor the offspring of Neleus. The hero, then, produced the prize—for the dreadful strife of the sounding cæstus. A mule, patient of every toil,—in the midst of the circle is bound : Six year old, unbroken and hard to subdue. For the vanquished, the hero placed,—a massy goblet, both ample and round. He arose in the midst—and, thus, to the listening Argives :

" SONS of Atreus ! All ye warriors of Argos ! Let two heroes arise, with speed : Two, the best to wield the cæstus,—to mix aloft, their sounding arms in the fight. Let him, whom Phœbus shall cover with fame, whom the Argives shall the victor declare,—bear the  
mule

mule to his lofty tent: Let the goblet, both ample and round,—be the prize of the vanquished in fight.”

HE spoke: A mighty warrior arose,—fierce in mien and large in size: Skilled, in the strife of the cæstus—Epæus, the son of Panopeus. He laid his broad hand, on the mule—and thus, aloud, began: “ Let HIM advance, who wishes to earn the bowl: The mule, I deem that none of the Argives,—shall bear, by force, from the hands of Epæus,—having vanquished him, first, at the cæstus. In THIS strife I profess to excel. Is it not enough, O Argives,—that to others I yield in war? Hard the task it is for man—in every perfection, to shine. But this I denounce to my foe,—and what I threaten shall be performed. His whole body I will crush, in my might,—and break all his crackling bones. Let his friends, therefore, attend the chief,—to bear him hence gasping for life,—subdued, beneath the force of my hands.”

HE spoke: Silence darkened, o’er all the host. Euryalus arose alone,—a hero, in form like the gods: The son of Mecisteus of the race of the kingly Talaïon. Mecisteus, who came to sacred Thebes,—to the funeral games ordained—in honour of Oedipus deceased: He there vanquished all the Cadmæi. The son of Tydeus urged the chief. He confirmed him, with many words: And  
much



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much he wished him success, in the fight. He first threw, round his body, the belt : He then gave him the well-cut thongs—of the hide of a mountain bull.

Now prepared, both the heroes advanced. In the middle of the circle, they stood. At once, they engaged in fight. At once arose their hands robust. Mixed aloft are their crashing arms. Their jaws resound to repeated blows. Sweat flowed amain o'er their limbs. Then rushed the noble Epëus. He struck his foe, on the jaw, as he turned. Down dropt the chief, on the earth. His limbs failed. He writhed himself as he lay. As when, beneath the sudden blast of the northern wind—leaps a fish on the weedy shore : But straight the dark wave rolls o'er him, again. Thus bounded the chief, at the blow : But the magnanimous Epëus—raised the chief, from the earth, in his hands. His friends beloved stood around. They led him along, on failing limbs,—pouring forth the clotty blood—and, hanging, on his shoulder, his head. Between their arms they led the chief : Still wandered his troubled soul. They bore away, as they went,—the goblet his dear-bought prize.

THE son of Peleus produced to the Argives—the third prize for the wrestlers renowned. To the victor a tripod of brass,—beauteous, ample and fit for the flame. The  
Argives,

Argives, surveying it round—at twelve oxen valued the prize. For the vanquished the hero placed—a woman skilled, in each female art: At four oxen, they valued the maid. He stood, and thus to the listening Argives: “Let those quickly arise,—who mean to try their force, at this game.”

He spoke: And first arose—the mighty Telamonian Ajax. Then arose the prudent Ulysses,—deeply-skilled in every art. Having girded their loins, they advanced—to the center of the circle of men. They rushed to the rough embrace. They folded each other in their arms. Like two rafters, in the roof of a dome—which the builder joins firmly above,—to bear the headlong force of the winds. Their backs crackled beneath their strong hands—as they drew to each other each. Wide poured the sweat, from their brows. On their sides, on their shoulders broad—the bloody tumours conspicuous arose. For victory, they eagerly strove: For the tripod of beautiful form. Nor could Ulysses his foe overturn: Nor Ajax lay the chief on the ground: For the force of Ulysses, withstood.

The Greeks were tired, with the tedious strife. The son of Telamon then began: “Or raise me, Ulysses divine! Or I will lift thee aloft, from the earth: And  
leave

leave the rest, to the guidance of Jove." He spoke : And raised him, from the earth. Nor Ulysses forgot his art. He struck him, where bends the ham. His limbs failed him. He fell supine. On his breast fell the mighty Ulysses. The host beheld and admired his art. Next Ulysses divine—attempts to raise his foe robust. He moved him a little from earth : But raised him not quite, in his arms. He locked his knee, within the knees of the foe. Both tumbled, side by side, on the earth. Both are soiled with the dust, as they lie.

A THIRD time, having started from earth,—they prepared to renew the strife. But Achilles arose and forbade : " No farther renew the strife. Wear not down, with fatigue your souls. The victory declares for both. To each equal be the prize and depart : That other Argives may contend, in the games."—He spoke : They listened and obeyed. They wiped the dust, from their limbs—and resumed their robes.

THE son of Peleus prepares other gifts—for those, who shall excel, in the rapid race : A silver urn, high-laboured, with art. Six measures its ample size. In beauty it all excelled : By the much-skilled Sidonians framed. The Phœnicians brought it afar—along the dark back of the main. They placed it, in the port of Lemnos,—a splendid present to Thoas divine. Euneus, the offspring

of Jafon—gave it to the hero Patroclus,—the price of the youthful Lycæon,—the son of the godlike Priam. But, now, Achilles proposed it, the prize—of him, who swiftest should move his limbs,—in the strife of the rapid race;—in honour of the fallen Patroclus. For the second, he appointed an ox,—large, ample, and covered with fat: For the third, half a talent of gold. He stood and thus to the listening Argives: “Let those quickly arise,—who mean to try their speed, in the race.”

HE spoke: And straight arose—swift Ajax, the son of Oïleus. Ulysses first in prudence arose: Then Antilochus, Nestor’s son. He, in the speed of his feet,—excelled all the youths of the Argives. In order, the heroes stood.—Achilles pointed the goal. From the barrier, they started at once. They stretched forward the race, o’er the plain. The son of Oïleus surpassed the rest. Close-followed Ulysses divine. So near; as the shuttle flies—to the breast of a fair-zoned maid: Which she throws, in the ease of her art—from the white grasp of her lovely hand! She raises the warp on the woof: And throws the shuttle across her breast. So close moved the mighty Ulysses. His feet pressed his footsteps, behind,—ere yet the dust had time to ascend. On the head of the son of Oïleus,—the hero poured his tepid breath: So close  
he

he followed his flying speed. The Greeks encouraged the hero, with shouts: Eager of himself for success,—and urging forward, with all his force.

WHEN the latter round of the course they drove: Straight Ulysses, within his soul,—addressed to blue-eyed Pallas his prayers: “Hear me, goddess! O aid my vows. Give speed to my feet, in the race.” Thus praying, the hero spoke. Blue-eyed Pallas heard, from her sky. She lightened his limbs, as he moved. She kindled vigour, in his feet and his arms. When, now, fighting, they came, on the prize,—hapless Ajax tumbled down, on the plain. Minerva had injured the chief. Where lay the dung of the slaughtered beeves,—which Achilles had slain, for Patroclus: There fell the swift-footed Ajax. His mouth, his nose, are filled with dung. Ulysses divine advanced—and took the high-laboured urn, for his prize. The ox fell to illustrious Ajax. He held the beast, by the crooked horn: And spitting, from his mouth, the dung,—he, thus, addressed his words to the Argives:

“MISFORTUNE only could lose me the prize! A goddess retarded my speed. Like a mother she stands near Ulysses: Ever ready, with aid divine.”—He spoke: Loud they laughed o’er the chief. Antilochus with smiles, received—the latter prize, and began to the Argives:

E e e 2

“Shall

“ Shall I tell you, my friends beloved ! What you all must have long perceived ? That the immortal gods,—ever honour the aged, with success. More advanced than *ME* in years,—is the illustrious Ajax : But that son of another age,—that companion of former men : Though incumbered, with years, he is deemed,—hard the task it were, in the course,—for any Argive to contend, with his speed : Except Achilles, unmatched, in the race !”

He spoke : And, with the praise, he roused,—the mighty soul of the great Achilles : “ Antilochus !” the hero replied : “ Nor in vain hast thou uttered the praise. I add to thy splendid prize,—half a talent of valued gold.” He spoke, and placed it in his hands. The youth received the present, with joy. But the mighty son of Peleus,—in the center placed a long spear : A shield and a burnished helm. The arms of the godlike Sarpedon ; of which Patroclus had stript his corse. The hero addressed the Argives :

“ FOR THESE, we bid two to contend : Two, the most brave of Argives—assuming their martial arms : And raising high the burnished points of their spears. Their mutual force let the warriors try,—in the presence of assembled Achaia. He, who first shall touch, with his point—his adversary’s beauteous form : Who shall pierce the bright  
armour,

armour, with steel,—and call forth the starting blood : To him I shall give this sword,—distinguished, with silver studs. This beauteous, this Thracian sword—which I took from Asteropæus. These arms shall be their equal prize : With a splendid feast, in my lofty tents.”

He spoke : And straight arose—the mighty Telamonian Ajax. Valiant Diomedes also arose,—the stately son of the car-ruling Tydeus. Apart from the crowd, the heroes armed. Ready to engage, they rushed forth. Sternly looking the heroes strode. Sudden terror ran, cold, through the Argives. When near each other the chiefs advanced,—bending forward to mutual wounds. Thrice they rushed, with all their might. Thrice, hand to hand, they urged their spears. Then Ajax, with tremendous force,—struck the round orb of the hero’s shield. But he touched not his body behind. The shining breast-plate repelled the point. But then Tydides, above the huge shield—sought a passage for the bright-pointed spear,—to the tender neck of the mighty foe. But the Argives alarmed for Ajax,—bade the heroes to cease, from the fight—and to bear their equal prizes away. But the hero gave to Tydides,—the huge Thracian sword, as a prize : Stretching it forth, in its high-wrought sheath : With its belt with silver adorned.

BUT

BUT the hero placed, in the midst—a huge orb of unfashioned steel: Dark and rude, from the forge,—once thrown, by the strength of Eëtion. But HIM divine Achilles flew—and bore the mighty mass, in his hollow ships: With other spoils of the fallen king. The son of Peleus spoke to the Argives: “Let those quickly arise,—who mean to try their force, at this game. He to whom this prize shall fall,—though many and fertile his fields,—shall not, for five revolving years,—need other iron, but this solid orb: Whether he feed the flocks and herds,—or o’er vallies conducts the plough. He needs not to repair to the town. This mighty orb shall supply his wants.”

HE spoke: And first arose—Polypætes, unyielding in fight: And next the strength unmatched—of Leonteus, in form like the gods. Third, arose Telamonian Ajax: Last, the force of the noble Epëus. In order, the heroes stood. Epëus assumed the huge orb. He threw it whirling, from his hand. All the Argives laughed o’er their lines. Leonteus next dismissed the mass: Third, threw Telamonian Ajax. From his hand robust it flew amain. Beyond all the marks it advanced. But when the hero Polypætes,—seized the heavy orb, in his grasp: Far as the herdsman throws his crook,—swiftly-whirling, o’er  
the



the backs of the beeves : Such a space measured the hero,  
—beyond all the marks of the chiefs, who threw. Ap-  
plause spreads o'er the host. The gallant friends of the  
great Polypoetes,—bore, with joint force, to the ships,  
—the mighty prize of their godlike king.

THE hero, for the skilled at the bow,—appoints a prize  
of steel, for their shafts. Ten large axes he placed, in the  
midst : Ten lesser of tempered steel. A blue-sterned  
vessel's mast he reared : Upright it stood in the sand.  
With a string, to the lofty top—he bound, by the foot,  
a dove : The fluttering mark for the barbed shafts.  
“ The chief destined to pierce, with his shaft—the timid  
dove, as she trembles on high : Let him bear to his  
hollow ship—the larger axes, his splendid prize. But  
he, who straying from the bird—shall the rope, with his  
arrow divide : He, as least skilled in his art,—shall bear  
the lesser axes away.”

HE spoke : The strength of Teucer rose : Meriones  
rose, with speed,—Idomeneus's friend beloved. The lots  
are in the helmet throw : That of Teucer flew forth the  
first. With mighty force, he dismissed the shaft : Nor  
did he vow to the bowyer king—a solemn sacrifice to pay,  
an offering of his earliest lambs. He strayed, from the  
fluttering bird. Apollo envied renown to his bow. But  
he

he cut the string, at the foot of the dove : The string, which bound him to the mast. She flew aloft, to the heavens. The string hangs toward the ground : And, o'er the army, swells loud applause.

BUT Meriones, in haste,—took the bow, from the hands of Teucer. Long he held the shaft, on the string,—pursuing the bird, with his eye. Straight, he vowed to the bowyer god—to Apollo, who shoots from afar : A beauteous offering of earliest lambs. High, beneath the fable clouds,—he beheld the timid dove, as she flew. Her as she circled aloft—he struck, beneath the wing, with the shaft. Through and through, passed the eager steel. Returning it fell, fixed in the ground,—before the feet of the godlike chief. But the bird sat, aloft, on the mast. She hung her neck and she droopt her wings. The rapid life flew away, from her limbs. Far-distant she dropt, on the strand. Admiring Argos, astonished, beheld. The larger axes were Meriones' prize : Teucer bore the lesser away.

THE son of Peleus produced, a prize,—a long javelin, bright-pointed with steel : A caldron, untouched by the flame,—an ox's value, and carved with flowers. In the circle he placed them both. Those, who threw the lance appeared. First arose the son of Atreus,—the far commanding

manding Agamemnon. Meriones also arose,—the gallant friend of the great Idomeneus. To them thus Achilles divine: “Son of Atreus! To us is well known—how much, in this, thou all excell’st.—In skill thou, by far, art the first,—in force the first, at launching the spear. Receive then, O king, this prize. Bear it, without contest, away. Meriones the spear shall receive: If such the pleasure of thy soul: For I, only, presume to advise.” He spoke: The king of men obeyed. He gave to Meriones the spear. But, in the hands of the herald Talthybius,—the hero placed his beauteous prize.

THE  
I L I A D  
OF  
H O M E R.  
B O O K XXIV.

**N**OW dismissed is assembled Argos. The host dis-  
perse, through the hollow ships. O'er the camp,  
the repast is prepared. They resign their souls to pleasing  
repose. But great Achilles weeps forlorn : Still mindful  
of his friend beloved. HIM all-subduing sleep deserts.  
He rolls, ceaseless, from side to side : Much-wanting his  
loved Patroclus : His youthful manhood, his mighty  
soul. Their deeds together, in succession arose : Their  
mighty toils, the battles of men : And the tremendous  
waves,—o'er which, they rolled, on the main.

REMEMBERING THESE, the hero sighed,—and poured a  
copious flood of tears. Now, on his side, he lay,—now,  
supine,

supine, now prone, in his grief. Then, starting, he rose from his bed—and wandered, darkly, o'er the shore of the main. Nor unlooked-for appeared to his eyes,—bright Aurora, on ocean's stream. He joined his fleet steeds to the yoke—and dragged Hector, behind his car. Thrice he drew him round the tomb—of the fallen son of the great Menætiüs. Again he retired to his tent. He left HIM, prone, extended in dust. But Apollo the corse preserved: Still pitying the hero, though dead. He covered him whole with his golden Ægis: Left, dragging, HE should tear the fair form.

THUS HE, in his unbounded rage,—disgraced the corse of Hector divine. But the blest powers, from their skies,—much-pitied the godlike man. They advised the watchful Hermes,—to remove him, by stealth, from the ships. The counsel pleased the other gods,—but not the haughty soul of Juno. It pleased not the god of the main,—nor virgin Pallas, with large-rolling eyes. The queens the expedient opposed: As odious to their heavenly souls—was sacred Ilium and the people of Priam,—for the wrong done by youthful Paris. HE condemned, with contempt, their charms,—when to his cottage, for judgment, they came: And gave his voice to the smiling queen,—who bribed his soul with destructive love.

BUT when sprung the twelfth morning in heaven :  
 Then Phœbus Apollo arose,—and thus addressed the  
 deathless powers : “ Gods ! cruel at once and unjust !  
 Forgot by all is Hector divine ? His offerings of the  
 thighs of bulls ? His altars smoking, with chosen goats ?  
 Yet ye permit him not in death,—to be borne from his  
 ruthless foe : To be given to the eyes of his spouse,—  
 his mother, his infant son : To the aged eyes of his  
 father Priam—to his people dissolved in tears : To give  
 his body to the flame,—to pay the last rites to his shade.”

“ BUT you, ye gods ! would favour in all,—the wild  
 rage of destructive Achilles : Whose soul, nor justice ever  
 warmed,—nor pity ever moved. Like a lion, constant  
 only to rage,—following headlong the savage bent—of  
 brutal force and of soul untamed : Who rushes on the  
 flocks and the herds,—careless of all, but of blood. Such  
 is your favoured Achilles ! Lost to pity, lost to shame !  
 Which often hurts the human race,—which aids them,  
 when cherished, with care.”

“ OTHERS lose their friends beloved. Some their bro-  
 thers, and some their sons. But when they have wept  
 o’er their urns : They dismiss both their sorrow and rage.  
 Fate has formed the minds of men,—to feel with keenness,  
 but with patience to bear. But THIS man, with rancour  
 untamed,

untamed,—after having deprived him of life,—drags bound to his chariot-wheels, the mangled corse of Hector divine,—round the tomb of his friend beloved. Nor this brings honour to himself,—nor avails it, in aught, his friend. Brave, as he is, let HIM beware—lest the rage of the gods should arise. All-furious, he throws disgrace—on a clod of insensible clay.”

To him in wrath replied—the white-armed daughter of Saturn : “ Be thy counsel in all obeyed, O bearer of the silver bow ! If the gods, in equal honours have placed—great Achilles and Hector divine. Hector of a mortal born—sucked the breast of a mortal dame. But Achilles is the race of a goddess : A deathless power, whom I bred and reared : Whom I gave to a hero Peleus,—beloved, from their souls, by the gods. At the nuptials of bright-footed Thetis—the race of heaven were present all. Thou also feasted’st there, with the rest,—holding thy resounding lyre. Thou, companion of the bad ! Lost to faith as deprived of shame !”

To her the storm-ruling Jove : “ Juno, restrain thy wrath. Turn not thy rage on the gods. Nor equal are the honours of both : But Hector was most beloved by the gods,—of all who dwelt, in sacred Troy. To the soul of Jove he was dear. Never wanting were his gifts  
in

in my fane. Never empty stood the altar of Jove,—of  
 suiting sacrifice deprived : Of libations poured, on the  
 earth,—of favour that ascended to heaven. These the  
 honours, we partook, from his hands ! But let us drop  
 the design of Hermes. Nor by stealth, nor unknown to  
 Achilles,—must daring Hector be removed from the ships.  
 Near him, day and night, sojourns—his watchful mother,  
 of race divine. But should any deathless power—call to  
 ME the bright-moving Thetis. Prudent counsel I will  
 suggest : That Achilles may desist, from his rage,—  
 receive rich presents, from aged Priam : And Hector  
 redeemed restore.”

HE spoke : Various Iris arose : And equalled the  
 winds, in her speed. Between Samos and rocky Imbros  
 —she plunged in the darkened main : The troubled ocean  
 groaned around. Like a plummet she dived in the deep :  
 A plummet, which suspended, with care,—to the horn  
 of the mountain-bull,—descends quickly beneath the  
 wave,—bearing death to voracious fish. She found the  
 queen, in the hollow cave. Other bright daughters of  
 ocean—sat, frequent, around her throne. She, in the  
 midst of these, bemoaned—the coming fate of her gallant  
 son : Who was destined to perish at Troy,—far, far from  
 his native land. Near Thetis stood the various power.  
 Thus the swift messenger began :

“ ARISE,



BOOK XXIV. THE ILIAD OF HOMER. 407

“ARISE, bright Thetis, arise! THEE Jove, eternal in wisdom, calls.” To her the bright-moving Thetis: “Why commands the mighty god—wretched Thetis to ascend to his halls? I dread to mix, with the deathless gods. Many sorrows sit deep, on my soul. But yet I will obey. Nor in vain shall issue his words: Whatever his high command.” She spoke: And assumed her dark veil: Nor less dark were her flowing robes. Shrouding, thus, her beauties divine—the most stately of goddesses moved.

THROUGH the troubled billows, they rose. Wind-footed Iris led the way. Divided round are the waves of the main. They arose all-bright on the shore: Then ascended, at once, to the heavens. They found the far-sounding Jove: And around him the deathless gods. Frequent and full the assembly sat: The happy powers, who for ever live! Thetis sat by father Jove: Minerva yielding her place to the queen. Juno placed, in her snow-white hand—the golden cup, filled with Nectar divine. She comforted the queen, with words. She drank and restored the bowl.

To them the father of gods and of men: “Thou hast come to the snow-clad Olympus,—O goddess Thetis! though sad, in thy soul. Sorrow not to be forgot,—lies  
2 deep,

deep, in thy deathless breast. To ME not unknown are thy woes. But I will, now, inform thee, Thetis! Why I called thee to the presence divine. Nine days has subsisted strife,—among the race of the deathless gods: Concerning the body of Hector—and Achilles the destroyer of towns. They bade the watchful Hermes,—by stealth, to remove the corse. But I the glory for Achilles reserve: Revering thee and thy friendship for Jove. But quickly descend to the camp. Instruct, with thy words, thy son. Tell him, that the gods are enraged: But Jove, the most of all the gods: Because, with ever-furious mind,—HE Hector detains, at his ships,—nor restores him, redeemed, to his friends. If, in aught, he dreads Jove in his soul,—let him quickly restore the chief. But I will, to god-like Priam,—dispatch Iris, along the winds: That he may ransom his son beloved: Bearing gifts to the navy of Argos: Bearing gifts to the great Achilles,—to appease his relenting soul.”

HE spoke: Beauteous Thetis obeyed. From the summits of snow-clad Olympus,—she plunged, with force, on the rushing winds. She came to the tent of her son. The hero, within, she found: Pouring frequent groans, from his breast. His companions were busy around: Preparing the grateful repast. A huge sheep, with her  
heavy

heavy fleece,—lay slain, in the lofty tent. Near him sat his mother divine. She gently touched him with her hand—and thus, in his ear, she began :

“ My son ! how long in thy grief ? Thus resigning thy soul to wo ? How long, wilt thou, thus, devour thy heart ? Forgetful of food and of love ? Good it is, when the soul is oppressed,—to mix in love with a woman’s charms ! Not long is thy term of life. Death approaches, with eager steps. O’er thee hovers thy fate. But listen quickly. Obey my words. To thee I bring the commands of Jove. The gods, he says, are enraged,—but Jove himself, above all the gods. Because, with ever-furious mind,—THOU Hector detain’st, at the ships : Nor restor’st him, redeemed, to his friends. But thou restore him redeemed. Receive the ransom, for the corse of the slain.”

To her great Achilles replied : “ Let him, who redeems, appear. Let him bear, from hence, the dead : If, with soul determined, great Jove,—sends his awful commands, from the sky.” Thus they, in the ships of the Argives : The mother and son conferred. The son of Saturn commanded Iris,—to Ilium exposed to the winds : “ Arise, rapid Iris, arise ! Leave the seats of the deathless gods. Bear to Ilium my high commands : To godlike Priam bear my commands : To ransom his son

beloved : Bearing gifts to the navy of Argos : Bearing gifts to the great Achilles—to appease his relenting soul.”

“ ALONE let the aged go : Nor other Trojan attend his steps. Let some herald, stricken in years,—attend him to guide the mules : To direct the revolving car,—to bring the dead to the lofty town : The mighty dead by Achilles slain. Let not death come across his soul. Let no terror creep cold, through his frame. Such a guide, we shall give to his way,—watchful Hermes, the friendly god ! He shall lead him safe to the ships,—and place him before Achilles. Nor shall the hero slay the king. He will protect him, from all his foes. Nor imprudent, nor rash is the chief. Nor yet forgetful of his duty in all. His soul will, with pity, relent. He will spare the suppliant man.”

HE spoke : Various Iris arose,—and equalled the winds, in speed. She came to the halls of Priam. She found but laments and wo. The sons around their father sat,—in the lofty hall of the regal dome. O’er their garments descended their tears. In the midst lay the aged in grief : With a mantle covered his head. Much ashes and sordid earth—strewn the head and the neck of the king. These his hands had poured amain,—in the rage of his bitter woes. His daughters and the wives of his sons—lamented aloud,  
through

through the halls : Remembering the many and brave,—  
 who lay cold and of life deprived,—beneath the deadly  
 hands of the Argives.

NEAR Priam stood various Iris. With low voice, the  
 bright goddess began. Sudden starting, he heard her with  
 awe. A sudden tremor ran cold through his joints.  
 “ Confide, Priam ! Be confirmed in thy soul. Fear not  
 ought. I come not, a foe. I come not some ill to foretel.  
 I come with benevolent soul. To thee I bear the com-  
 mands of Jove : Who though from THEE so far remote,  
 —employs, for THEE, his heavenly care : And pities thy  
 distress. Jove bids thee, with speed, to redeem—the  
 corse of Hector divine, from' the foe : To bear gifts to  
 the great Achilles : To appease his relenting soul.”

“ ALONE thou must go to the ships. No Trojan thy  
 steps must attend. Let some herald, stricken in years,—  
 ascend to guide the patient mules : To direct the revol-  
 ving car,—to bring the dead to the lofty town : The  
 mighty dead by Achilles slain. Let not death come across  
 thy soul. Let not terror creep cold, through thy frame.  
 Such a guide he will give to thy way : Watchful Hermes,  
 the friendly god. He shall lead thee safe to the ships :  
 And place thee, before Achilles. Nor shall the hero  
 deprive thee of life. He will protect thee, from all thy  
 foes.

foes. Nor imprudent, nor rash, is the chief: Nor yet forgetful of his duty in all. His soul will, with pity, relent. He will spare the suppliant man."

SHE spoke: And mixed, with the winds. But Priam commanded his sons,—to join the mules to a four-wheeled wain. He bade them to bind aloft—an ample coffer, the gifts to contain. To his fragrant chamber with speed,—descended the eager king. With cedar were lined the walls. Lofty rose its roof to the eye. There laid up were his precious stores. He called Hecuba, his spouse, and began:

"UNHAPPY woman! This instant, from Jove,—his messenger came, on the winds. He commands me to ransom my son. To go to the navy of Argos. To carry presents to great Achilles: His relenting soul to appease. But thou, unhappy, convey to mine ear,—what seems best to thy mournful soul. Much my mind commands me to go: To bear the gifts to the ships of the Argives,—to the wide camp of the ruthless foe."

HE spoke: Loud-shrieked his sad spouse: And thus to her husband began: "Ah! whither is that prudence fled? That wisdom, which heretofore,—raised, through foreign realms, thy renown? And rendered thee ho-  
noured

noured at home? How can'st move afar alone—to the ships of the Argive powers? To the fight of that ruthless man—who slew thy sons, many and brave? Thy soul is distempered, with grief. Thy heart is to iron turned. Should'st thou fall in his deadly hands: Should he, once, roll his eyes on thy form: The cruel, the perfidious man—will not pity. He will not revere. But let us pour, apart, our tears: Sitting distant, within our halls. This with his thread, destructive fate—mixed, at the birth of my son. Doomed, when first I brought him to light,—to be, thus, devoured by the dogs: Subdued by a relentless man,—from his parents distant far. O would that I could quaff his blood! And, on his liver, feed in my wo! Then his wrongs to my son were repaid! Nor, like a coward, Hector fell: But standing, undaunted in fight: For the Trojans and Trojan dames. Unmindful of shameful flight. Undeclining the contest of spears.”

To her the godlike Priam replied: “ Detain me not determined to go. Be no disastrous bird, in my halls: No omen of dire portent. Cease thy request. Dismiss thy fears. Me thou shalt not persuade. Had any other urged my design,—any mortal, who treads the earth: Whether prophet or augur divine,—or priest, inspired by his god: The tale I might have disbelieved,—and avoided

to obey the command. But, now, that I heard the voice,—that I beheld the speaking power: I will obey, with eager speed. Never vain are the words of the gods! If I am destined to fall—at the ships of the Argives to die,—there let me die! Let the ruthless Achilles,—lay me dead on my fallen Hector. Let him slay me, when my aged arms—hold fast my departed son: When half my sorrows are dissolved in my tears.”

He spoke: And opened his fragrant chests. Twelve beauteous robes he withdrew, from his stores. Twelve single mantles of splendid size. Twelve carpets, twelve beauteous cloaks: As many vests of glossy hue. Ten talents of the purest gold: Two burnished tripods and caldrons four. A high-laboured bowl he produced,—which Thrace, in solemn ambassy,—had bestowed on the sovereign of Troy. A mighty gift! but this the aged,—spared not, within his lofty halls. Much he wished from his inmost soul,—to redeem his son beloved.

THE king, from his lofty gates,—drove the Trojans, with bitter words: “Go, unhappy, deserving reproach! Have ye not enough of grief? Dwell no sorrows within your halls? That thus, ye crowd around my gates,—to add to my mighty woes? Feel ye no regret for ME? For ME, whom Saturnian Jove,—has covered, with so many ills,—and deprived of the first of my sons? Ye, also, soon



shall feel his loss. His death has made the sons of Troy—a much easier conquest to Argos. But ere I shall behold, with these eyes,—my people slaughtered, my city destroyed,—may my mournful soul descend,—to the dreary regions of death.”

HE spoke: And drove them from his gates. They retired, from the wrath of the aged. But he upbraided his own brave sons. On his offspring he poured reproach: On Helenus, on godlike Paris,—on Agathon of form divine: On Pammon, on gallant Antiphon: On Polites in battle renowned: On Deïphobus, on valiant Hippothous: On Dios, in form like the gods. These nine, the last of all his race,—the aged upbraided with words:

“ARISE, my inglorious sons! O worthy of reproach and shame! Would! that all, at once lay slain,—instead of Hector, at the ships of the Argives. Ah me! the most wretched of men! Many gallant sons I begot,—the glory, the defence of Troy. But now no remnant remains to my age! Lost for ever is Mestor divine: And Troilus, unmatched on his car! Hector, mighty Hector is fallen,—a descended god among men. He seemed not the son of a mortal man: But of a god, who for ever lives! These all has ruthless Mars destroyed: But ye a mere reproach remain. Deceivers! Dancers! Debauchees!

Public

Public robbers of lambs and of kids! Why prepare ye not my car? Why place not the presents aloft? That I may turn my steps, from hence,—and perform my journey, with speed.”

HE spoke: They revering their chiding fire,—drew forth the wain for the mules: Beauteous, fitted with wheels,—lately made and compacted with care. Aloft, the ample coffer they bound. The yoke they brought down, from its place. Made of box and well-fitted with rings. The traces they brought down, with the yoke: Nine cubits in length they flowed. These they fitted to the high-polished pole: And drew them backward, through the ring, at its end. Thrice they bound them to the navel before: While behind, each singly was tied. From the bridal chamber, they bore—and placed, aloft, on the polished wain,—the rich price of the corse of Hector. They joined the beauteous mules to the car: The splendid gifts of the Mysians to Priam.

FOR Priam himself, his sons—led forth his beauteous steeds to the yoke: The steeds, which the hands of the aged,—fed, with care, in the polished stall. These the herald and godlike Priam,—both endued with prudence of soul,—join to the car, in the lofty dome. Near, Hecuba, mournful in soul,—approached, with sacred wine

wine in her hand. The gold cup she reached to the king,  
—to pour the libation to Jove. She stood before the beau-  
teous steeds,—and, thus, to the godlike Priam :

“ TAKE this. Pour libations to Jove. Raise thy vows  
to the father of gods : That safe thou may’st return,—  
from the hands of the cruel foe : As thy soul impels thee,  
with force,—against my will, to the navy of Argos. But  
thou pour thy fervent prayers,—to the storm-ruling  
offspring of Saturn : To him who, residing on Ida,—  
surveys all Ilium, from high. Demand his own rapid  
eagle,—his most beloved of all the birds : The strongest  
of the winged race. Demand him, on the right, to fly.  
Then, beholding the happy sign,—thou, with courage,  
may’st urge thy way,—to the ships of the car-ruling Argives.  
But should the high-resounding Jove—his broad-winged  
messenger deny : Then would I not thy steps impel,—to  
the ships of the warlike Argives : Though eager to redeem  
thy son.”

To her the godlike Priam replied : “ O woman ! I will  
not refuse—to perform, what thy soul suggests. It is but  
just to raise my hands to great Jove. The god may hear  
and pity my woes.” Thus spoke the aged king. He  
commanded a damsel to pour—purest water, on both  
his hands. She stood, by the side of the aged—and held

forth the basin and ewer. But when he had washed, he received—the golden bowl, from the hand of his spouse. In the sacred circle he stood. He poured forth, in libation the wine. Eyeing heaven, with awful regard : He, thus, in prayer aloud :

“ O FATHER Jove ! Who reign’st from Ida ! Most renowned and greatest of powers ! Send me grateful to the tent of Achilles,—an object of pity to his soul. Send thy own rapid eagle abroad : Thy most-beloved of all the birds ! The strongest of those that fly. Send him abroad, on the right : That, beholding the happy sign,—with courage, my way I may urge,—to the ships of the car-ruling Argives.”

THUS praying, the aged spoke : Prescient Jove heard, from heaven, his voice. Straight he sent his broad-winged eagle : The most perfect of omens, that fly : The prey-chasing eagle of fens,—wide-sailing along the winds. Wide as the broad-folding gates—of the dome of a wealthy man : So broad spread, on either side,—the ample wings of the sounding bird. To the right, he appeared to their eyes,—rushing large o’er the sacred Troy. Beholding, they all rejoiced. Sudden gladness is poured on their souls.

WITH eager speed, the aged king—ascended the polished car. He drove forth from the echoing porch.  
The

The mules drew the four-wheeled wain, before. These the prudent Idæus drove. Behind moved onward the steeds: Which the aged lashed forward to speed: Quick-flying through sacred Troy. His friends all followed his steps. They mourned their sovereign, as advancing to death. They, now, descended from the gates—and held forward their way to the plain. His sons, his friends returned to Troy. The aged drove slowly along. Nor unobserved, by high-thundering Jove,—they held their way, along the field. He spoke to Hermes, his son beloved:

“ O HERMES !” began the god: “ Thee it pleases, above other powers,—to give thyself, a companion, to men. Thou hear’st whom thou wilt and thou aid’st. Go. Descend, my son. So lead Priam to the ships of Achaia,—that no eye shall behold the king: That no Argive shall perceive his approach,—till he comes to the son of Peleus.”

HE spoke: Nor the god disobeyed. Straight he bound to his feet divine—his pinions beauteous and bright, with gold. These bear him, with the speed of the winds,—along the face of the troubled main: Along the breast of the wide-spreading earth. He took his wonder-working rod, in his hand: With which he shuts the eyes of

H h h 2

mortals,

mortals, in sleep,—or wakens those who are drowned in repose. Holding this, in his hand divine,—potent *Hermes* flew amain, on the winds. Straight he came to sacred *Ilium*,—to the *Hellepont*'s echoing stream. He began to move, on the land,—a princely youth in all his gait : Now on the verge of manhood,—graceful in the bloom of his years.

WHEN the aged had driven their cars,—beyond the lofty tomb of *Ilus* : They stopt their mules and their beauteous steeds,—to drink of the rushing stream. Doubtful twilight had now spread the world. The aged herald first perceived,—the near approach of *Hermes* divine : And, thus, he spoke to the godlike *Priam* : “ Consider well, *Dardanian Priam*. Our wretched state demands prudence of soul. I behold an advancing warrior. Soon, I deem, we are destined to die. Or let us fly, with speed, with our steeds : Or intreat him, seizing his knees : If, perhaps, he will pity our years.”

THE soul of the aged was confused. Dreadful terror invaded him whole. His hair rose upright, o'er all his limbs. Astonished, amazed he stood. *Hermes*, advancing near,—seized the trembling hand of the aged : And, thus he mildly began : “ Whither, father, direct'st thou the mules,—thy bounding steeds, through the night divine ?

divine ! When darkness lies heavy on earth ? When other mortals enjoy their repose ? Dread'st thou not the strength-breathing Argives ? Thy mortal foes, and encamped so near ? Should any of these behold thee,—laden with wealth as thou art,—moving forward through darkness and night : What would THEN be the state of thy soul ? Nor thou thyself art young, in years,—and aged is HE, who attends : How could'st thou ward away a foe : Should he turn, on thy life his arms ? But THEE I will not molest in ought : Nay I will others repel : For I compare thee to my father beloved.”

To him godlike Priam replied : “ True are thy words, my son beloved. All thou hast spoken is true. But, hitherto, some one of the gods—protects me, with his heavenly hand. HE sent forward upon my course,—THEE, the happy guide of my lonely way : As graceful in thy port and thy form,—as prudent and wise is thy soul. May this kindness be repaid by the gods,—O thou of happy parents born !”

To him powerful Hermes replied : “ True is all, that the aged has said ! But tell this ; and disguise not the truth. Send'st thou these treasures, so many and rich,—to foreign kingdoms, to save them from foes ? Or have ye all, astonished with fear,—deserted Ilium exposed to  
the

the winds? For such was THAT most valiant man—thy son beloved, who has perished in war! Nor, yielded the hero, in ought,—to the Argives, with brazen mails.”

To him godlike Priam replied: “Who art thou, O best of men! Of what parents art thou born? Who know’st so well my wretched state? And the death of my hapless son?”

To him began the powerful Hermes: “Thou temptest me, aged king! In, thus, enquiring about Hector divine. Often, in the strife of renown,—have these eyes beheld the chief: Driving the vanquished Greeks to their ships: Breaking their firm ranks, with his spear. We, standing, admired the hero. Achilles, with Atrides enraged,—detained us, on the shore, from the fight. His servant I am, in the war. The same vessel brought us both to high Troy. Of the Myrmidons I am: My father Polyctor is called. Abounding in wealth is the chief: And, like thee, he is stricken in years. Six sons still remain in his halls: I, the seventh, came, o’er ocean, to Troy. The lots were thrown between us all: Fate decreed me to follow Achilles. But now I came, from the ships, to the field. Tomorrow, the black-eyed Argives—will urge the battle around thy walls. Ill they bear to sit secure, in their camp:



camp : Nor can the kings of assembled Argos,—restrain them, in their ardour for blood.”

To him replied the godlike Priam : “ If, in truth, thou art the follower in arms—of Achilles, the son of Peleus : Tell me truly the state of things : Remains still, at the ships, my son : Or has Achilles exposed him to dogs,—to be torn, limb by limb, as their prey.

“ O AGED king !” replied the god : “ Nor the dogs have devoured thy son : Nor rest, upon him, the birds of prey. Still he lies at the ship of Achilles : Neglected in the tents of his foe. The twelfth day has passed o’er his fall : Nor yet his body is tainted, in ought. Him no lazy worms devour,—wont to feed, on the slaughtered in war. Him, round the tomb of his friend beloved,—he drags amain behind his car,—when beauteous morning ascends on the world. But the body remains unsoiled. Him, with wonder, thine eyes shall behold. In dewy slumber he seems to lie. The blood is washed away from his corse : In no part disfigured or torn : His wounds all are closed to the sight. The many wounds, which, along his bright form,—they inflicted, with pointed steel. Such care have the deathless gods—employed, for thy son, though dead : For much beloved was the chief, by their souls.”

REPLETE.

REplete with joy, the aged replied : " Good it is, my son beloved ! To pay their just rights to the deathless gods. Nor ever did my gallant son—while yet he breathed and saw the light,—forget, in his halls, the gods : Who broad Olympus possess, on high. They, therefore, have remembered my son,—even, in the shadow of ruthless death. But thou receive this gift, from my hand,—this beauteous, high-laboured bowl. But thou protect me, bear me safely along,—under the guidance of favouring gods : To the tent of the great son of Peleus."

To him friendly Hermes replied : " Tempt not my youth, aged king ! Me thou shalt not persuade. Bid me not to receive thy gifts,—unknown to the mighty Achilles. Much I shudder and dread, in my soul,—to despoil him of ought of his due : Left evil should follow the crime. But thy leader and guard on the way—I would go to the far-famed Argos : Or in the swift ship, o'er the main,—or companion of thy journey, by land. Nor should any, despising thy guide—lift his arms against thy life."

He spoke : And Hermes, with a bound,—mounted the resounding car. He seized the reins and the whip, in his hand. He breathed strength, on the mules and the steeds. But when they came to the towers of the  
Argives—

Argives—to their wall and their trench profound : They found the guards preparing the repast. The god poured slumber, o'er all their lids. He opened at once the gates—throwing back the mighty bars, with his hand. He brought forward the godlike Priam : With all the treasure stowed, on the wain.

Now they came to the lofty tent—of the mighty offspring of Peleus. The tent, which the Myrmidons reared—for their car-ruling king, on the shore. Its pillars and walls were of pine : The roof, aloft, was covered with reeds,—shorn, with care, from the fenny field. Paled around was the whole with thick stakes : Forming a wide court for the king. One huge bar of mountain-pine—held fast, with massy length, the gate : Which three Argives could scarcely close. Three could scarce unbar the door : Achilles shut it, with ease, alone. This Hermes opened wide to the aged : And led, inward, the splendid gifts,—now destined, for the swift son of Peleus.

He descended, from the car, on the ground : And, thus, to Priam his words addressed : “ O aged king ! A god I am. Deathless Hermes, I descend from the sky. Jove gave me, as thy leader and guide,—through the night to the navy of Argos. But I will return to the dwelling of gods : Nor will I come to the eyes of Achil-

les. Unbecoming it were for the deathless powers,—thus openly to favour mankind. But enter thou the lofty tent. Embrace the knees of the great son of Pelcus. Adjure the hero by his father,—by his mother of charms divine: By the soul of his son beloved: That thou may'st move his mighty soul."

Thus speaking, friendly Hermes retired. To the snow-clad Olympus he rose. Priam lighted, from the car, on the ground. He left without, the aged Idæus. He remained to restrain the steeds. Right forward the aged moved: To where sat Achilles, beloved by the storm-ruling Jove. Two only remained of his train. They standing await their lord: The hero Alcimedon,—and Alcimus, a branch of Mars. The king had just ceased the repast: Nor yet was the table removed. Unseen of all entered Priam divine: Standing near, he seized the knees of Achilles: And kissed his terrible, his slaughtering hands: Which so many of his offspring had slain.

As when evil comes, with weight, on a man,—who has murder committed at home. To a neighbouring nation he flies: To the halls of some wealthy man. Silent, at once, he appears: Wonder stiffens all those, who behold. So astonished was great Achilles: When first he

he saw Priam divine. The others stood, amazed, around :  
On each other, they looked, with surprize. Then Priam,  
with a suppliant voice,—thus began, in the hero's ear :

“ REMEMBER thy father, O Achilles in form like the  
gods ! Thy father, equal in years with ME : On the last  
limits of feeble age ! Him, perhaps, his neighbours, in  
arms,—oppress, on every side, with war. Nor any is  
near the aged,—to turn evil and destruction away. Yet  
HE, still hearing that THOU liv'st,—admits a beam of joy  
to his soul. From day to day, the hero hopes—to behold  
his son beloved,—returning from Troy with renown.”

“ BUT I, the most unhappy of men ! I begot many valiant  
sons,—in the wide limits of sacred Troy : Nor deem I  
that ONE remains. Fifty gallant sons were mine,—when  
the sons of the Argives came. One and twenty of one  
mother were born : The rest other dames brought forth,  
—in my lofty halls in Troy. Of these the most, destruc-  
tive Mars—unbraced in death, in the contest of spears.  
HE alone who remained to ME,—who defended the people  
and town : Him thou lately hast slain,—fighting for his  
native land. Hector, THOU hast lately slain : For his  
sake have I come to the ships. To ransom his corse, from  
thy hands,—rich and many are the presents I bring. But  
thou revere the gods, Achilles. Pity, also, hapless ME.

Remember thy father in years. Him I, in wretchedness, transcend. I sustained, what no mortal ere bore,—no wretch, that crawls o'er the earth: I sustained, in my sore distress,—to lay to my lips, that hand: That slaughtering hand, that still seems red—with the blood of my many sons.”

He spoke: And awaked to the hero,—the mournful memory of his fire. Taking, in his hand, his hand,—he gently removed from him, the aged. Reflecting on the past, they wept. This remembering illustrious Hector,—poured amain his flowing tears: Rolled in dust, at the feet of Achilles. But Achilles mourned his father: To Patroclus, sometimes, wandered his soul. Their groans were mixed, as they rose,—and filled the halls of the slaying king. But when Achilles divine—had glutted his soul, with wo: When the darkness dispersed from his mind,—and soft regret vanished away. Straight he started, from his seat. He raised the aged, by the hand. He pitied his snow-white head,—his beard now hoary with years. With winged words the hero began:

“ Ah hapless man! Surely THOU—many evils hast suffered, in soul. How could'st thou sustain alone—to come to the navy of Argos? To come to the eyes of a man: Who so many has slain of thy sons? Thy mind is hardened,

hardened, in thy breast. Thy heart is covered, with steel. But now, with confidence, sit, in thy place. We must suffer our woes to abate : Though grieving both in our souls. Unavailing is bitter grief. Yet such the fate, which the gods have imposed,—on hapless mortals : To live in tears ! Whilst they themselves, in bliss, sojourn.

“ Two urns are placed above,—at the threshold of storm-ruling Jove. The one with evils replete : The other filled with good. HE, to whom the thunder-delighted king,—shall mix, from both, his fated cup : Now is plunged in dreadful ills,—now, with happiness is crowned. But HE, to whom the evil he gives,—is rendered ever obnoxious to wrongs. Him dire calamity pursues,—o’er the face of the bounteous earth. He strays, unhonoured by the gods : By mortals detested, despised.”

“ THE deathless gods, from his birth,—with their blessings covered Peleus divine. Above other mortals he rose adorned,—with wealth, with honours, and with power. O’er a people, he reigned with renown. They gave a goddess, a spouse, to his arms. But even on him, Jove evil poured. No offspring were born, in his halls—to succeed to his scepter and throne. One only son the chief begot : And he is destined to early death. Nor cherish I the king, in his age. Far, far from my native land : I  
fit

fit here before high Troy : Pouring sorrows, on thee and thy race."

"THOU also, as fame reports,—wert covered once with wealth and with power : From beauteous Lesbos' blissful seats,—to Phrygia's utmost bounds : From its limits, that verge to the south,—to the Hellespont's echoing streams : All, old man, obeyed thy voice : All others excelling in wealth, in the number of gallant sons. But ever since the deathless gods—have poured this destruction on Troy : Ceaseless battles are urged round thy walls : Thy plains are drenched, with the blood of thy friends. But bear all. From thy soul dispel—the ceaseless grief that shrouds it around. It nothing avails to mourn—for ever to grieve for thy son. He shall not arise, at thy voice : Thou sooner shalt feel other woes."

To him Priam, in form like the gods : " Place me not, in that chair of state, O descendant of prescient Jove ! Whilst Hector unburied remains,—stretched in death, in thy lofty tents. But quickly restore my son : That these eyes may roll over his wounds. But thou receive the gifts,—which many and rich we have brought. May'st thou enjoy them long : And return safe to thy native land : As thou hast pitied my sore distress : As thou hast suffered me still to live,—to behold the splendid light of the sun."

STERNLY—



BOOK XXIV. THE ILIAD OF HOMER. 431

STERNLY-looking on the king,—the great Achilles replied: “ No farther tempt my soul, old man ! I myself had already resolved,—to restore Hector, for presents of price. The messenger of thundering Jove,—came the goddess, who brought me forth,—the bright daughter of hoary Nereus. But well, Priam, I know, in my soul : That some one of the deathless gods,—led thee hither to the ships of the Argives. No mortal durst have entered this camp : Though brave in battle and blooming in years : Nor could he our guards deceive : Nor, with ease, have disclosed our gates. Rouze not, therefore, my soul to grief : Nor renew my declining rage : Lest, old man, I suffer thee not—though a suppliant, within my tents ! Lest I break the commands of Jove.”

He spoke : The aged shuddered, with fear. He obeyed the high command. The son of Peleus, like a lion in force,—bounded forth, from the hall, alone. Two followers attended his steps : Automedon and Alcimus brave. These he honoured most of his friends,—since Patroclus resigned to death. They loosed from the car the steeds : The beauteous mules, from the four-wheeled wain. They led the herald to the tent : And placed him, in a lofty seat. From the polished seat of the wain,—they unloosed the ransom of Hector divine. Two palls  
and

and a glossy vest,—they left to cover the body from view. Achilles called forth the maids,—to wash the corse, to anoint it with oil. He bade them to bear it apart,—left Priam should behold his son : Left his rage should kindle, in grief,—at the sight of the mangled dead : Left Achilles again provoked,—should slay the aged, in fury of soul : And break the awful commands of Jove.

WHEN the damsels had washed the corse,—and anointed it over with oil : They cloathed it with the glossy vest : And threw the beauteous pall above. Achilles placed it himself, on the bier : His friends raised it to the seat of the wain. The hero groaned from his inmost soul : And called, by name, his departed friend : “ Let not, O Patroclus beloved ! Let not thy wrath arise : Should’st thou hear, in the regions of death,—that I have Hector restored to his fire. Not unworthy are the presents he gave. Thy share, as becomes, shall be thine : But let not thy wrath arise.”

HE spoke : And Achilles divine—returned to his lofty tent. He sat in his high-laboured seat,—which the hero had left, when he rose. He sat against the wall opposed,—and thus he, to Priam, began : “ Thy son is restored, aged king ! Thy commands in all obeyed. He lies on his lofty bier. When the morning shall rise, on the world,

world,—thou shalt bear him hence and behold. But now let us think of repast: For even the long-haired Niobe,—thought of food in unequalled woes. SHE to whom, in their blood,—twelve children lay slain in her halls. Six daughters of beauty divine,—six sons, in the bloom of their years. These Apollo slew, with his silver bow,—enraged at Niobe's vaunts: Those fell by the shafted Diana—who delights in the founding bow: Because Niobe equalled herself—to bright Latona with long, heavy locks. The goddesses two brought forth, she said: To herself many were born: But these many perished, at once,—beneath the hands of the heavenly two.”

“ NINE days they lay stretched, in their blood. None remained to bury the dead: For the son of the prudent Saturn—had converted the people to stones. When the tenth sacred morning arose,—the deathless gods interred the slain. Yet SHE remembered the repast,—when tired of pouring her tears. Now some where, among the rocks,—on the sides of the desert hills: In Sipylus, where, they say, are the halls,—the secret chambers of the light-tripping nymphs,—who lead the dance near huge Achelöus: THERE, though changed into a stone,—she still suffers the heaven-sent woes. But let us remember the pleasing repast—O aged king of form divine. Hereafter

thou may'st weep o'er thy son,—thy son beloved, when borne to Troy. Regretted by thee is the chief: And worthy of many tears."

THUS saying, great Achilles arose. He slew a snow-white sheep, with speed. His friends flead and dressed it, with care. The pieces cut are transfix'd, with spits. They roasted the whole, with skill: And placed the meat, on the smoking board. Automedon, in beauteous baskets, —handed, round the table, the bread. Achilles himself divided the flesh to all. Then THEY to the ready food,—extended, at once, their hands. But when the desire, for food and wine,—was removed from their fated souls: Dardanian Priam, with wonder, gazed—on great Achilles the son of Peleus. He admired his stature, his beauty, his shape: For, like the gods, was the hero in form. But the mighty Achilles admired—the awful looks of Dardanian Priam: Beholding his graceful mien: And hearing his princely voice.

BUT when their souls were satisfied,—in surveying each other, in silence: To the hero first began—aged Priam, in form like the gods: "Send me quickly to rest,—O favoured descendant of Jove! Suffer me, with pleasing repose, to indulge my weary limbs: For never shut have been mine eyes,—beneath these wakeful, tearful lids: Since that day, that beneath thy hands,

hands,—my son poured his soul, on the winds. Ceaseless, arose my groans. I suffered a thousand woes: Rolling in the dust obscene—in the court of my lofty dome. Now, at length, I have tasted food,—and shared the draught of dark-red wine. Of neither, till now, I partook.”

He spoke: Achilles issued commands,—to his friends and attendant maids: To spread the beds, in the lofty porch: To lay the purple blankets, beneath,—to spread the beauteous carpets above: To stretch along the ground, with speed,—the ample breadth of the shaggy hides. The maids issued forth from the hall: Holding each a torch, in her hand. Two beds they suddenly formed. Meantime Achilles divine—rouzed false fear, in the soul of the aged:

“ SLEEP without, beloved old man! Lest some chief of the Argive powers—should come, as wont, to my lofty tent,—to ask my advice, in the war. Should any leader of these behold thee,—lying here, in the night divine: Straight he would convey the news—to the shepherd of his people Atrides. Then, perhaps, some delay might be formed,—against redeeming the corse of thy son. But now tell me truly, old man! How many days shall the rites require—for the funeral of Hector divine.

That I myself may abstain, from the fight: That the troops I may, also, refrain?"

To him answered the godlike Priam: "If thou permit'st me, with pomp, to consign—the corse of Hector divine to the tomb: Great the favour thou grant'st, O Achilles! And grateful to Priam's soul. Well thou know'st, high descendant of Jove! That inclosed we are, in our walls: That distant far is the wood,—on the brows of the echoing hills: That the Trojans are afraid of the foe. Nine days shall we weep, in our halls: On the tenth inter the dead—and spread the funeral feast to the host. On the eleventh, the tomb we shall rear: On the twelfth, rush again to the fight: Since hard necessity commands."

"It shall be so!" Achilles replied: "Aged Priam, thy commands are obeyed. For so long I will hinder the fight: And grant the request of thy soul." He spoke, and took the hand of the aged: His right hand, to confirm his soul. Both lay in the porch of the hall: Aged Priam and the herald divine,—both replete, with prudence of soul. But Achilles retired to rest,—in the inmost recess of his tent. He lay by the graceful side—of Briseïs with long, heavy locks.

THE other gods are sunk in rest. Men resign the night to repose. Subdued with pleasing sleep, they lie: But  
flumber

slumber rests not on art-loving Hermes. The god revolves deep in his soul,—how to lead Priam away,—from the navy of warlike Argos: To the sacred guards of the gates unknown. He stood, above the head of the aged,—and thus poured his voice divine, in his ear:

“COMMANDS not thy state ought of thy care? Whil’st thus thou yield’st to repose among foes? Unhurt thou remain’st by Achilles. With much wealth thou hast ransomed thy son. Yet thrice the wealth, thou hast bestowed,—thy children left shall pay for THEE: Should Agamemnon, the son of Atreus,—should all the Argives know that HERE,—thou passest the night, in repose.”

HE spoke: The old man shuddering arose. He awaked the herald divine. Hermes harnessed the steeds and the mules. He drove them quick, through the camp of the Argives: And none perceived them, as they passed. But when they came to the clear-rushing stream of gulphy Xanthus, descended of Jove: Hermes rose, on the winds, to Olympus: Aurora, in her saffron-robe—spread her light, o’er the face of the world. The aged, with groans and loud laments—drove forward their steeds to the town. The mules bore the body along. Nor any other of men—of women elegantly zoned,—perceived the aged, as they came: But Cassandra, like  
golden

golden Venus. Ascending high Pergamus, the maid—  
 beheld first her father beloved. She beheld him, in his  
 polished car,—with the herald divine, by his side. Him  
 she saw, on the wain,—stretched in death, on the lofty  
 bier. Shrill rose the voice of her wo: She, thus,  
 aloud, as she rushed, through the town:

“Go forth, O Trojans and Trojan dames! Go. Meet  
 Hector—if him when alive,—ye met with joy returning  
 from war. Great the gladness was the hero to all,—to  
 the city, to the people of Troy: But, now, he returns,  
 their wo!” She spoke: They poured all, through the  
 gates. Nor man nor woman remained in Troy. Sorrow  
 not to be borne—rushed darkly, on all their souls. Near  
 the walls they met the corse. His spouse beloved, his  
 mother revered—tore their hair, as they rushed to the  
 wain: And touched the head of their much-beloved.  
 The whole people stood around, in their tears. Now  
 had they wept down the whole day,—to the fall of the  
 western sun: Pouring forth a flood of tears,—for Hector  
 divine, at the gates: If the aged had not, thus, from his  
 car,—addressed his people all wailing around:

“Give way, my people beloved! Open wide a path  
 for the mules. Ye may glut yourselves with tears,—  
 when I shall bear him home to his halls.” He spoke:  
 They



They divided apace. They opened a path for the wain.  
When they bore, to his lofty halls, the dead: They  
placed him, on a beauteous bed. The mournful fingers  
are near him disposed,—to raise the doleful funeral song.  
They mixed the sad air, with their groans: Women,  
near, raised the voice of their grief. The white-armed  
Andromachè came. She first began the mighty wo:  
Holding in her snow-white hands,—the graceful head of  
the slaying king:

“ My husband, fallen in early youth! ME a widow,  
thou hast left, in thy halls. Thy son, an infant, thou  
hast left: The wretched son of a hapless pair. Nor he,  
I deem, shall rise to man. Soon this city shall sink to  
the dust. Thou, its defender, art gone: Thou, the  
guardian of lofty Troy! The preserver of its feeble dames,  
—of its infants of tender years! But THEY shall be borne  
o’er the main: And I, among the weeping slaves. Thou,  
my son, shalt attend: To be employed, in unworthy  
toils: To labour for some lord unkind. Or some ONE  
of the Argives—shall hurl thee, headlong, to death, from  
a tower: Enraged for the fall of a brother,—a father or  
son beloved,—whom Hector slew, in the strife of renown.  
For many warriors of distant Argos—bit in death, the  
bloody ground: Beneath the hands of Hector divine.  
Not

Not mild was thy father, in dismal fight : For this his native city mourns : For this his people are melted in tears. Endless, Hector, are the woes,—the sorrows unspeakably great,—which cloud thy wretched parents, in years. But I, the most, am abandoned to grief : More heavy is the weight, on my soul. Thou hast not stretched to ME, from thy bed,—with feeble effort, thy dying hand : Thou hast not poured thy latter words, in mine ear : To be recorded in my soul,—day and night, the subject of flowing tears.”

Thus weeping Andromachè spoke. The dames added their sighs to her groans. In the midst hapless Hecuba rose : And thus began the bitter wo : “ Hector, most beloved of her sons,—by Hecuba’s mournful soul. Surely thou, while yet alive,—wert dear to the deathless gods. To thee, also, they extended their care,—when covered, with the cloud of death. My other sons, destructive Achilles,—when he seized them, he sold afar : Across the waste waves of the main : To Samos, to rocky Imbros,—to Lemnos destitute of ports. But when, with his long-pointed spear—he deprived thee, O Hector, of life : He dragged thee dishonoured, around,—the lofty tomb of his friend Patroclus : Whom thy spear laid in death, in the fight. But now, though dead, thou seem’st  
to

to lie,—in dewy slumber and fresh in the halls: Like HIM, whom the bowyer Phœbus,—lays in death with his gentle darts.”

THUS weeping, the mother spoke. She waked the voice of sorrow round. Beauteous Helen came, the third: And thus the queen began the wo: “O Hector! most beloved, by my soul,—of all my brothers in lofty Troy. Would! I had perished, ere that day—when Alexander of form divine,—brought me hither to Ilium, espoused. The twentieth year is rolling past: Since I left, in evil hour,—the loved shore of my native land. Never from thee, O Hector,—heard I a hard, a reproachful word. But when, in the lofty halls,—any other upbraided Helen: Or brother or scornful sister,—haughty, with her sweeping train: Or even Hecuba. Princely Priam,—like a father, was ever mild: Thou did’st always restrain their scorn: And soothe me, with gentle words. For this, I mourn thee laid in death: In thee, my hapless self I mourn: And feel the sorrow deep, on my heart. For now, in wide-extended Troy,—no friend, no protector have I. By all hated, by all abhorred,—an outcast, forlorn and lost!”

THUS weeping spoke beauteous Helen. The whole people loud-wailed around. Priam spoke, at length, in

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the midst. Troy listened to the voice of her king :  
 “ Haste. Bring wood to the city, O Trojans. Fear  
 not, in your cautious souls,—the deep ambush of warlike  
 Argos. Achilles, when he sent me to Troy,—from the  
 hollow ships of the Argive powers,—promised to abstain,  
 from the fight : Till the twelfth morning shall arise, on  
 the world.”

HE spoke : They were roused to the toil. Mules and  
 oxen were joined to the wains. Nine days, they gathered  
 the wood : But when the tenth morning arose,—displaying  
 light to mortal men. Then they brought forth, in their  
 tears,—the corse of the daring Hector. They placed it,  
 on the top of the pile : And kindled, below, the flame.  
 But when the daughter of the dawn,—the rosy-fingered  
 Aurora appeared : The frequent people convened,—  
 around the pyre of Hector divine.

WHEN all were convened around,—spreading wide  
 their murmuring lines : They extinguished the pyre,  
 with red wine : All that the flame had seized. Then  
 his brothers, his companions beloved,—collected the  
 snow-white bones. Frequent rose their heavy groans :  
 Fast descended the tears, on their cheeks. In a golden  
 urn they disposed the bones : Wrapt round with a soft,  
 purple veil. They placed the urn, in a hollow trench :



